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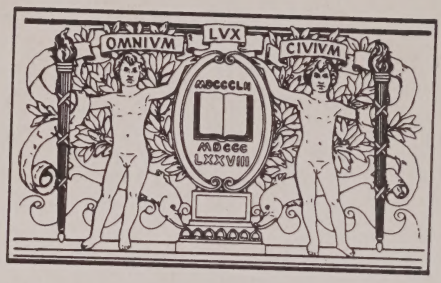

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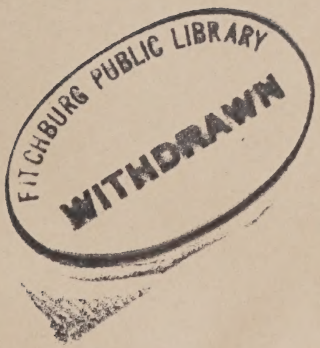
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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

VOL. LXXXII.

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CLXX.

JANUARY, 1856.

ART. I. — *Elements of International Law, by* HENRY WHEATON, LL.D. Sixth Edition. *With the last Corrections of the Author, Additional Notes, and Introductory Remarks, containing a Notice of Mr. Wheaton's Diplomatic Career and of the Antecedents of his Life.* By WILLIAM BEACH LAWRENCE, formerly Chargé d'Affaires of the United States at London. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. 1855. 8vo.

THIS is a greatly improved edition of a work now become classical in both hemispheres. The first edition of Mr. Wheaton's Elements of International Law — the first elementary compend of the entire subject of the law of nations in our language — appeared in London, in 1836. It was reprinted in Philadelphia the same year, and shortly afterwards reviewed in this journal.* A third edition was published at Philadelphia in 1844. Editions in the French language, prepared by the learned and lamented author, with his latest revisions and emendations, were published at Leipzig and Paris in 1848 and in 1852–3, so that the present highly improved edition, published under the able superintendence of Mr. W. Beach Lawrence, is the sixth of this standard work.

* North American Review, Vol. XLIV. p. 16.

So rapid a succession of editions of a work of this kind is of itself a sufficient testimony to its value. The leading journals of Europe, both English and Continental, have been emphatic in its praise, and the authority of our countryman as a wise and safe expounder of the public law is established by the general consent, abroad and at home, of those most competent to form an opinion on the subject. We scarce know another instance of a reputation so solid and so generally admitted, which has been as promptly built up as Mr. Wheaton's in a great department of moral science. When it is considered how much of the professional intellect of the nineteenth century has been employed, at the bar and on the bench, in defining the rules of the public law, what vast interests public and private have been affected by the application of those rules during the great wars of the French Revolution, and how many able men have undertaken as text-writers to discuss the principles on which questions affecting those interests have been adjudicated by the tribunals, it may well be deemed a rare distinction for our honored countryman, to have won for himself the reputation of the leading elementary writer in this department, — at once the earliest and the ablest commentator on the Law of Nations in the English language.

The last hundred years may be well regarded as a *Seculum Mirabile* of public law; more and greater questions having presented themselves for discussion and adjudication, than in the whole period which had elapsed from the consolidation of the modern European system down to the seven years' war. It is sufficient for the justification of this remark to refer to the rule of '56, to the right of colonies to assert their independence and of foreign states to recognize it, to the armed neutralities, to the questions of the provision trade and of contraband which grew up in 1793 and the following years, to the doctrines asserted in the Orders in Council and the French Decrees, to the general readjustment of the balance of power by the Congress of Vienna, to the right of search attempted to be set up in time of peace for the suppression of the African slave trade, to the extent and limitation of the right of intervention in the concerns of other states, and now lately to the new principles of neutral trade, which have received the sanction of the belligerent powers during the present war.

In reference to most of these questions the United States have been the power most deeply concerned, as they have often been the only neutral power, and at all times the neutral whose interests were of the greatest magnitude. To this circumstance it is no doubt to be ascribed, that the professional mind of the country has shown itself so well prepared for the discussion of questions of public law, and that the tribunals of the United States exhibit on the bench and at the bar a greater array of names that have shed light on this department of jurisprudence, than any other country. What country in Europe can produce within one generation six names as distinguished in this department as those of Marshall, Story, Kent, Webster, Pinkney, and Wheaton, not to name some who still live?

One other general remark forces itself upon us. Of all the principles of public law asserted by the great powers of Europe during the last century, enforced by their courts of admiralty, and maintained by their governments, even by the aid of the *ultima ratio regum*, by far the most important were those by which the British and French governments, through their Orders in Council and Decrees, sought to extend their jurisdiction over the neutral trade of the world, and to compel all nations to range themselves on one side or the other of the mighty contest they were waging with each other. After a diplomatic juggle between the two great powers, of which history will not readily produce the parallel, these conflicting orders and decrees produced a destructive war between the United States and Great Britain; the two nations in the civilized world connected by the strongest bonds of natural affinity, commercial interest, and general sympathy. This war, like all other wars between powerful states, was attended by a frightful sacrifice of property and life. That the decrees of France were mere acts of despotic power, resting on no basis of justice and right, was always maintained by England, as the counterpart of this proposition was always maintained by France. A "Declaration on the Orders in Council," dated Westminster, April 21, 1812, states that the government of France perseveres in "the assertion of principles and in the maintenance of a system, not more hostile to the maritime

rights and commercial interests of the British empire than inconsistent with the rights and independence of neutral nations." It must be admitted that the course adopted by Great Britain in consequence of this state of things was a most extraordinary violation of the rules of state logic and public morality. She denounced the French decrees only to justify herself in imitating them; as if a retaliated wrong became a right. She went further than this, and declared her purpose of maintaining those very principles and adhering to those practices as her "undoubted maritime rights," which, as set forth and practised by France, she declared to be infractions of the law of nations. Such was her doctrine in 1812, such was the language of the throne, of Parliament, and of the Courts of Admiralty, even with a judge like Lord Stowell on the bench; and we now read from the highest British authority, that the Orders in Council "were grievously unjust to neutrals, and it is now generally allowed that they were contrary to the law of nations and our own municipal law."* It is true that, as late as 1839, a respectable English author (Mr. Manning) continued to justify the Orders in Council, on the ground of retaliation, and on the assumption that the neutral powers, that is, the United States, failed to oppose any resistance to the Berlin Decree of 1806, which he considers the first step in the Continental system. "With regard to the justice of the case," he remarks, "I hope that it is not national prejudice which inclines me to believe that our country is not liable to much reproach. Our measures were strictly retaliatory. At the time of the publication of the Berlin Decree, nothing had been done by our government to warrant such aggression."† Impartial history, however, will give a different version of the facts of the case, and in the same chapter in which he pronounces the opinion, Mr. Manning narrates facts which show that the Berlin Decree was itself a retaliatory measure. But supposing this to be otherwise, it must be a case of unquestioned, long-continued acquiescence on the part of the neutral in the wrong-doing of one belligerent,

* Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors, Vol. VII. pp. 218, 301.

† Manning's Commentaries on the Law of Nations, p. 347.

which would authorize the other belligerent to break down the most important provisions of the public law under pretence of retaliation. The Berlin Decree bears date on the 21st of November, 1806, and the first measure of retaliation on the part of the British government was an Order of Council of the 7th of January, 1807, at which time the news of the Berlin Decree had not probably reached the United States.

Besides, if every act of injustice and violence on the part of one belligerent is to be retaliated, especially on innocent third parties (against whom the very word "retaliation" is a contradiction in terms), a long-continued war between powerful states would end in an iniquitous emulation of wrong. "It is monstrous to suppose," says Lord Stowell, "that, because one country has been guilty of an irregularity, every other country is let loose from the law of nations, and is at liberty to assume as much as it thinks fit."*

But it is unnecessary to pursue this argument. Later and higher authorities than Mr. Manning abandon the point. In addition to the remark of the present Lord Chief Justice of England which we have just quoted, the general sentiment of the enlightened public at the present day is, we believe, expressed by Mr. Wildman in his valuable work on International Law, when he says, in the passage to which we have already referred, that the Berlin and Milan Decrees and the Orders in Council "were an innovation of the right of every neutral state to carry on its own lawful trade with a belligerent. They assumed the power of a single state to vary international rights by its private ordinances, and to impose the penalties of a breach of blockade, where no actual blockade existed. They assumed, in contravention of the clearest principles of public law, a right to create blockades by proclamation."

We will only observe, in passing from this topic, that much that was claimed by Great Britain in the Declaration relative to the Orders in Council of April 21, 1812, "as an ordinary and indisputable right of maritime war" to which she was determined to adhere, — such as the validity of paper block-

* Wildman's Institutes of International Law, Vol. II. pp. 183 - 185.

ades and the right of the belligerent to capture enemy's property in neutral vessels, — has been either formally abandoned by her or suspended for the present war. Of another pretension of Great Britain, which entered largely into the causes of the war of 1812, that of impressing her subjects from neutral vessels, although no formal renunciation of it has ever taken place, it may be safely assumed that no attempt will ever be made to revive it. It is probable that the practice of manning the Royal Navy by impressment even at home has been definitively abandoned; but whether this is the case or not, the attempt to renew the practice in reference to American ships would be simply to add the United States to the number of her antagonists, in any war in which she might be engaged.

We are wandering, however, from our purpose at this time, which is to invite the attention of our readers to the present edition of Mr. Wheaton's Elements of International Law, prepared by his friend, Mr. W. Beach Lawrence, who has substantially increased the value of the work by his own contributions. These consist of an introductory memoir on the life, career, and writings of Mr. Wheaton, and annotations on the various topics discussed in the body of the work. In these annotations Mr. Lawrence has collected from the subsequent legislation and diplomacy of Europe and America, whatever is calculated to throw light upon his author's text. The Introduction, which occupies more than a fourth part of the volume, consists of a compendious narrative of Mr. Wheaton's career, with appropriate comments on his various writings, on his diplomatic services, the questions discussed, and the conventions and treaties negotiated by him. We are pleased to be able to regard it as the earnest of a larger biographical work, which Mr. Lawrence permits us to expect from him at some future day, narrating Mr. Wheaton's honorable career in ample detail, with a selection from his public despatches, his voluminous correspondence with eminent contemporaries, and his miscellaneous writings. Such a work, executed with the ability of which in the present publication Mr. Lawrence has shown himself master, will form at once an imperishable monument to the memory of one of whom the country is justly proud, and a valuable contribution to the literature of our common language.

Few of his contemporaries, as we have already hinted, have run so successful a career, or achieved so enviable a reputation, as Mr. Wheaton. His writings have become text-books throughout Europe and America. They are in fact too well known to need analysis or comment on our part; and we have thought our pages might be best employed, on this occasion, in presenting, in a condensed form, those biographical notices which are contained in Mr. Lawrence's Introduction, some of which we presume will be new, as they must all be interesting, to most of our readers.

Mr. Wheaton was born in Providence, Rhode Island, on the 27th of November, 1785, the son of Seth Wheaton, a distinguished merchant of that city, and the nephew of Dr. Levi Wheaton, afterwards his father-in-law, distinguished as a physician, and eminent for literary culture, as well as for professional attainments. Mr. Wheaton's mother is represented to have been a woman of strong intellect, and rare delicacy and refinement; and the family has been identified with the State of Rhode Island from its earliest colonization. The influences under which his childhood and youth were passed were favorable to the development of his mental powers, and to the early formation of a taste for knowledge, so that he was prepared to enter the College of his native State at the age of thirteen, and was graduated in 1802. He passed immediately to the study of his profession, under Nathaniel Searle, a prominent lawyer of the day, and at the age of twenty was prepared for admission to the bar. His studies from his schoolboy days were well adapted to form the future publicist. Besides his proficiency in the usual elementary branches, he evinced from the earliest period a fondness for general literature, and especially for historical research and the investigation of the political annals of the principal modern States.

After completing his academic and professional education in this country, he was enabled by the liberality of his father to enjoy the advantages of a residence in Europe. At the age when so many of our young men cross the ocean with no fixed views, but principally to indulge an ill-defined curiosity to see the world, — too often in search of the dangerous gratifications of the dissipated capitals and watering-places of the

European continent, — Mr. Wheaton took up his abode in the quiet rural city of Poitiers, where, besides the French language, the mastery of which contributed so much to the success of his career, he acquired the foundations of that knowledge of the French law, which was not less useful to him as a publicist. His residence in France took place at an important period in the history of French jurisprudence. He witnessed the formation of the imperial codes and the reduction of the written and unwritten law of France to a uniform text, — a work in which Napoleon I. took not only a deep interest, but an active part, frequently attending the meetings of the commission charged with the preparation of the codes, and mingling in the debates.* Mr. Wheaton fully appreciated the importance of this great revision of the law of France, and prepared a translation of the codes for publication in this country, which was prevented from taking place only by the accidental destruction of the manuscript.

"A witness," says Mr. Lawrence, "of the transition from the *droit coutumier*, and from a system composed of the Roman civil law and of royal ordinances and local regulations, to a uniform written law, he was preparing himself to exercise an enlightened judgment on codification, — a subject which, as a Commissioner of New York, under the first law passed by any State of the Union for the liberal revision of its statutes, he had twenty years afterward occasion to discuss with a view to its practical application."

Mr. Wheaton's residence in Europe lasted four years, during which time events of the greatest importance took place in its political system, and changes the most alarming and extraordinary were attempted in the theory and administration of the public law. It was the period in which the imperial government was established in France; in which a renewed general war succeeded the short-lived peace of Amiens; in which the French ascendency was extended over the continent of Europe, and employed by Napoleon as much as possible to cripple the trade, and in that way to undermine the power, of his great rival. England thought herself justified, as we have seen, on the principle of retaliation, in arrogating a universal

* See North American Review, Vol. XX. p. 393.

dominion over the sea, analogous to that of Napoleon on the land. She revived the rule of '56, which had slumbered through the war of the American Revolution; she asserted the principle of paper blockades, which swallowed up whatever remained of neutral rights, and entered with her Orders in Council on that course of emulative injustice of which the Berlin Decree, as she alleged, set the unhappy example. Mr. Wheaton remained in Europe from 1802 to 1806, and witnessed the early stages of this policy. He possessed the friendship and confidence of our Ministers in Paris and London, Messrs. Armstrong, Monroe, and Pinkney, and was acquainted through his intercourse with them with the efforts of our diplomacy to rescue the rights and interests of the United States from the grasp of violence, injustice, and legalized plunder that was establishing itself in Europe.

Not less calculated to fix the attention of an intelligent American were the political and military events of the day, both in England and on the Continent, — the death of Mr. Pitt and the formation of the ministry of his great Parliamentary competitor, which produced but little change in the foreign relations of the country, the great battles of Austerlitz and Trafalgar, the absorption of half the independent governments of Europe into virtual dependencies on France, the collection at Paris of the wonders of art which had adorned the Museums of Italy and Germany, in a word, the apparent consolidation of a power which seemed to equal that of Imperial Rome in the palmiest days of her ambition. Thus, at the most interesting juncture of modern history, Mr. Wheaton beheld, with every opportunity for intelligent observation, the fierce antagonism of the two elements between which the mighty struggle was waged, — the military autocracy of France, instinct with the fiery life of the Revolution, and the indomitable energy of constitutional government anchored to the traditions of ages, too seldom restrained by regard to neutral rights, but clothing their violation with the gravest solemnities of judicature, and hurling a brave Parliamentary defiance at the most fearful military array which the modern world had seen. How rich the momentous crisis of affairs in lessons of political experience for the youthful but well-instructed American!

On his return to America in 1806, Mr. Wheaton commenced the practice of the law, in his native town of Providence; but the character of the business usually intrusted to a young lawyer, in a provincial capital, is not such as to call into exercise the abilities of a man of talent, or to enable him to display the fruit of superior advantages of education and general culture. It was also a period at which, owing to the existence of the restrictive system, the commerce of the country was reduced to comparatively narrow limits, the number of contracts proportionally diminished, and with them the amount of professional business. The state of affairs was in other respects unsatisfactory. Party politics ran high, and the questions on which men differed related principally to the foreign relations of the country, exposed as it was to the cross fire of the two great belligerents, each seeking which should do the other the most harm, unconcerned for the rights of neutrals, — both looking at the United States as a feeble power that might be safely insulted. There was just cause of war against both or either of them, and there was a very proper desire, on the part of the government, to avoid a resort to this extreme remedy as long as national honor and safety would permit. As an alternative for war the restrictive policy was adopted, first a general embargo unlimited in its terms, and in fact lasting about a year, and then non-intercourse. As the severity of these measures fell in the first instance upon the navigating and commercial interests of the North, the party division assumed to some extent a sectional character, towards which indeed our party divisions have unfortunately always gravitated. The measures of restriction were generally, but not universally, condemned by the merchants, and their constitutionality was questioned by some jurists of eminence, who did not allow their opinions to be controlled by party, as, for instance, by Mr. Samuel Dexter. Mr. Justice Story also, though the ablest of the Northern leaders of the Democratic party, and a warm supporter of the government, gave utterance to such views of the restrictive system, while a member of Congress in 1809, as caused him to be stigmatized, by President Jefferson, as a "pseudo-Republican." Mr. Wheaton's political sympathies, like those of his family, — the circumstance which

usually decides the party attachments of young men on entering life, — were with the Administration, and its measures were supported by him with equal earnestness and ability in the columns of the Democratic journal of Providence. In those labors he was associated with the present venerable Judge Pitman, and with Mr. Jonathan Russell, with whom he kept up a continual correspondence during his diplomatic residence in Europe. In 1811 he appears to have contemplated a removal to New York, for the purpose of engaging in the practice of the law in that city; which he was prevented from doing by the onerous novitiate of three years, which was at that time rigidly enforced in the courts of New York, and was abrogated only by the Constitution of 1846.

At the close of the year 1812, this contemplated removal took place, and Mr. Wheaton established himself at New York, as the editor of a political newspaper entitled "The National Advocate." In this capacity he proved himself an able and enlightened champion of Mr. Madison's administration. The great questions of our violated neutral rights were discussed with the pen, not only of a jurist, but of a gentleman and a scholar. Mr. Wheaton's long residence abroad had given him peculiar opportunities for understanding the controversies of the day. The new liabilities and duties created by the war, then recently declared, were elucidated by him with the learning of an accomplished publicist and the zeal of a sincere patriot. Several topics of international law were discussed in the columns of the Advocate with an ability which foreshadowed his future eminence in this department. Among these was a vindication, on the authority of Vattel and Bynkershoeck, of the right of expatriation, in answer to Mr. Gouverneur Morris, an eminent statesman and diplomatist of the Federal party. Questions of maritime law were of course among those which most frequently presented themselves. In the Advocate first appeared the opinion of his friend, Mr. Justice Story, then recently elevated to the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, affirming the illegality of the trade under enemy's licenses, which had been extensively resorted to for the supply of the British armies in Spain. Mr. Wheaton as a journalist enjoyed the entire confidence of the

Administration, and his columns were sometimes the vehicle of semi-official expositions of its policy. In the autumn of 1814, he received the appointment of Division Judge Advocate of the Army, his nomination to that office being unanimously confirmed by the Senate. The year following, he retired from the editorship of the Advocate, on being appointed one of the Justices of the Marine Court of New York, a tribunal of limited jurisdiction, and now shorn of much of its former consideration, but which has been presided over by some of the most eminent men at the New York bar. Mr. Wheaton filled this place four years.

In 1815, under the modest title of "A Digest of the Law of Maritime Capture and Prizes," Mr. Wheaton published his first systematic work. He had naturally turned his attention to this subject on the breaking out of the war of 1812. This unpretending treatise contains a full analysis of the adjudications of the tribunals of different countries, and especially of England and the United States, on questions of prize. Such a survey and digest necessarily involved a review of all those debatable points of maritime law, which had been the subject of our diplomatic discussions with foreign governments. Thirty years after its publication, this work was pronounced by Mr. Reddie, a writer of great accuracy and good judgment, "in point of learning and methodical arrangement very superior to any treatise on this department of the law which has previously appeared in the English language." Nor has it, though a youthful production, been superseded by any of the subsequent works of Mr. Wheaton. It concerns a department of law but incidentally embraced in his more comprehensive treatises. It contains a clearer and more accurate view of the English and French edicts against neutral commerce, than can be anywhere else found; and in no other publication are they so ably brought to the test of the universally recognized law of nations.

In 1816 Mr. Wheaton became the Reporter of the Supreme Court of the United States, which office he filled for twelve years, and in that capacity brought forth twelve volumes of Reports of the decisions of the dignified tribunal with which he was thus intimately associated. The length of time for

which he filled the office, and the ability with which he discharged its duties, the eminence of the magistrates who composed the Court, and of the counsel who appeared at its bar, and the importance of the questions which — some of them for the first time — were drawn into consideration, render this one of the most important portions of Mr. Wheaton's career. The manner in which he performed these new and important duties is spoken of by Mr. Lawrence in the following terms of just, but not extravagant, commendation.

"The character which Mr. Wheaton at once acquired as reporter was unrivalled. He did not confine himself to a summary of the able arguments by which the cases were elucidated, but there is scarce a proposition on any of the diversified subjects to which the jurisdiction of the Court extends, that might give rise to serious doubts in the profession, that is not explained, not merely by a citation of the authorities adduced by counsel, but copious notes present the views which the publicists and civilians have taken of the question. Not only are Pothier and the Civil Code constantly quoted, and their conclusions compared with those of the common law, but on the introduction of a case from Louisiana, we have an explanation of the jurisprudence which prevailed in that Colony at the time of its annexation, showing how far the French and Spanish laws respectively were in force."

Mr. Lawrence's judgment in the foregoing sentences is entirely in accordance with that of Mr. Webster, as expressed in a review of the third volume of Mr. Wheaton's Reports, in an early volume of our journal,* from which a pertinent citation is made in the volume before us. Highly favorable opinions of Mr. Wheaton's labors as a reporter are also quoted from a letter of Mr. Justice Story, and from the treatise of Mr. Duponceau on the Jurisdiction of the Federal Courts of the United States; but the standard value of his Reports is too well understood to require further comment. The somewhat costly style of the typographical execution was occasionally a matter of complaint by the profession, burdened as it is by the voluminous and expensive literary apparatus which the multiplicity of European and American tribunals makes necessary; but we apprehend that few persons at the present day, desirous

* North American Review, Vol. VIII. p. 63.

either for professional use or private investigation thoroughly to explore any subject treated in Mr. Wheaton's notes, would wish, by their suppression, to render the volumes containing them more compendious.

Mr. Wheaton's connection with the Court was not confined to the duty of reporting its decisions. He was employed as counsel in many of the most important causes which came before it. This was particularly the case in reference to the question of the constitutionality of State bankrupt and insolvent laws, brought before the Court in Ogden and Saunders in 1824, and not finally adjudicated till 1827. In this great case Mr. Wheaton was the sole counsel associated with Mr. Webster, against a large array of the most eminent professional talent of the country. But Mr. Wheaton's arduous and incessant labors, whether as counsel or reporter, did not engross his time. His method and facility enabled him to perform a great amount of extra-official work. In March, 1819, he furnished for the pages of this journal a very carefully prepared and instructive Review of the first volume of Mason's (W. P.) "Reports of the Decisions of Mr. Justice Story in the Circuit Court," which is valuable, among other things, for an accurate summary of the law of prize, as settled in the courts of the United States during the Revolution, and up to the war of 1812.*

In 1821 a Convention was held in the State of New York for revising the Constitution; its members being chosen by an approach to universal suffrage. Mr. Wheaton was elected a delegate from the city of New York, his colleague in that capacity being Mr. Sanford, the successor of Chancellor Kent, and twice a Senator of the United States. Mr. Wheaton was an active and respected member of the body. He brought forward a proposition making it the duty of the legislature to pass general laws on the subject of private corporations, and to prohibit their creation by special acts. A call for some provision of this kind arose, in the opinion of many persons of sound judgment, from the abuses connected with applications for bank charters. Mr. Wheaton's proposition did not prevail

* North American Review, Vol. VIII. p. 253.

in 1821, but on a subsequent revision of the Constitution in 1846, it was revived, and became a part of the fundamental law. It is greatly to be desired, that the temptations to abuses of this kind might be effectually obviated by materially limiting the right of banks to substitute circulating paper for a metallic medium. The almost exclusive use of a currency possessing no intrinsic value, in addition to all its incidental evils, is unquestionably one of the greatest theoretical errors and practical mischiefs of our commercial system. It is founded on the gross delusion that paper nominally convertible is actually so. Its use can have no other effect than to cause an unnatural inflation of prices, and a necessary depreciation in the value of the real money employed with it as a circulating medium. By another proposition of Mr. Wheaton in the Constitutional Convention, it was made the duty of the legislature to require the cities and towns in the State to raise such sums as may be necessary, in addition to their dividends from the common school fund, to maintain public schools in every city or town for the instruction of all the children.

In November, 1823, Mr. Wheaton came actively into public life as a member of the New York Assembly. The approaching presidential election, and the unusual number of candidates, gave warmth to the political struggle of the ensuing year. After a temporary lull in party politics, from the peace of 1815 to the close of Mr. Monroe's administration, the question who should succeed him produced new and violent party discussions. Mr. Crawford of Georgia, the Secretary of the Treasury, had been nominated by the Congressional caucus of the Republican (Democratic) party, as it was then usually called. That caucus, however, had failed to bring together the whole Democratic force; it was attended principally by that portion of the party who in the language of the day were called "radicals." A portion claiming to be liberal, as favoring a more enlarged construction of the Constitution and a free expenditure of the public money, was divided between Mr. Calhoun and General Jackson. The members of the old Federal party were about equally distributed among all the candidates. Mr. Wheaton individually favored the pretensions of Mr. Calhoun, and was in confidential correspondence with him during

the canvass. On this subject Mr. Lawrence makes the following just and impressive remark: —

"To advance the pretensions of the Carolina statesman to the highest office was Mr. Wheaton's motive in permitting himself to be elected a member of the New York State Assembly in November, 1823; and it is not a little remarkable, when we look to the views which Mr. Calhoun subsequently took of our system of government, that our author's [Mr. Wheaton's] original preference for him was induced by a concurrence of sentiment on the subject of the federal judiciary. To preserve to the Supreme Court the exposition of the Constitution in the last resort, was then deemed by Mr. Calhoun, as his letters of that period show, an object of primary importance. And it may well incline us to regard with indulgence the changes which inferior minds undergo, when we find one afterwards so eminent in the liberal school of political economy, and whose integrity of purpose and purity of life are unassailable, writing to his friends in the legislature of New York to suggest 'the propriety of adopting some resolutions not to support any one not known to be openly in favor of domestic manufactures and internal improvements.' 'The adoption of such,' he added, 'would go far to prostrate the hopes of the radicals at once in your State.'"

These sentiments are cited by Mr. Lawrence from a letter of Mr. Calhoun to Mr. Wheaton, dated December 23, 1823.

In 1825 Mr. Wheaton was appointed a member of a commission to revise the statute law of the State of New York. His associates were Mr. Benjamin F. Butler, afterwards Attorney-General of the United States, and Mr. John Duer, now a distinguished member of the New York Judiciary. This was a task for which Mr. Wheaton's previous studies and professional tastes eminently qualified him, and upon which, in conjunction with his learned colleagues, he entered with industry and zeal. In a report to the legislature in 1826, they set forth their plan for the execution of the work, and submitted as a specimen the revision of the statutes which embraced the constitutional and administrative law of the State. This plan being sanctioned by the legislature, Mr. Wheaton and his associates engaged in carrying it into effect; but his participation in the honorable duty was brought to a close by his entrance into the diplomatic service of the country. This event took place in 1827, and terminated the strictly legal portion of his career.

Notwithstanding the laborious nature of his professional duties, Mr. Wheaton had from the first found much time for the cultivation of general literature. He was one of the earliest and most valued contributors to the pages of this journal. He delivered in 1820 a learned discourse before the New York Historical Society, "On the Science of Public and International Law," which contains the elementary ideas of his subsequent works on that subject. It received emphatic commendations from the highest quarters, — Presidents John Adams and Jefferson, Chief Justice Marshall, and Chancellor Kent. In 1825 Mr. Wheaton delivered an address at the opening of the New York Athenæum, in which he took a rapid survey of what had been accomplished in American literature, and presented a hopeful view of the intellectual prospects of the country. His last literary enterprise at this period of his life was his "Account of the Life, Writings, and Speeches of William Pinkney." A very interesting review of this work by the lamented Dr. Greenwood will be found in a former volume of this journal.*

In 1827 Mr. Wheaton received the appointment of Chargé d'Affaires to Denmark, being the first permanent diplomatic representative ever sent by the United States to that country. This was the first step in a career longer than that of any other person ever employed in the diplomatic service of the United States, pursued with success, crowned with reputation, and illustrated by the composition of several works of great merit, but rendered especially memorable by the production of his two standard treatises on the public law. Mr. Wheaton sailed for England on his way to Denmark in July, 1827. During his residence in London, among other celebrities, he formed the intimate acquaintance of Jeremy Bentham, and found him "a charming old man, less dogmatical than he expected."

The particular subject which received Mr. Wheaton's official attention during his mission at Copenhagen was the claim of American citizens upon the Danish government for captures and condemnations under the Continental system of Napoleon I. Denmark, too feeble to maintain her neu-

* North American Review, Vol. XXIV. p. 68.

trality had she been disposed, and with little inducement to pursue a friendly policy toward Great Britain, from whom she had received affronts and injuries at once of the most offensive and serious character, had, although not formally adopting the Berlin and Milan Decrees, acted in their spirit, and allowed her privateers to prey upon the neutral commerce of the United States. Mr. G. W. Erving was sent to Copenhagen in 1811 on a special mission, the object of which was to put a stop to those depredations, which object was in a good degree effected by him. In 1818 and 1825 the Danish government was given to understand, that the United States expected her merchants to be indemnified for their losses; and on the ratification of a treaty of commerce between the two countries in 1826, which contained no provision for this object, a note was addressed by the Secretary of State (Mr. Clay) to the Danish Minister, expressly precluding the idea that the demand of indemnity was abandoned.

For a limited class of cases, partial indemnity, satisfactory to the claimants, was accorded at the close of 1827, within two months after Mr. Wheaton's arrival at Copenhagen. After a general negotiation carried on during the following years in reference to the mass of the claims, a commission was appointed, consisting of the aged and respectable Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Schimmelman, and the Minister of Justice, Mr. Stemann, to discuss with the American Minister all the matters in controversy. This arrangement took place at the close of Mr. Adams's administration. That event was followed by a change in all our other foreign missions; but General Jackson in this instance wisely disregarded the claims of party, and retained Mr. Wheaton at his post.

It would take up too much space to review the discussion between the American and the Danish Commissioners, which terminated on the 28th of March, 1830, by the conclusion of a Convention, by which, including what had been already allowed, as before stated, in 1827, about three quarters of a million of dollars were stipulated to be paid to the merchants of this country. If this sum was less than the amount of losses actually suffered, it was considerably more than Mr. Wheaton had been instructed to accept. The success of the

negotiation was no doubt materially owing to the respectable character and amiable personal qualities of the American Minister, which came powerfully in aid of his diplomatic skill and his familiarity with the questions of public law involved in the dispute. Some of these were connected with the important topic of belligerent convoy, to which the judgment of Sir William Scott in 1799 has given historical celebrity.* The expedient of paying a gross sum, to be apportioned by the American government, precluded the necessity of pursuing the investigation of individual cases on the part of the negotiators at Copenhagen.

Mr. Wheaton had greatly strengthened his position in Denmark by the prompt acquisition of the language of the country, by entering into friendly relations with its men of letters, and devoting himself to the successful study of its history and antiquities. The result of these studies was communicated to the public, in part, through a series of articles of great value and interest in the volumes of this journal. In the first of these articles, written after he had been but a twelvemonth in Copenhagen, he reviewed Professor Schlegel's work on the public law of Denmark, explaining not only the constitution of that realm, but its political connection with the duchies of Schleswig, Holstein, and Lauenburg, which in 1850 became the subject of a controversy that threatened the peace of Europe. This was followed in successive numbers of our journal by an Essay on Scandinavian Mythology, Poetry, and History, in a notice of the third volume of Professor Finn Magnusen's edition of the Poetical Edda, and of the first volume of Professor Geijer's History of Sweden, and by articles on the ancient laws of Iceland, the Anglo-Saxon Literature and Language, and the antiquities of Egypt as illustrated by the discoveries of Champollion.†

Mr. Wheaton's Essay on Scandinavian topics, prepared for this journal, formed the suitable prelude to the valuable work which in 1831 was published simultaneously at London and Philadelphia, under the title of "History of the Northmen, from

* Robinson, Vol. I. p. 340.

† North American Review, Vols. XXVII. p. 285; XXVIII. 18; XXIX. 361; XXX. 556, 558; XXXIII. 325.

the Earliest Times to the Conquest of England by William of Normandy"; a work which on its first appearance attracted extensive notice in Europe and America. In a review of it which appeared in this journal from the pen of Mr. Washington Irving, it is stated to evince throughout "the enthusiasm of an antiquarian, the liberality of a scholar, and the enlightened talents of a man of the world."* This work, enriched by the further investigations of Mr. Wheaton, was in 1844 translated into French by M. Guillot, and was highly commended in that form by Baron Alexander von Humboldt, who in a letter to the translator speaks of the author as "l'habile et vertueux diplomate, que je suis fier de compter parmi mes amis les plus intimes." These were but a part of the literary and historical labors of Mr. Wheaton during his residence at Copenhagen, but our limits will not admit of further specification.

In 1830 Mr. Wheaton visited Paris, a vigilant observer of the dynastic revolution then in progress. His European reputation readily procured for him the acquaintance of Guizot, Thiers, the Duc de Broglie, Mignet, and the other statesmen and men of letters of France. He was presented by General Lafayette to Louis Philippe, and witnessed his taking the oath to the new charter. During his residences at Paris on several subsequent occasions, though never clothed with an official character, he received much personal attention from the King of the French, who conferred freely with him on the public questions of the day. A visit to London in 1831, on business connected with the Danish indemnity, furnished him the opportunity of extending his acquaintance there, and forming friendly relations with the leading statesmen of Great Britain. In the autumn of 1833 he returned on leave to the United States, where he was received with public demonstrations of respectful attachment. At the request of the Law Institute of New York, he prepared a discourse for their anniversary in 1834, but was prevented from actually delivering it by business engagements at Washington.

The principal object of Mr. Wheaton's visit to the United States was the prosecution of a suit, which had reached the

* North American Review, Vol. XXXV. p. 343.

court of ultimate resort, against his successor in the office of Reporter of the Supreme Court of the United States, who by the publication of an abridgment of his Reports had seriously impaired the pecuniary value of the original edition, in which were embodied the fruits of twelve years of arduous labor, and to which he had looked forward as a permanent future provision for himself and his family. It would be unavailing and painful to discuss in these pages the merit of this controversy, which was decided adversely to the interests of Mr. Wheaton. The heavy pecuniary loss which he suffered in the greatly reduced value of his work was aggravated, we are informed by Mr. Lawrence, by the permanent rupture of those friendly ties which had so long existed between him and Mr. Justice Story.

Leaving Denmark for the United States in 1833, Mr. Wheaton had received from the Prussian Minister at Copenhagen, the Count Raczynsky, well known as the historian of modern art in Germany and Portugal, a communication to be transmitted to Washington, expressing a desire on the part of the Prussian government to reopen its diplomatic intercourse with the United States, and intimating a wish that Mr. Wheaton, whose reputation was already established at Berlin, should be sent there. In conformity with this suggestion, Mr. Wheaton was, in the spring of 1835, appointed Chargé d'Affaires to Prussia by General Jackson, who thus performed for a second time an act of commendable liberality toward a functionary originally placed in office by his predecessor. The arrangement itself was entirely proper, in consideration of the greatly increased political importance of Prussia, and her controlling influence over the newly organized Zollverein.

Taking advantage of the absence of the court from Berlin, Mr. Wheaton made a tour in the summer of 1835 through the Hanseatic cities and the Prussian provinces of Westphalia and the Rhine. He availed himself of this opportunity to collect such local information as would enable him to enter to advantage on his negotiations with the Customs-Union. He was furnished by Mr. Ancillon, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, with introductions to the local authorities, who afforded him every facility for prosecuting his inquiries. Before entering

upon his negotiations, he was raised to the rank of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary. An appropriation for this purpose had been made at the last session of General Jackson's administration, but the nomination of Mr. Wheaton was the act of his successor, Mr. Van Buren. The President was strongly counselled to this measure by his Attorney-General, Mr. Benjamin F. Butler, whom we have already had occasion to name as the associate of Mr. Wheaton in the revision of the laws of New York. This cordial recommendation of his ancient professional colleague, but political opponent, and President Van Buren's bestowal of one of the best offices in his gift on a person who had been ten years out of the country, and who had no political claims founded on partisan service to the notice of the new administration, are acts of liberality as praiseworthy as they are rare.

Mr. Wheaton received his letters of credence in his new capacity in March, 1837, but owing to the absence of the king at Töplitz he was unable to present them till September. He took advantage of the interval to make another tour in the Prussian provinces, with a view to complete his former examination of their commercial relations, especially in reference to the question of the tobacco duties, which formed a prominent topic in his instructions. On this tour he visited the province of Brandenburg, which he had not before seen, Hesse-Cassel, the other states of Western Germany, and Belgium. The information collected on this tour was of great use to Mr. Wheaton in preparing the memorial which he presented in July of the following year (1838) to the Congress of the Zollverein at Dresden, which he attended under the instructions of his government. His object was to procure a reduction of the duties on some of the principal articles imported from America, though not authorized at that time to hold out to the German league the inducement of the admission of their exports to the United States on a lower duty than the competing articles from other countries. He obtained a partial success in reference to rice, but the consideration of the more important article of tobacco was adjourned to the next year.

In 1840 Mr. Wheaton negotiated a separate commercial

treaty with the kingdom of Hanover, who declined on this occasion to associate herself with the Steuerverein, another Customs-Union of a more limited extent than the Zollverein, and comprising, besides Hanover, the duchies of Brunswick and Oldenburg. In 1841 a communication was made to Congress from the Department of State, the materials of which, Mr. Lawrence informs us, were derived from Mr. Wheaton's despatches, with respect to the commercial relations of the United States with the Zollverein and the Sound duties. In this paper the Secretary of State (Mr. Webster) distinctly recommends a treaty with the states united in the Commercial Union, with a view to the extension of our trade, and the abolition of the *droit d'aubaine* and *droit de detraction.*

Meetings of the Zollverein Convention were held at Stuttgart in July, 1842, and at Berlin in September, 1843. These meetings were attended by Mr. Wheaton, and every effort was made by him to prosecute to a successful issue the negotiation for a diminution of duties on articles imported from the United States into Germany. He was met, however, by the objection, that those articles were already received in Germany on more favorable terms than in England or France, without any corresponding preference given to German products in the ports of the United States. It was also objected, that by our tariff of 1842 the duties on some articles of German produce had been raised.

During the session of the Congress at Berlin in 1843, it was intimated to Mr. Wheaton that a reduction might be made in the duties on tobacco imported into the states of the Zollverein, provided some equivalent were given by the United States in the reduction of duties on German products. This overture assumed the form of an official communication from Baron Bulow to Mr. Wheaton, and was by him transmitted to Washington.

Mr. Wheaton was immediately authorized by the Secretary of State (Mr. Upshur) to negotiate a treaty on the proposed basis, and the Presidential Message of December, 1843, congratulated Congress on the prospect of an arrangement for the reduction of the duty on tobacco, and the continued ad-

mission of cotton duty-free, and of rice on the reduced duty which had been lately adopted. The equivalent in the United States was to be the reduction of the duties upon silks, looking-glass plates, toys, linens, and other articles not coming into competition with those of American growth and manufacture.

On this basis Mr. Wheaton found no further difficulty in bringing his protracted negotiation to a successful result. The treaty was signed on the 24th of March, 1844, and embodied in detail the principles just set forth. It was promptly transmitted by the President to the Senate, and referred in that body to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, who, after a recommittal, finally reported against it. On the 15th of June it was ordered to lie on the table by a vote of 24 to 18. The objections made to the treaty are thus expressed in the report of the committee: "In the judgment of the committee,* the legislature is the department by which commerce should be regulated and laws of revenue passed. The Constitution in terms communicates the power to regulate commerce and to impose duties to that department. It communicates it in terms to no other. Without engaging at all in an examination of the extent, limits, and objects of the power to make treaties, the committee believe that the general rule of our system is indisputably, that the control of trade and the function of taxing belong without abridgment or participation to Congress. Upon this single ground then the committee recommend that the treaty be rejected." The committee did not confine themselves, however, to the constitutional objection, but proceeded to deny the importance of the stipulated concessions in comparison with those which were offered as an equivalent.

Before the fate of the treaty had been thus adversely decided, the Secretary under whose auspices it had been negotiated (Mr. Upshur) had lost his life, by the deplorable catastrophe caused by the bursting of a gun on board the "Princeton." He was succeeded by Mr. Calhoun, who fully shared the

* Messrs. Archer of Virginia, Berrien of Georgia, Buchanan of Pennsylvania, Tallmadge of New York, and Choate of Massachusetts. The report was made by the last-named gentleman.

views of public policy under which those orders were drawn up, and who, in an interesting private letter to Mr. Wheaton of June 28, 1844, strongly expressed his disappointment and regret at the result, which he ascribed to calculations of electioneering expediency on the part of the friends of Mr. Clay as a candidate for the Presidency.

Too much weight must not, of course, be attached to opinions of this kind, pronounced in the heat of a canvass in which judgments were as likely to be biassed by party views on one side as on the other. We apprehend, notwithstanding the opinion of Mr. Calhoun to the contrary, that the Committee on Foreign Relations in 1844 were correct in stating the *general* rule and practice of the government, to which but few and limited exceptions had taken place. The Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 is a much more important exception, and, as Mr. Lawrence intimates, may perhaps be regarded as an abandonment, on the part of the last Congress, of the constitutional objection. We should not ourselves be disposed to regret such a result, and we conceive it to be in the spirit of the Constitution, which imposes no express limitations on the treaty-making power. It is highly desirable, for the influence and credit of the government with other States, that the department charged with conducting our relations with them should be clothed with large powers. When it is considered that this department consists of the President and the Senate acting only by a vote of two thirds, there is but little danger of the conclusion of treaties against the sense of a majority of the House of Representatives. The republican principle, however, we take beyond all question to have been, to restrain, and not to enlarge, the treaty-making power.

But whatever opinion might be entertained on this point, or of the policy of the Zollverein treaty as a practical question, there can be but one opinion of the ability evinced by Mr. Wheaton in its negotiation. It required much diplomatic experience and skill, a familiar knowledge of the German language, a mastery of the elements of the question on both sides of the water, and amiable personal manners. All these qualifications, not too often met with singly in an eminent degree, were possessed by Mr. Wheaton in rare combination.

Mr. Wheaton, as we have observed, besides the more important object of procuring a reduction of the duties on tobacco, had been instructed to obtain, if possible, the abrogation of the *droit d'aubaine* and *droit de détraction.* These duties operated with severity on the emigration to the United States. By the *droit de détraction* a duty of not less than ten per cent was levied on the sales of property effected by those who were about to leave their native country. The *droit d'aubaine* amounted to a similar tax on all property which might accrue to emigrants to the United States on the death of relatives at home. These oppressive duties were done away with in treaties negotiated by Mr. Wheaton with Hanover, Wurtemberg, Hesse-Cassel, Saxony, Nassau, and Bavaria.

These treaties included the customary provision of the treaties of the United States, giving to the citizens and subjects of each of the contracting parties all the rights of native citizens with respect to the disposal and inheritance of personal property, but with respect to real property reserving only a limited or reasonable time to dispose of it. This distinction between real and personal property has of course grown out of that feudal principle of the English Common Law, which attaches a peculiar importance to the tenure by which land is held. But as creating a necessary limitation on the treaty-making power of the federal government, it proceeds on a strange confusion of ideas, as if the feudal system were a part of the Constitution. That instrument provides as follows: "All treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land, and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding." There is nothing here which reserves to the State governments any peculiar control over land tenures, or which establishes any distinction between real and personal property. It is also obvious to remark, that if the treaty-making power cannot give to aliens an absolute right to hold and inherit real property, it cannot give them a right to hold it for a limited period.

Although the general practice of the United States in their treaties has been as above stated, it has not been uniform.

The treaties with France in 1778, with Holland in 1782, with Sweden in 1783, and with New Granada in 1847, make no distinction between real and personal property. Jay's treaty with England in 1794, made no such distinction as far as concerned real property already in possession. The treaty with Bavaria, as negotiated by Mr. Wheaton in 1845, made no distinction, but the Senate struck out the words "and real," which accordingly appear in parentheses as the treaty is printed. A similar indication, and probably for the same cause, appears in the text of the Mexican treaty of 1831. The Austrian treaty of 1829 and the Neapolitan treaty of 1845 made no provision whatever for the rights of aliens in real property, but the Austrian treaty of 1848 conforms to the usual practice. This provision, that is, allowing to the alien the full citizen's right in personal property, but granting him only a limited or a reasonable time to dispose of real property, was first introduced in 1785 in the treaty with Prussia negotiated by John Adams, Franklin, and Jefferson, and was continued in all the other treaties, with the exceptions just named, concluded and ratified, to the number of twenty-eight, down to the year 1853. How the practice has been in the more recent treaties, we have not at this moment the means of ascertaining.

In the consular convention negotiated with France in 1853, a new course was adopted. As the law of France gives to aliens the same rights as to native subjects in reference to both kinds of property, the French government deemed itself authorized to expect, and was extremely desirous to obtain, the corresponding privilege for its subjects domiciliated in the United States. It was not doubted by the negotiator on the part of the United States, that, if the treaty-making power could grant to the alien a right to hold real property for a certain time, it could grant him a full right to take and hold. Inasmuch, however, as a different principle had been acted upon in the great majority of cases, and there was no hope of the concurrence of the Senate in any other, it was decided to introduce into the convention a provision, that, when the laws of a State did not permit an alien to hold real property, the President would recommend to such State to modify its laws in favor of the subjects of France. The event justified this

view of the subject. The convention with France was confirmed, while serious objections were interposed to the Swiss convention, negotiated two or three years before, and containing only the ordinary provisions.

The negotiation of the Zollverein treaty was the last of the more important official labors of Mr. Wheaton. The following year, however, (1845,) he concluded a convention with Prussia for the mutual extradition of fugitives from justice, which, though it failed at the time to be confirmed by the Senate, was revived under Mr. Fillmore's administration, and extended to several of the minor German states. He continued also to give much attention to the Sound duties paid to Denmark, as well as to the duties levied by the Hanoverian government at Stade on the passage of foreign vessels up the Elbe. Besides his strictly official duties, Mr. Wheaton employed himself in the elaborate investigation of almost every important question of a political character which was suggested by the events of the day. The conclusion of the quintuple treaty of December 20, 1841, drew from him a carefully prepared treatise on the right of search. An incident arising in his own legation at Berlin led to a very able discussion of the extent of the exemption of foreign ministers from the local jurisdiction of the governments to which they are accredited, the substance of which is recorded in the work before us.* The positions assumed by Mr. Wheaton in this discussion were maintained with great ability, and to the general satisfaction of the diplomatic body in Europe. The seizure of the "Caroline," and the affair of the "Creole," were the subjects of essays prepared, by Mr. Wheaton, for the *Revue du Droit Français et Etranger;* and in an article in the Prussian *Staats-Zeitung*, (the official paper at Berlin,) he vindicated the government of the United States from the imputations cast upon it, in consequence of the neglect of some of the individual States to pay their debts. In these ways, and through every other channel of influence afforded by his official position and personal intercourse, he labored with untiring diligence to maintain the character and define the position of his country, and to defend her from misrepresentation.

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* Page 287.

From the intimations which Mr. Lawrence has given us of the contents of several of Mr. Wheaton's unpublished despatches, it will be seen that he performed with singular fidelity that part of the duty of a foreign minister which requires him to keep his government well informed of every occurrence of public moment, political, statistical, or commercial, which falls within his observation. Elaborate despatches upon over-land communication with the East, by the way of Egypt, and across the Isthmus of Panama; upon the resources of China, on occasion of the opening of that sealed empire to the intercourse of the world in 1842; upon the claims of the representatives of Paul Jones on the government of Denmark, for prizes sent into Norway and delivered up to Great Britain, during the Revolutionary war; upon the anomalous relations of the Prussian government with its Catholic subjects; and other important questions and subjects, are referred to by Mr. Lawrence. These brief indications of the contents of Mr. Wheaton's despatches authorize us to anticipate a rich harvest of instruction in the comprehensive publication, which Mr. Lawrence permits us to expect from his pen.

We have in the introduction to this article spoken of the first publication of Mr. Wheaton's great work, of which Mr. Lawrence now presents to us this much improved edition. In 1841 the first edition of the "History of the Progress of the Law of Nations in Europe from the Peace of Westphalia to the Congress of Vienna," prepared as a prize essay for the Institute of France, was published at Leipzig, in French. Two successive and greatly improved editions were published on the Continent, and an English translation appeared at New York in 1845. This work forms the *pendant* to the elementary treatise, and, though from the nature of the subject not admitting the same methodical treatment, is filled with a learning not to be found collected in any other volume. It was the subject of an honorable notice in France from the pen of Mr. Pinheiro-Ferreira, the learned and acute editor of Vattel and Martens, and furnished the text of an elaborate article on the law of nations by Mr. Senior, in the Edinburgh Review (Vol. LXXVII. p. 303), in which a well-deserved tribute is paid to

Mr. Wheaton's character as a lawyer, historian, statesman, and publicist.

It is scarcely necessary to state that the talents and learning thus displayed by Mr. Wheaton acquired for him a distinguished name in Europe. He was elected, during his residence at Berlin, a foreign member of the Prussian Royal Academy of Sciences; and in 1842 received the same compliment from the French Institute, of which he was chosen a corresponding member, of the Section of Jurisprudence. Thus honored abroad, he was not less appreciated at home, and he enjoyed the distinction — almost solitary in the diplomatic service of the United States — of having during a period of twenty years, without intermission, been employed to represent the country, to the entire satisfaction of several successive administrations, and through two political revolutions involving a general change of public officers at home and abroad.

In this state of things, and, to borrow the language of Mr. Lawrence, "at the height of his celebrity, and when he might justly have looked for a transfer to one of the great courts of Paris or London, where his experience and peculiar acquirements might have been more useful to his country, he received an intimation from the Secretary of State (Mr. Buchanan) of President Polk's intention to terminate his mission to Berlin, with a view to the appointment of a successor; and the opportunity was afforded him of anticipating his removal by a voluntary resignation." As a general principle, we do not object to short terms of diplomatic service. They may be attended with some inconvenience in particular cases, but there are counterbalancing advantages. Whether desirable or not, no other system is practicable in this country. But surely exceptions to the general rule should be made in cases of distinguished merit, and the removal of Mr. Wheaton, under all the circumstances of the case, was a most discreditable sacrifice to the exigencies of party. It excited astonishment in Europe, but happily wrought no injury to the reputation of Mr. Wheaton, at home or abroad. He was received with merited honors on his return to his native country, and was soon invited to a lecturership on International Law in the Law School of the University at Cambridge. This appointment would no doubt

have resulted in his establishment as a permanent professor of the Law of Nations in the Dane Law School; but all calculations of this kind, as far as Mr Wheaton was concerned, were speedily disappointed by his death on the 11th of March, 1848.

We have done little more in the preceding pages than to condense the interesting account given by Mr. Lawrence of the professional and diplomatic career and labors of Mr. Wheaton, necessarily limiting ourselves almost wholly to a narration of the leading facts, and omitting much matter of interesting detail. We have left ourselves no space for any further analytical notice of the work of which the title is given at the head of our article, and which, as we have observed, was reviewed in our journal on the appearance of the first edition. It now appears, as we have stated, in a highly improved form, containing not only the latest revisions of the distinguished author, but the careful and learned annotations of Mr. Lawrence. In the latter portion of the Introduction, he has incidentally adverted to events bearing upon the great questions of public law discussed in the work, and which have occurred since it received the last corrections of its author. The most important of these are the occupation of Rome by a French army; the Hungarian revolution, and the right claimed by the United States to inform themselves of its progress by a confidential agent; the overture of France and England to the United States to join in a tripartite convention relative to Cuba; and the pending contest in Eastern Europe. In the annotations upon the text in the body of the work, Mr. Lawrence has carefully pointed out the incidents which have occurred within the last seven years, illustrative of his author, and especially the important changes in the maritime law of nations which have been made since the commencement of the present war, — the recognition by the belligerents of the principle of "free ships, free goods," without its antithesis, — the abstinence from privateering, — the respect paid to the property of one belligerent found within the jurisdiction of the other at the breaking out of the war, — and the encouragement given to the continued prosecution of commerce within lawful channels, both by the belligerents and neutrals.

In the Appendix to the work Mr. Lawrence has brought together much valuable matter. The first article is a very learned and instructive note upon the subject of naturalization. To this succeeds the act of the last session of Congress to remodel the diplomatic and consular system of the United States, a law containing some valuable provisions, and making desirable changes in the present system, but standing itself in need of careful revision and amendment, as is sufficiently seen in the report of the Attorney-General upon its construction. The next article of the Appendix consists of the important debate in the House of Commons on the 4th of July, 1854, the chief value of which lies in the learned and manly speech of Sir William Molesworth. This is followed by some addenda to the notes, the most important of which refer to our relations with Cuba.

Of the present edition of Mr. Wheaton's work, about a third part is from the pen of Mr. Lawrence, who has discharged the office of editor and commentator with signal fidelity, intelligence, and success. He not only shows himself familiar with the subject as treated in the pages of his author, but also well acquainted with the entire literature of the law of nations. Whatever is furnished by the English and Continental writers who have succeeded Mr. Wheaton, by Phillimore, Wildman, Manning, Reddie, and Polson, by Ortolan, Hautefeuille, and Fœlix, is judiciously drawn upon by Mr. Lawrence. The diplomacy and legislation of our own and foreign countries are carefully examined, and, in short, the work is made in his hands — we think it not too much to say — what its lamented author would have made it, had he lived to the present time.

ART. II. — *Pictures of Europe, framed in Ideas.* By C. A. BARTOL. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 407.

FOREIGN travel is getting to be so common an experience, and one which consumes so much muscle and money, that it is high time more attention were paid to the means of making it profitable to the minds, as well as easy to the bodies, and economical to the purses, of the nomadic tribe. Almost every traveller, indeed, drops his tribute of sober counsel into the public ear, but it usually goes in with so much else that he has brought home for the same worthy channel, that neither the particular contributions nor the general sum of advice can be found at the time when we are in actual want of them. Americans have a special call to travel. It is the peculiar privilege of their birth in the New World, that the Old World is left them to visit. The European can have no sympathy with the ardor of their longings to see what their whole education has been occupied with teaching them about. The spirit of travel is in the very bones of our countrymen, and usually bursts out much too early for their own good. A foreign tour is the dream and purpose of every educated man and woman on this side the Atlantic. And yet little has been said respecting the subject of foreign travel, as one admitting of general consideration; little attention has been given to the inquiry how to travel, — in what company, at what age, for how long a time, with what aims, and in what spirit. We propose to set some more competent teacher the example of supplying this deficiency, by laying out in a gossiping way, and under cover of the very interesting work before us, — to which in the course of this article we shall ask careful attention, — some of our own views of travel. We claim no experience, and shall affect no oracular wisdom; but the foreign tourist who has so far suppressed his vanity as not to trouble the public with a volume, has an indefeasible right to inflict an article upon them, if he can manage the editor of the quarterly that gives it birth.

Travelling, and making books of travel, are so nearly iden-

tical in these days, that we cannot speak of one without involving the other. We do not complain of this connection. We have little sympathy with the jealousy of "many books," which it is now considered so very wise to exhibit. We are thankful for any small favor in the way of amusement and instruction, and rarely meet with a volume of travels which does not amply repay perusal. Yet in nothing is there such a difference as in this department of literature, in which no one fails to be interesting, but in which so few attain anything more. A permanently valuable book of travels is as rare as a poem that outlasts its author's life, or a play that pleases two generations. But there is not a greater difference in "Travels" than in travellers; and how often has the tourist to wish he could get rid of the one, as easily as he can of the other!

It is with this topic of fellow-travellers — a dangerous one we are aware — that we break ground; for the first thing usually considered in a foreign tour is, who shall be our company.

Nothing brings out a person's character more thoroughly than a long journey. Novices in foreign travel are therefore to be warned how they endanger their friendships — safe enough under the milder trials of home — by essaying "the grand tour" in company with their intimates. If no man is a hero to his valet, no friend is a saint to his *compagnon de voyage*. A fortnight at sea in the same state-room will betray the selfishness of the most consummate actor of disinterestedness; and three hundred and sixty-five breakfasts, dinners, and suppers, in three hundred and sixty-five different places, must try the amiability, test the self-control, and reveal the quality, of the most practised *vis-a-vis*. Whether or no the modern fashion of a Continental journey for the honey-moon be not a rude device of the enemy for dissipating the illusions of love, we will not peril our good name with the fair readers of this journal by deciding; but we would seriously warn all inexperts in travel, how they rashly implicate themselves at the start with their pleasant acquaintances. Tried friends, whose moods and infirmities we are at the least incapable of being surprised by, are the only safe travelling-companions.

And it is not well to have too many steady companions of any sort. To go abroad in a knot of neighbors or countrymen, in whose company the whole time passes, is to carry the means of dispensing with the society of the very people we go to see, and to provide against the novelty of the intercourse without which travelling is no better than staying at home. Like the man who complained he could not see the city on account of the houses, the American traveller in a crowd of countrymen and friends might well feel that he could not see the Old World, because so much of the New stood in his way. We have only to extend a little the surroundings of accustomed conveniences, society, cookery, language, in which some stately travellers make their way through foreign lands, by imagining them to carry a mile square of their own estate about them, to complete the absurdity of these self-indulgent modes of journeying. Whether we seek the gratification of new sensations or the improvement of fresh experiences, travelling with those who share or reflect our prejudices, — or who interpose their companionship between us and foreign society, — or who keep up, by their ministry to our affections or our habits, the atmosphere of home, and relieve the necessity for throwing ourselves by a little wholesome exertion into the new scenes and customs we visit, — is fatal alike to both these ends. High and peculiar pleasures require about as much energy and resolution as high and rare duties. The indolent, self-indulgent traveller, who falls back on his travelling-companions for his chief society, whose greatest satisfaction consists in momentarily forgetting that he is not in his own country, who makes no effort to speak the languages, to eat the national dishes, to share the ordinary life, of the nations he visits, will return home no wiser than he starts, after having sacrificed the chief pleasures as well as the chief advantages of his tour. What old Donne says of the victims of stupid habit is equally applicable to such dullards : —

> "Who makes the past a pattern for next year,
> Turns no new leaf, but still the same things reads,
> Seen things he sees again, heard things doth hear,
> And makes his life but like a pair of beads."

Very soothing it is, upon a rainy day, at an inn in a foreign

land, to shut one's self up in a private parlor, with a quartette of kindred or countrymen, and play at cards all day long, with occasional choruses of thanksgiving that such a remedy for loneliness is at hand; but the true traveller knows a better use of his opportunities, and a better cure for his solitude. He hails the friendly necessity of the storm, the confinement and the limited range of his resources, as strong incentives to enterprise. He breaks into the reserve of the peasants about him; he explores the traditions, practises the vocabulary, observes the domestic ways, examines minutely the furniture, the husbandry, the cattle, any and every thing peculiar to his prison, and perhaps warmly regrets when the storm is over that he is obliged to leave it.

Travelling in company is obviously unfavorable to the flexibility, the enterprise, and the variety of a foreign tour. "Two is company, three is a crowd," is almost as true of travel, as it is of conversation. We even doubt the expediency of any stated companion; although we must say of this doctrine what the Apostle says of single life in general, not all are able to bear it. The real, experienced traveller, who makes a science both of the pleasure and the profit of journeying, will have no companion but such as he can pick up on his way and drop at a moment's choice. He knows that if "it takes four eyes to see anything truly," he has two in the back of his head, worth a dozen in anybody's else forehead, wherewith to square the pair he wears before. Doubtless your exclamations!!— those small cannon with the balls ever flying from their inverted muzzles — go off with more effect when not aimed at the ground. It is charming to explode one's superlatives amid the Alpine heights with more intelligent echoes than theirs; undeniably sweet it is to turn from the blushes of the Rosenlaui to a face that blushes without freezing, and to sigh with rapturous equivocation, "How beautiful!" and finer yet, hoarsely to whisper into beauty's ear, as she trembles and clings to our heroic arm, "How sublime!" as the Jungfrau thunders her cataracts of snow down the precipice that fronts the Wengern Alp. But if the beauty and sublimity will not hold longer than it takes to speak them into a sympathetic ear, they will not have sunk very deeply into the soul of the beholder. The

indolent desire to substitute the easy and short-lived pleasure of a superficial sympathy for the real but painstaking and disciplined delight of senses trained to observation, and a mind and heart kept patiently open to beauty and grandeur, accounts for the little permanent advantage, and the small amount of real satisfaction, which the majority of travellers find in their journeys. There is scarcely anything which most travellers so much need to learn as the endurance of their own society. He who has not found his own thoughts and his intercourse with nature and art the best society, and his solitary hours his busiest and most social seasons, has yet to learn the principal lesson of travel. The habit of giving immediate utterance to all we think and feel, is one of the most weakening processes to which a constant companionship exposes us. It is the great peril of the *talking* professions, that their representatives, like improvident farmers who sell their crops off their soil and impoverish their estates, do not keep their emotions and experiences for home consumption. And thus the traveller who wastes himself in an hourly dripping of sympathetic expression, may expect to find himself as empty of the feelings he has poured forth, as a sponge is of water at the end of the bath. All great scenes, all great objects, all great people, are better visited alone. One hour of solitude in a gallery of pictures is worth a day of gabbling companionship there; one hour alone upon the Fauldhorn, or among the temples at Pæstum, or with the Apollo, or in the Colosseum by moonlight, gives birth to thoughts and feelings more likely to enrich the soul and to leave permanent impressions on the heart, than days passed with these wonders in the most instructive and sympathetic society. In the present rush of travel, there need be no fear of loneliness among those who start unaccompanied for any interesting part of the European or Asiatic world. And one of the disadvantages of a fixed companion is, that it takes away the opportunities of joining chance parties of new and interesting people for a few days upon special jaunts. It is the experience, we suppose, of most travellers, that their own countrymen, no matter what the country is, are the least profitable of all persons to associate with. We lay it down as an invariable rule, Find out where your countrymen re-

sort, and do not go there. Go not to their favorite hotels and restaurants. Employ not their cast-off valets and vetturinos. Seek not their advice. Have nothing to do with their consuls and ministers. Be as unpatriotic and denationalized as possible. Associate with a heathen rather than a Christian, an Oriental sooner than an Occidental, an Asiatic before a European. Farthest off, quickest attended to; least acquainted, most interesting; poorest at home, best abroad.

From outside companions, let us look next at the company a traveller ought to find in himself; which depends very much on his age and experience, and therefore involves the consideration of the proper age for foreign travel. In his first essay, Mr. Bartol endeavors to show that ordinary, daily life, with its customary cares, affections, and experiences, has richer and more blessed lessons for us, than the most propitious journey; and that amidst the most enchanting and instructive scenes abroad, we feel a constant sense that our real business and happiness are left behind us.

> "Perchance outlandish ground
> Bears no more wit than ours."

Yet the important and undeniable truth here indicated is not offered, as we understand it, as an argument against the uses or delights of travel. Indeed, this new sense of the value and happiness of stated toil and fixed responsibility is one of the most precious fruits of a vacation from labor and a removal from the scene of our cares. The traveller in foreign lands who leaves no profession, no responsibility, no kindred, no important duties, behind him, carries very little dignity of character, discipline of powers, or quantity of being with him, for new scenes and experiences to act upon. He has no standards of measurement; no main interest to which to refer his observations; no special use to which to put his new thoughts; no acquaintance with toil to make his leisure sweet; no habits of steady and forth-putting exertion to render a season of passive receptivity for incoming thoughts delightful. The mind that is vacant, undisciplined, and inactive at home, will be no less so abroad; and this should help to settle the question as to the proper age for a foreign tour. The more the traveller carries with him, the more he will bring home. The more of a man he is, the more he will

see, learn, and enjoy. This furnishes a strong argument against the growing habit of sending young people of both sexes abroad to finish their education by the grand tour. With little acquaintance with their own country, feeble power of reflection, and no experience of life, the utmost benefit they can derive from foreign travel is the pleasure of a superficial excitement. But the injury they are likely to receive from the dissipating effect which journeying has upon all minds, met at the very period when they should be fastening their roving and feeble attention upon the drudgery of life's apprenticeship, is one from which thousands never recover. If, at the completion of an academic and professional course, the young man does not at once, and before there is any break in his habits of order and obedience, devote himself to the career he intends ultimately to pursue, there are a hundred chances to one that he will never again have the resolution to attempt it. There can be no worse preparation for any active profession in our country, than a year or two of self-indulgent wandering over the face of the European continent. It is putting one of the great rewards of a stern and patient devotion to professional labor into hands that have done nothing to earn or to deserve it. It is placing the rest before, instead of after, the toil, — the ease and enjoyment at the very beginning of life, — and expecting him who has drunk it deeply, to retain zeal and readiness for a task quite difficult and repulsive enough to one animated by all the rewards dependent on his victory over it. There are of course exceptional cases. Artists who go abroad are rarely travellers. They settle down in some one place, and, with costly sacrifices of comfort and inclination, pursue their apprenticeship to the great masters. Their example is no warrant for young men without specific aims in view. In the same way students in theology or medicine, who go to Germany or Paris to push particular inquiries, do not come under our rule. But even young men of these last-named classes take a doubtful method of self-improvement. If results are to govern our judgment, we must say that very rarely have we seen any such fruits from very youthful studies abroad, in any department, as to change our decided opposition to the practice of expatriation even for a year or two at the forming

period of life. It may perhaps be said, that it is commonly the sons and daughters of wealth who seize this privilege, and that it is their general condition, and not foreign travel, which softens and debilitates their tastes and energies. We can only reply to this, that foreign travel is just so much of the same kind added to the disadvantageous influences they suffer from; that it enhances the great difficulties under which they labor in making of themselves something positive, useful, and safe.

The best time to travel abroad is after one has fairly and strongly taken root at home, acquired position, fixed habits, decided opinions, and mature judgment. Such a man carries ballast. He possesses the materials for wide and useful comparison; he has the power of generalizing his observations; he knows what to look for, and the bearings and importance of what he sees. Instead of being overwhelmed, confused, or stunned by the quantity, variety, and rapid succession of scenes and experiences through which he passes, and bringing home a character dissipated, unhinged, and unsettled, he carries the discipline, order, and force of his own character into the chaos of emotions and affairs, sights and sounds, which a foreign tour presents, and clothes himself with new strength, wisdom, and beauty from the riches about him. There is, however, a limit to the period when one travels with most advantage. It must be before the senses have lost their keenness, or the muscles their pliancy and endurance; before the sensibility to what is novel and amusing, and the taste for variety and enterprise, have declined. Foreign travel fails to be an advantage when it ceases to be a pleasure; and one may by mere lapse of time become so wedded to certain modes of life and ways of thought and occupation, as to find nothing but annoyance and antagonism in what most charms and amuses a younger and fresher mind. Indeed, the chief use of foreign travel is to prevent this hardening process from commencing; and if a man would stay at home as long as he could keep himself impressible and growing, nimble of mind and limb, open to new thoughts and apt at new things, and only start for foreign countries the first moment he felt any incipient stiffening of the bodily or mental faculties, he would choose the precise moment for securing the richest and most sanative influences of

travel. Not by any means that an invalid state is the condition in which to leave home. Probably the poor fruits of foreign journeying are largely attributable to the unhealthy stocks on which they grow. Doubtless travelling is an excellent thing for certain kinds of chronic illness; but no illness of any kind is a good thing for travelling. Travelling to the highest advantage demands vigorous health, sound muscles, good lungs, healthy senses, and elastic spirits. And if, after ten or a dozen years of severe professional toil, men still in health would journey to preserve the blessing they enjoy, it would prolong lives which five years more of equal labor break up beyond the power of any travelling to restore. There is a malady partly mental, partly physical, which often assails the constitutions of men of fine nervous organization and high intellectual and moral activity in middle life, for which a year or two of Transatlantic exile seems the only adequate remedy. The French call it *la maladie de quarante ans.* When, by incessant toil and unsparing pains, the thoughtful and conscientious spirit has won that high table-land which a fixed position, competency, and settled relations in life may be said to form, the stimulus which has animated the journey thus far suddenly loses its power. A breathing space is allowed to look about, — back upon the mountainous way that has been climbed, forward upon the monotonous plain in view. The sensitive, ambitious, and thoughtful heart exclaims, "And is this all? Is it for this prospect I have toiled so long, and is this dusty, easy way before me the great reward of my strivings and pains?" World-weariness, sadness of heart and countenance, doubts "if the play be worth the candle," impatience and restlessness, seize upon the soul, and spread outward to the sympathizing body. The world looks dark, affections grow cold, and the chosen profession of one's life is stale and flat. Then is the time to break loose from country, calling, and home, and, in a perfect vacation from accustomed duties, faces, and aims, to give one's self up to the novelties, incitements and refreshings of travel. It carries the soul over the dead-point in its revolution; it gives the heart time to adjust itself to a new order of circumstances, to take a fresh start, with new and higher motives, and to recover a youth and a goal

which no future experiences can take away, or render uninviting.

Few, however, can indulge themselves in so long a period of absence even as a whole year, and the book before us sufficiently proves, in the extent and value of the thoughts and impressions a half-year of travel furnished to its accomplished author, how much may be done, in a mind prepared to condense its experience, towards seeing Europe in six months. In similar cases much satire has been pointed at the presumption which undertakes to report, as a contribution of any value to the public, so superficial a seeing of so broad a territory, as if such reports must needs be nine parts imagination and one part mistake. But those are the fitter objects of ridicule who think that impressions owe their value to the time employed in receiving them, and not rather to the keenness with which they are first struck, and the accuracy with which they are observed and communicated. Lord Brougham has somewhere remarked, that the child learns more, and what is more valuable, in the first five years of his life, than during all the remainder of his existence. It is certainly true, that the traveller learns more in the first five months of his residence abroad, if he be in active motion, than in the next five years. The first five minutes before a great picture or a great wonder of nature, the first five hours in a new city, the first five days in a strange country, the first five months in a new hemisphere, impart more vivid emotions, and awaken newer and more valuable thoughts, than all the rest of the time spent with them. Every one must have observed that foreigners rarely speak the language of our country any better after ten years' residence, than after one or two. They may extend their vocabulary, but they improve neither their accent nor their idiom. The ear reaches very soon the utmost extent of its sensibility to the new sounds, the tongue of its limberness, the mind of its discrimination. And it is precisely so with travellers. After a short period, the eye grows dull to what was at first strange, the mind indifferent to what was lately exciting. The vividness of the contrasts between one's own country and the foreign land is lost. We do not go to a resident in a strange country to learn its manners and customs. He does not know in

what points we lack information, nor is he sufficiently interested in what is so familiar to him, to be able to give us a lively conception of what would be new and strange to us. The intelligent traveller through a country — no matter how rapid his journey — tells us just what we want to know, and with a vividness generally proportioned to the quickness of his glance, the shortness of his stay, and the immediateness of his report. Lord Byron stayed less than a fortnight in Rome, and has said more graphic and memorable things about its miracles of art and history, than any traveller who ever visited it. The custom of journalizing at night the impressions of the day is a very useful one to the traveller, if it be not carried to the extent of a tyrannical habit. Short and pithy records of actual feelings and impressions are invaluable helps to the recollection of moods and judgments, which even the repetition of the experiences that begot them might fail to reawaken.

If the record of rapid and short journeys even over the trodden ground of Europe be valuable in proportion to the genius and talent for observation and reporting which belong to the traveller, so the journey itself is none the less desirable for being hurried and brief. To one to whom the ocean presents no dreaded obstacle to the repetition of a foreign tour, we should decidedly recommend that the first journey be confined within six or eight months, and that these be spent in passing rapidly from country to country, embracing as wide an area as possible within the shortest period of time. Let the whole panorama of Europe roll in rapid procession before the eye. Stay nowhere longer than the keenest appetite for the place lasts. Crowd into a narrow space as many intense feelings and vivid contrasts as possible. What the traveller wants at first is that glance which in a moment confirms, corrects, illuminates, or shades the mental impressions about places and things which have been accumulating for years and years. All the description in the world, after a certain point of information is attained, fails to convey any further ideas. Every man has his defects of imagination, his failure of conception, his own method of confusing the points of the compass, and getting a certain falseness into his picture

of things unseen. A moment's actual view of them puts him all right, brings all his previous knowledge to its bearings, and, like an acid poured upon an alkali, sets the dull mass of facts and feelings in his mind into a foam of sparkling vivacity. It is often amusing to watch conscientious travellers waiting before cathedrals, statues, waterfalls, to give them time to produce their effect! After a wearisome patience of survey, they think themselves entitled to say that they have seen the wonder. But a rusty gun without priming pointed steadily at an enemy, is quite as likely to do execution as these duty-looks. It is the quick spirit within, the prepared senses, the hearty appetite for beauty, the keen curiosity for novelty, the wide openness to impressions, which are wanted, and these will not come with any fixedness or duration of gaze to dull people.

It is fortunate for those who must hurry through Europe, that the things best worth seeing lie upon the beaten track, and require no special pains in finding or visiting them. No mistake could be greater than to depart, on any grounds of originality, from the familiar and ordinary tour. He would pay dear for his daintiness of tastes, who should avoid the usual routes as vulgar and worn. There are ten things in Europe better worth seeing than any other hundred. The old geography story of the seven wonders of the ancient world is founded in sober fact. What should we think of the European traveller in this country, who should return home without seeing Niagara, ascending Mount Washington, going down the Mississippi, visiting Mount Vernon and the neighboring Capitol, walking in Broadway, crossing the prairies and the lakes, and staying a week on a Southern plantation? It would be equally preposterous to visit Europe and not see London and Paris, the Rhine, Chamouni, the Simplon and Splugen, St. Peter's, the Apollo, the Colosseum, the Bay of Naples, the Dresden Madonna, and the Antwerp Gallery. And he who has seen these things is *not* ignorant of Europe, — except indeed he be incapable of forming acquaintance with it. These are the things to see, and after them we fall on matters quite secondary. We would earnestly advise travellers to rid their minds of the common fallacy, that they shall *return* to

places that have deeply interested them. While a city or neighborhood continues to charm, it is best to stay there; for, be very sure, that in the scale with absolute novelty Rome itself, seen for a fortnight and left with intense regret, will not outweigh Pæstum yet unvisited, nor Paris, Amsterdam. It is a wise rule to leave nothing behind one to pick up on returning, and nothing to see then that might have been seen going.

If for the sake of being useful to actual novices, we may venture to descend to any practical details, we will here insert a few paragraphs which we advise sensitive and travelled readers to skip, — imitating in this the author of the volume before us, — who in reference to his opening chapter says: "If any, with Horatio, think 't were to consider too curiously to consider so,' omitting the graver discourse in which I discharge my conscience, they must even enter the grounds of my field of observation, without minding the sentinel."

What is necessary on the voyage itself, is all that an American traveller should carry to Europe outside his skin. Clothes of every description are so much cheaper and better made on the other side of the water, that the traveller has every opportunity and temptation to replenish his wardrobe there; and to leave one's self the necessity of bargaining with the people of a strange land, is one of the best means of understanding their customs. Be it remembered too, that every pound of baggage beyond a very small weight has its extra tax, and that a constant rummage is going on in custom-houses, and then the advantage of having as little as possible becomes very obvious. If one desire an equal mind, he will take care to carry nothing contraband in his trunks, and thus to retain an absolute indifference as to custom-house searches. They are very annoying to the petty smuggler, who, to avoid a few shillings' duty, and to have the dubious gratification of evading the laws, carries a bit of his nerves in each parcel of his luggage, and spends an hour of trembling misery at the frontier of each petty state in Europe. A great many little purchases of *virtu*, liable to duty, every tasteful traveller will needs have. Let him put them all into one trunk, and everywhere present that as his offending member. In the end he will be a great

gainer in comfort, self-respect, and even purse; for the most skilful packing will not always escape practised inspectors, and every now and then deceit pays a treble tax.

Next to luggage, expense is the ordinary traveller's sorest point. And Americans, with their mingled pride and thrift, are peculiarly exposed to chagrin in this direction. In the first place, they are not educated to talk of money as unreservedly as other people. It has too deep a place in their affections and purposes, and is associated too much with the cunning and ambition of their lives, to be a theme for easy and unembarrassed discussion with strangers. Caring more for it than others, they must affect to care less. Exceedingly sensitive to cost, they cannot economize except in the most painful and secret ways, for fear of betraying their thrift; and consequently they are ever incurring unnecessary expenses. They cannot openly consider the cheapest way of accomplishing their object, nor show a wise solicitude about their outlays; and their magnificent ways, all the while pinching terribly their concealed feelings, are taken advantage of by the numerous tribe of highwaymen known as innkeepers, guides, curiosity-venders, and *valets-de-place*, to whose "stand and deliver" travellers are a constant prey. A countryman of ours, of somewhat rude appearance, walking in the Strand in London early in May, saw his favorite dish of strawberries and cream blushing at him from the counter of a restaurant. Entering, he carelessly called for a bowl, — to the marked surprise of several persons present, who knew the extravagance of the luxury, and rightly presumed that the American was ignorant at what cost he was gratifying himself. He had not finished his repast before the curious looks of the company suggested his mistake, and aroused all his latent pride. "What's to pay?" inquired he, as he laid down his dish, not without a glowering side-look at the triumphant wiseacres who waited for his chop-fallen aspect when the victualler's reply should fall upon his ear. "A guinea, sir." Tossing down the coin from a not over-full purse, and bridling up, with an air of assumed indifference, "I'll take another," was the American's only rejoinder. How many American travellers cover their ignorance and pride at a similar expense!

Another cause of money irritation grows out of the universal specie currency of the Continent. Archdeacon Paley compelled his wife and daughters to pay their shop-bills in gold and silver, as a check on their disposition to expense, rightly saying that a bank-note for five pounds was no larger, and sensibly no more restraining to the imagination, than one for a pound. The constant paying out of gold is frightful to the novice in that habit, and it requires a little reflection to overcome the imaginary sense of ruin which it produces. Moreover, a state of travel being one of ceaseless outgo, in which the mind finds no relief, as at home, from concentrating the anguish of payment in a monthly or quarterly account, the time spent in the actual misery of transferring coin is sufficient to make the deepest impression of expense on the feelings. The hand for ever forced into the pocket acquires a rheumatic dread of the movement. The number of calls upon the purse, each perhaps small, but together making an uninterrupted demand, seems the result of a sudden and dreadful conspiracy for reducing the traveller to a state of impecuniosity. We know no remedy for this complaint, — more painful than sea-sickness, and as incurable, — but patience until one acquires familiarity with the unusual motion. It will perhaps be consoling to the traveller, on footing up his expenses at the end of the week, to find that he has spent not a *sous* more than he calculated upon, and that gold and silver are really no more precious than their representatives, the bank-bills or the checks he so philosophically pays away at home in settlement of his quarterly expenses. It is, however, worth while to advise novices of this peculiar liability, and to recommend some previous schooling of the imagination and the judgment in regard to the necessary expenses of travel. It is pretty generally agreed, that a pound or half-eagle *per diem* is a fair estimate of necessary expenses to a traveller making a rapid tour on the Continent. In England it is more costly. Of course it is much more expensive to keep in motion, than to stay long in chosen places. One may go abroad and live in almost any city in Europe as cheaply as at home; not *more* cheaply, — that is reserved for those acquainted with the ways of the place as only natives can be. But the traveller

who stays only long enough to satisfy his strong curiosity, and sweeps the Continent in six months, can do it without pinching on five dollars a day. And the wise traveller will not expect to get along with less. He had better economize somewhere else than on his journey. The wear of mind and the waste of time which a rigid economy and a strict self-guardianship from imposition necessarily produce, peril too seriously the objects and pleasures of travel to make it judicious to practise them. Let the first estimate of cost be as generous as one can prudently make it. Include inexperience, imposition, and pre-occupation of mind in the estimate at twenty-five per cent of the whole cost; and then let the vampires suck away, without notice or regret. Give the beggars their baiocchi and half-pence, their centimes and kreutzers, with a ready smile; pay the innkeepers their charge for candles, as if wax were the first necessity of your life; grudge not the intrusive nuisance who has dogged your steps and gabbled in your ears all day, under the name of a *valet-de-place*, his five-franc piece. As with the organ-grinder who plays for a shilling, but never moves on for less than a half-crown, you should feel that you are paying these folks at a high rate, but for the great service of a good riddance. All the little savings which a churlish, irritating, and time-losing economy can make in a year's journey, are not in the end worth a week's expenses. It is not the most jealous and penurious traveller who always comes off with the fattest purse; for such men must have their reactionary moments, when lavishness, forgetfulness, the necessity of vindicating their pride, or else the cunning of those who are piqued by their meanness and caution, gets the better of them, and makes clean work with their savings. It is better to travel six months with a mind easy about the cost, than a year with an anxious economy. We cannot advise those who must practise a severe system of saving to journey abroad, except it be for some specific object, not coming under the head of pleasure. Better to wait and earn the means of going comfortably and with a generous outlay, than to go earlier on the pinching system.

In regard to couriers, *valets-de-place*, guides, &c., we have only one word to say. Do not expect to save anything by

dispensing with their aid. In travelling with a party, or with ladies, a courier is a great convenience in saving time, running to custom-houses and foreign offices, and caring for baggage. But the education got in attending to this business is more than an offset to the trouble, if one have only himself to look after. In respect to guides and valets, take them; or else feel like a fool, spying out your own way, blundering away your time, dodging their attention, and sputtering an unintelligible lingo in the ears of innocent citizens.

In regard to the greatest of all conveniences in foreign travel, an acquaintance with foreign languages, most of our countrymen — for here our young countrywomen have a decided and growing advantage — most patriotically keep our recent ministers abroad in full countenance and company. It is not too much to say, that an ignorance of the language is precisely equivalent to deafness and dumbness, in its hinderance to intercourse, ease, understanding, pleasure, and profit. The sense of wasted advantages can never come more mortifyingly over an educated man, than on finding himself in Paris without French, in Berlin without German. We cannot advise any expectant traveller to hope to repair his deficiencies in this respect in a year or two, for nothing can be more useless for intercourse with people than the crammed knowledge of a foreign tongue to be obtained by a winter's study. The real lesson to be gathered from the painful experience of our generation of travellers, is the education of the rising race — who in their turn are to become pilgrims — from infancy in the command of those tongues, French, German, and Spanish, which are every day growing more important at home and abroad, both for commercial, social, and literary purposes, and which might be so readily acquired by proper means without any sense of painful fatigue, when the ear has the quickness, the tongue the pliancy, the memory the strength, the spirit the docility, and the time the freedom, which belong to the season of childhood.

We have reserved the most important matter connected with foreign travel for the last, because it is so successfully and strikingly illustrated by Mr. Bartol's book, namely, the spirit in which we should travel. He has not only a great

deal of the highest value to say on this point, which indeed may be defined as the principal aim of his work, but he has furnished the best example of his doctrine.

We remember once hearing a clergyman who was going abroad playfully describe his object to a friend, as being "to relax his morals." His jest, we fear, is too often a sorry earnest with our countrymen, whose notion of the freedom of travel appears to consist very much in emancipation from the usual restraints of morality. Seeing the world seems often to be thought to lie in seeing its vices, and the better to see them, in practising them a little, or a great deal. The unhappy truth is, that the vices of the world are much the same everywhere, and that nothing is less new or strange, and nothing so wholly useless, as an object for the traveller's research, as the follies and wickedness of mankind. The cabin of a Western steamboat is as good a school for those who want to feel the excitement of gambling, as the hells of London, or the saloons of Ems and Baden-baden. The brothels of Paris can add nothing to the experience of the debauchee of New York, and it ought to be no more respectable for him who will not pollute his mind and person by visiting places of such dangerous degradation at home, to go, under the plea of curiosity, into equally fascinating and depraving places abroad. We have very little faith in the value of that thirst for knowledge, which makes a duty of sipping every poison and wading into every puddle in search of experience. There is indeed nothing that a man can less afford to leave at home, in an extensive journey, than his conscience or his good habits. There is far more reason for tightening the girth of duty many holes, than for letting it out one. For it is not to be denied that travel is, in its immediate circumstances, — as all times of varied and engrossing pleasure or continued excitement are, — unfavorable to habits of self-discipline, regulation of thought, sobriety of conduct, and dignity of character. Indeed, one of the great lessons of travel is the discovery how much our virtues owe to the support of constant occupation, to the influence of public opinion, and to the force of habit. And this discovery is a very dangerous one, if it proceed from an actual yielding to temptations resisted at home, and not

from a consciousness of the increased power put forth in withstanding them. So many men of all ages return from over the water with a lower tone of character, a painful knowingness of air, and a looser habit of speech, "leaving beyond the Alps faith and respect to God and man," that we feel bound solemnly to protest against the counsel sometimes given by good men to travellers, to allow their moral fastidiousness and gravity a temporary vacation, and to take advantage of their incognito to see what they cannot see at home. Our counsel would be the very opposite to this. "Where you are not known, remember that you have a double part to play, — your own and that of the community that ordinarily protects you. If you go not into temptation at home, go directly away from it abroad. Where you are not known, you are in double danger from vice; the greater the immunity for folly, the more perilous its practice."

But the relaxation of personal morals is not the only form of softened virtue of which foreign travel admits. Many men who preserve the strictness of their conduct abandon the strictness of their moral standards, in going through foreign countries. They seem to mistake for that easy temper, readiness to be pleased, and engaging disposition so essential to the traveller, a looseness of moral estimates, a dulness of moral discrimination, and an indifference to truth and duty, which are neither right nor useful, neither philosophical nor Christian, at home or abroad. True charity of judgment implies the existence and maintenance of an absolute standard of right; and in judging the manners, customs, and character of the most unprivileged and least civilized people, we have only the same measuring-rod to apply which we use toward the most favored and advanced community. As geometry uses but one rule in getting the altitude of an Alp or a hillock, so morality has but one standard for France and Turkey, St. Giles's and Beacon Street. The traveller who fancies himself cosmopolitan in seeing little to choose in customs, creeds, and countries, is merely careless and indifferent, and much like the sailor who owes his impartiality for place to his having no home anywhere. Cosmopolitanism has its universal ethics, universal religion, and universal laws

of well-being; but because they are all-comprehending, it is not to be inferred that they are any less definite or strict than the most distinctly local morality and piety. Right and wrong are not, thank God, accidents of place and time. Human nature is not the child of circumstances, nor their slave. It has its own indestructible type, its own inherent and essential laws, its unchangeable conditions of well-being, its normal development. And the traveller who carries with him a loose and shifting idea of humanity, — who travels to see what varying circumstances have made men, with a natural or cultivated indifference as to the degree in which they approach, or deflect from, a true and universal idea of humanity, — has lost the only key to their several conditions, and the only means of deriving any advantage to himself, or communicating any to the world, from his observations.

An intellectual laxity is as unfavorable to advantageous travel, as personal vice or moral indifference. And yet nothing is more common than to commend the traveller for throwing aside his theories, sinking his philosophy, and paying attention only to the report of his eyes. "What we want," says the philosophical reader, "is facts, — clean, unembarrassed, colorless facts; and he is the true traveller who knows how to collect and report them." There can be no greater fallacy than this popular and wise-sounding apothegm. What we want is not facts, but selected facts, — facts as they appear to a thoughtful, discriminating mind, — facts important to the student and observer of his race, — facts reported in that clear and disentangled way which none but he who makes himself a judge of their value, and is guided by a theory and an aim, knows how to use. Otherwise, we should wisely follow the practice of sending abroad, according to the well-known fable, our eyes alone, keeping our brains, our memory, our aspirations, our philosophy, and our religion, at home.

"Provide you manlier diet, — you have seen
All libraries, which are schools, camps, and courts;
But ask your garners if you have not been
In harvests too indulgent to your sports.

"To be a stranger hath that benefit,
We can beginnings, but not habits, choke.
Go, whither? Hence; you get, if you forget;
New faults, till they prescribe in us, are smoke.

"Our soul, whose country is heaven, and God her father,
Into this world, corruption's sink, is sent;
Yet so much in her travel she doth gather,
That she returns home wiser than she went." *

The volume before us illustrates the uses, methods, and results of travel with singular success. In the first place, it introduces us to a traveller of rare intelligence and culture, and of a still rarer elevation of spirit, — to a mind disciplined by an acquaintance with the best literature, but infinitely more disciplined by habits of original thought and obedience to the highest standard of character. Endowed with a lofty imagination and a comprehensive understanding, humane sympathies and profound reverence, keen senses, vigilant curiosity, and intense meditativeness, the author of this volume presents a rare combination of the qualities that are best fitted to reap the advantages of travel. The only discouragement about his work is, that to follow the method of seeing Europe which it recommends and illustrates, supposes a mind and heart of the amplitude, beauty, and vivacity that mark the writer's own preparation, which, it is not flattery to say, can be very seldom had. Indeed, it is not pictures of Europe, so much as pictures of his own rich and cultivated mind, illustrated by sketches of Europe, which the remarkable book before us presents. Europe is far less new, fresh, and instructive to most readers, than our author's luxuriant and original nature; and the light which he throws upon his themes from his own brilliant orb is far more copious than that which is reflected from the objects he describes. The relative amount of thought and fact, of meditation and description, in this record of a European tour, is immensely disproportioned to the popular expectation from such works. Coming from an ordinary person, we should exclaim, "O monstrous! but one halfpennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!" But no one who reads this work will doubt that the author has selected his mode of conveying and perpetuating his experience of travel with the instinct of genius, and has justified his strikingly original and perilous method by an entire and most satisfying success.

* Donne to Sir Henry Goodyere.

To take the great themes of permanent and universal interest to man as a Christian wayfarer and pilgrim through life, and treat them in a series of essays with a kind of exhaustive completeness, merely gathering the illustrations from a recent rapid but extensive European tour, would not be generally thought a promising programme for a popular book of travels, — though a bold and original one. Charges of prosiness, indefiniteness, and literary smuggling would be *a priori* objections to the plan. But when a Christian poet and philosopher undertakes to harvest the ripeness of many years of observation and thought on the beauty and spiritual import of the world, of nature and man, of art and religion, of government and society, into a volume, and then flings into the garner of native products such precious fruits as he has recently gathered in foreign lands, we need not be surprised at the richness of the store. We might leave out every word that has relation to Europe, and have a charming and instructive book still left; but the European experiences and impressions impart a freshness, a coloring, and an atmosphere to the volume, which raise it to a work of art. Indeed, we can give our readers no better idea of the book, than to call it a prose-poem. We have been reminded in reading it of nothing so much as of Wordsworth's Prelude. A poetic feeling has manifestly controlled the conception, arrangement, development, and style of the volume. It is an organic whole, a living creature, with harmonious and necessary parts; a prose-poem, having for its master-plot the soul's life-journey through nature, art, society, with an underplot of a traveller's tour through Europe. If we ask ourselves, what are the great doctrines of this poem, we answer, — the meaning and beauty of the visible world, and its secret relations to the soul of man; the richer meaning and beauty of art, as an improved and perfected nature; and finally, the still higher significance and glory of the soul itself, as that for which nature and art both exist.

We account this book a very subtile and effective defence of God's providence in the plan of the universe. It would prove to us the dignity and glory of human existence, the vast educational and beautifying influences of art, the leaning of

all history toward a beneficent conclusion, the eternal grounds of love and confidence towards God and towards man, and the immovable basis of faith, hope, and charity. It is plain that the vindication of God's justice and goodness in our creation, government, and destiny, is the author's innermost aim; that he carries this purpose habitually in his heart; that it went abroad with him, came home with him only enlightened and encouraged, and now becomes the triumphant and inspiring theme of his book. The intense religiousness of this work is its most original and most valuable characteristic. It is the ruling spirit of its author. Religion is his highest philosophy and his most practical science. He sees God everywhere, feels him always, and can enjoy nothing till he has laid it with himself down at his Father's feet. If there were any stiff dogmatic theology, any professional sanctity, any apparent effort, in this all-pervading piety, it would be wearisome and commonplace; but coming, as it does, clothed in freshness, beauty, and infinite variety from the author's very being, it is neither obtrusive, chilling, nor formal, but constitutes the highest charm and refreshment of his work. It is publicly rumored that the contents of this volume were first communicated in the form of sermons to the author's own flock. We should not suspect it from anything that appears in the work itself; and yet we know nothing that could better occupy the hour of a Sabbath meditation than any one of these essays. The rare charm of them considered as serious and religious papers is, that while piety is the toning and pervading element, it does not in the least impair the truth, the variety, the playfulness, of the other sentiments. Indeed, we know not that our highest valuation of this work does not rest upon its serviceableness to the general cause of spirituality, by developing with such exquisite skill the universality of religion, as the life of beauty, the inspiration of art, the interpretation of history, the clew, support, and illumination of daily life, the traveller's guest, guide, and goal, and the food and rest, the business and pleasure, of the universal pilgrim, man.

In his first essay, — if we ought not rather to say canto, — our author shows the prime advantage of travel "abroad" to be contentment "at home." He returns to his country, his

home, his post of duty, from wandering over the earth, viewing its scenes of highest interest and enjoying a vacation from all labor, to open his mouth first, not with expressions of admiration and astonishment at what he has seen and enjoyed, but with the praises of what he returns to, the beauty and glory of that which it needs no travelling to see, but which travelling only takes us from, — the familiar, the domestic, and the obligatory. There are perhaps readers so simple as to mistake the drift of this original and artful introduction, as though it were a dissuasive from travel, or an expression of disappointment in it; whereas the author here gives in an inverted form the highest praise and ascribes the largest utility to it, by setting over against it the noblest and best things which life possesses, to balance its fascinations and outdo its lessons.

Next, under the title of the "Beauty of the World," we have, first, a general essay on the office of beauty, its commonness and universality, which is full of instructive and charming thought; and this is followed by four sections, devoted to the Mountains, the Rivers, the Lakes, the Sea. In these original essays we have the spiritual meaning and moral value of these grand features of Nature, set forth in a way which has, perhaps, never been excelled. The author's genius never finds itself more at home than in this symbolism. He has a science of correspondences in his soul as exact as Swedenborg's, and infinitely more poetical. What is most valuable in these delightful essays comes not from abroad. The author has not gone to Europe to learn the significance and glory of Nature. There are mountains, rivers, lakes, and seas in his soul, which neither Mont Blanc, nor Rhine, nor Leman, nor Atlantic can surpass. What he sees abroad of these glories seems only to furnish occasion for pouring out the fulness of a life's love and admiration upon these counterparts of our humanity, in which deep calls unto deep and mountain replies to mountain. The most strikingly original of these four papers is that upon the Sea, with which the author is evidently most familiar. We know not where to point to more subtile and bolder treatment of the sea than in the following passages.

"But, once more, the landsman sees only part of the sea's beauty, to leave out which would be to omit half the portrait. Yet it is, in great

part, a terrible kind of beauty. Its monstrous look softens, and its motion grows caressing, as it runs into the inlets of the shore. Most graciously it courts the humanity on its borders with invitations to its broad and cool mansions, and coaxes it out upon its open floor, to treat it, alas! too often with savage inhospitality; and yet, sometimes, after fierce storms, that have roughly handled the sailor on either of its sides, it will smile, as in my own experience, with halcyon days dropped down betwixt the watery poles to tempt one out upon the deck, where he will swing as gently as the hang-bird in its nest, or seek refuge from the warm sunshine in the shadow of the mast. Beauty, in general, seems to lurk chiefly in the lines where diverse or opposite elements meet together, — as with the sky and earth at the horizon, or the land and sea upon the beach. Yet are there peculiar charms only to be caught far out at sea. The huge cup, turned from above upon the liquid ball below, with their fine assorting of mutual colors, blue and gray, as sometimes in smooth embrace meet these mighty curves; the golden disk of the sun, rising, a solitary show of unrivalled sublimity, from behind the one convex into the other concave; or of the moon, with her splendid silver pillar cast in section athwart the dusky waves; the infinite grace with which the ocean makes a ship bow to its power, the mysterious witchery of which particular spell never wears out or tires the meditative mind, — all these things make vastness of scale and grandeur of movement fall into the idea and feeling of beauty." — pp. 137, 138.

"And the sea, — which has required so much courage to cope with itself, — has it not taught man to be courageous under every kind of trial on the ocean of life? It has taught us, that, if we yield to fear and foreboding on the voyage of our existence, we are like the sailor who should lie cowardly and darkly down in the bottom of his boat, and let her drift towards the rocks before the breeze; or, at the first stroke of the wind or lowering of the sky, hasten back spiritless and afraid to his corner, and, with all his means and opportunities, bring nothing to pass. It has taught us, on the roughest tide of affairs, to steer calmly and bravely on through the wild commotion. The worst way a ship can behave in a gale of wind is, in the technical term of the nautical dictionary, to *broach to* and lose the command of her rudder; for, so placed, she is at once roughly tossed about, torn asunder, and soon sinks in the awful hollow, which is called *the trough* of the sea. Our self-prostration under disappointment is that dreadful hollow, that fatal trough of the sea. It sucks up how many! God from on high, by his billows, calls on us, beneath whatever pressure of temptation or pain, to rise and stand at the helm. Beside only sin, he hates nothing as he does despair. If the pilot surrender, all is gone. What port at all can be reached?" — pp. 144, 145.

The "Superiority of Art to Nature" follows next; an essay whose title will seem profane to many readers who will afterwards be compelled to acknowledge the truth, humility, and devoutness of the author's doctrine. Take the following as a sample of it: —

"Let me refer to perhaps the grandest of these passages on the globe, — that of the Stelvio, — being the highest practicable carriage-road in Europe, running over the Tyrolese Alps at a point nearly two miles above the level of the sea. The scene which it traverses might, one would think, well take off all attention from any work of human hands. Enough to amaze and delight are even the entry and bare approach through deep gorges and along rocky beds, furrowed with often raging torrents, their sides ploughed with descending avalanches, across whose recent stony deposits, perhaps at the moment of your passing laced with mountain cascades, horse and vehicle must be carefully supported and led. Gazing up, you see the lofty ramparts of nature wreathed in pale or in lurid vapor, as though parks of a celestial ordnance had been opened in the recent storm; and hostile signals still displayed, as from a fort against a coming foe. In some places the track has been swept away; but the inhabitants have rushed forth with peaceful weapons of husbandry to shape a new line, or throw over the current a safer bridge. Looking down into the river that dashes far below, you may observe its banks guarded with fortifications of floating timber or solid walls, to keep these inland waves from ravaging some adjoining nook of cultivation or more distant field. But, forward, you behold the path, like a living creature, climbing undaunted still, scaling the steep, or, where the rise is too sudden, traversing from side to side, as a vessel tacks to make headway against the wind, till, as it steadily gains upon the monstrous bulk of the upheaved earth, the sharp peaks and oval summits of the upper air, white as Purity's own form, begin to peer down upon your vision. But, right up, in the face of unmelting frosts and eternal snows, glides your road so smoothly, that your pace is without a break or jar. And now, your eye, reaching on, catches sight of its farther, higher progress on the main, central elevation you are to surmount. It shines zigzag afar, like the teeth of an enormous saw, that, from underneath, has cleft the hills. It hangs still farther beyond for miles up and down the awful brow, thinned by distance, as though the spider's web were spun from point to point to glimmer in the beams of heaven, or the everlasting rocks were sharpened to a cimeter's edge along the front of every beetling precipice with which the countenance of the giant of the range is seamed. But forth you fare, and find the

airy thread continually becoming your convenient path. Terraced on foundations swelling at the base to resist the sap of the elements, and the crush of falling matter from above; roofed in some places where the slides are wont suddenly to come, that the mighty weight of ice and earth may shoot, possibly over the very head of the passenger, into the tremendous vale below; boring its way through the stubborn rock, out of whose fissures the stalactites drip; winding by the feet of glaciers and beside banks of midsummer snow; standing a moment on the top to command the glorious view; and then plunging, the traveller with it, in the same absolute security, down the awful transalpine gullies, from whose bottom he looks back in astonishment to see where he has descended without terror, his wonder not ceasing till, by the bright streams and clear skies and soft verdure, and perhaps rare fruits, of Italy, he is taken into an embrace as mild as the elemental grasp before has threatened to be severe and dreadful." — pp. 163 – 166.

The essay styled the "Testimony of Art to Religion" exhibits the necessity under which art has found itself of seeking its great subjects, finding its present inspiration, and achieving its most costly triumphs, in religion. In this chapter are found some descriptions which exhibit the author's enthusiasm, taste, and piety in most favorable connection with his rhetoric. Take the following passage: —

"So I felt, especially before one delineation of the holy mother and her child Jesus, which makes the pride and glory of the German city of Dresden, and, like the other great pictures in their several places, is set there so that it cannot be removed, — if I should not rather say, it is the honor of Europe and the world. The spectator feels, at first, a little curious and puzzled to account for its effects; for this astonishing picture does not seem to have been elaborated with the patient pencil that has wrought so unwearied upon many other famous subjects, but rather to have been thrown off, almost as though it had been in water-colors, by an inspiration of divine genius, in a sudden jubilee of its solemn exercise, with a motion of the hand, at the last height and acme of its attainment. The theme of the Saviour of the world, a babe on his parent's bosom, is of interest not to be surpassed. The dim shine of a cloud of angels flows from behind a curtain into the room, which is equally open to earth or heaven. All heaven indeed, through the artist's wondrous hinting of innumerable eager faces, seems crowding there to see. 'These things the angels desire to look into.' All earth waits dumbly expectant and mysteriously attentive below. The mother is discovered

standing upon the globe with her offspring in her arms. The Pope, anticipated impersonation of the highest human authority, bends his knees with the half-bald, half-hoary head, sending from his lowly posture only an upward, revering glance, while he lays his mitre on the ground, and, as well he may, there lets it lie. A saint stands at the other side, looking down with the humility of a heavenly countenance, yet evidently taking in, with admiring contemplation, the import of the whole scene. Little cherubs from below return their silent, loving gaze to the vision that drops downcast from above. But it is remarkable that the least and youngest figure in this company — regard it from what side you will — is at the head, and in command of the whole. The graybeard of ecclesiastic might, at whose waving thrones were to shake and kingdoms be rearranged, is annihilated before that soft, childish face. The sanctified and mature spirit, that had flown incalculable distances from its upper seat, wears the veil of modesty, and bends into the stoop of worship, before that earthly life just begun. The angels that sang with the morning stars together over the foundations of the world, flock and crowd, as to a sight unequalled even by their old experience, in the antechamber, about the door, of their rightful Sovereign, shaped as infancy that cannot yet walk; while the winged seraphs, of age apparently little superior to itself, that have descended from the sky, fall yet farther down beneath the floor, and cling by their beautiful arms to the edge, as, with their sight, they seek from afar their clay-clad companion, yet somehow Lord. The mother herself, that bore what she holds upon her breast, has a countenance in which strange submissiveness mingles with maternal care, and tenderness runs into forethought of future days. The child, as though in him a thousand lines converged, is the centre and unity of the piece; yet without ceasing at all to be a child, in the utmost extent that simplicity and innocence can reach. But, at the same time, there is in his look a majesty peculiar and unrivalled, which seems to justify and require all this angelic and terrestrial deference. In those delicate orbs, — shall I ever forget them? — turned full out upon the world, and gentle and unpretending, too, as eyeballs sheathed in flesh ever were or could be, there is, in what manner I know not, by what art or inspiration painted I surely cannot tell, a supremacy of control which principalities above or below might well fear to disobey, as though that were the final authority of the universe.

"Never before by any like production had I been quite abashed and overcome. I could except to, and study and compare, other pictures: this passed my understanding. Long did I inspect, and often did I go back to re-examine, this mystery, which so foiled my criticism, and constrained my wonder, and convinced me, as nothing visible beside had

ever done, that, if no picture is to be worshipped, something is to be worshipped; that is to be worshipped which such a picture indicates or portrays. But the problem was too much for my solving. I can only say, it mixed for me the transport of wonder with the ecstasy of delight; it affected me like the sign of miracle; it was the supernatural put into color and form; for certainly no one, who received the suggestion of those features, the sense of those meek, subduing eyes, could doubt any longer, if he had ever once doubted, of there being a God, a heaven, and, both before and beyond the sepulchre, an immortal life. No one, who caught that supernal expression of the whole countenance, could believe it was made of matter, born of mortality, had its first beginning in the cradle, or could be laid away in the grave, but rather that it was of a quite dateless and everlasting tenure. I would be free even to declare, that, in the light which played between those lips and lids, was Christianity itself, — Christianity in miniature for the smallness of the space I might incline to express it, but that I should query in what larger presentment I had ever beheld Christianity so great. Mont Blanc may fall out of the memory, and the Pass of the Stelvio fade away; but the argument for religion, — argument I call it, — which was offered to my mind in the great Madonna of Raphael, cannot fail." — pp. 201–204.

"The Enduring Kingdom" contrasts the permanency of Christ's dominion with the short-lived influence of the greatest dynasties. We extract the following: —

"I suppose Napoleon Bonaparte presents the greatest instance, not of creative genius, — though that too in him was wonderful, — but of strictly personal power, power of an overmastering will, ever known. I forget not that Alexander overran the world; or that Cæsar, later, ruled the mistress of the world. But the world, in the time of Cæsar and Alexander, was an easier thing to overrun and rule than in the time of Napoleon; and I must consider it at least an unsurpassed example of military prowess, strength of will, and intellectual resource for action, when the Corsican held the modern states of European civilization so widely subject to his control; when the old empire of Cæsar himself fell before his scarce bearded youth, and the distant Asia, where Alexander, the Macedonian, trod and vanquished, shook at the tread of his diminutive figure; when England, more than any other nation inheritor of Greek and Roman supremacy, feared him as she never feared aught beside; and this Western world, from aged men to children, wondered and whispered, as the earthquake-wave of his might struck on our shore, what he would do even here. But what was his kingdom, — of which,

in this connection I make a mere representative use, — in its duration what was it, compared with that of Christ? I will say nothing of Waterloo or St. Helena, to insult his memory or aggravate the contrast; I will repeat no profane words instituting a likeness between these two personages, such as I heard from the mouth of an Englishman, in a picture-gallery in England, as we together gazed at Napoleon's portrait; I will not quote even Napoleon's own oft-cited words, owning the vast inferiority of his kingdom to Christ's. I will only set over against each other, very slightly sketched, the pictures of their respective kingdoms as I beheld them standing in their signals now, — selecting the best that can be found for the military hero in the case.

"Of Napoleon I must say, that no man like him has left the print of his foot throughout the Old World. The fields of his battles are the great fields; the bridges he desperately crossed amid smoke and fire, as bullets flew by and banners were rent over him, are the most famous bridges; the Alpine passes he traversed or engineered as roads for his troops are in fame, so far as I know in all nature, the marked passes; the towns he entered or slept but a night in, distinguished, to this day, for his presence and momentary passing; the inscriptions to his honor still held forth, grandly memorable and inviolate, from the column on the banks of the Seine, where he wished his ashes to repose, made from the molten cannon he captured, to the stone tablet in the Monks' Hospice of the Great St. Bernard; the rooms where he dictated submission to magistrates, in every carving and hanging kept as they were, to be displayed for a fee to the traveller; the tree in one of the Borromean Islands on whose bark he wrote with his knife the Italian word, *Battaglia*, — oh, how he wrote that word deep and wide over the world with his sword! — likewise guarded for exhibition; the sword and hat and coat and very boots he wore in one or another engagement, arrayed in ostentatious order; the pictures of his battles lining the walls of many a magnificent gallery; the engraved scenes in his life, to his death-bed, suspended within the chambers of mean houses as well as aristocratic palaces, even in the countries he subdued and disgraced; a tomb, undoubtedly among tombs the most splendid and costly in all the world, occupying the nave of the church where the tottering remnants of his once-unequalled army abide and worship. And what shall I say more? Amid images of golden bees, betokening empire, the mark N. upon the shining relics, in the Louvre, of his reign, to which N. has been added the numeral I., to signify Napoleon the First, at the instigation of the present pallid-looking emperor, who would thus pass for Napoleon the Third, and who has perhaps furnished the most striking of all proofs of his great relative's sway, by being able to creep, in his shadow, to his throne.

"But all this imperial blazonry, this pompous and particular commemoration, is of something past, of a man departed, of an empire gone, of a dominion once indeed advancing, but pressed back and reduced, from all its advances, into its original bounds; of a ruler, as I heard from French and Belgic lips, less loved, by hosts even in his own land, than hated; and, if by some lauded, by many despised, or regarded as scarce himself human, — rather a meteor, a dispensation of Providence, a needed whip for ancient abuses and follies, a scourge of God.

"Shall I now presume to go on with the comparison or contrast, and say how different, how unspeakably exalted, from this, the other picture of the kingdom of Christ? — for whom there was no defeat in his darkest hour, no Fontainebleau of abdication, no far-off lonely spot of exile; who was never banished, though church and state of his time, banded together, strove to banish him; who still lives and reigns, with never-retreating, ever-widening empire, in the breasts of men; whose meek soldiers are truly, what Napoleon pretended his were, invincible; who has amazed and overcome, not a few territories and towns for a while, but is stretching the blessed captivity of his spiritual freedom through every latitude and zone; who has built a thousand temples for every fort or arsenal of the vulgar conqueror; and who is continually writing his innumerable titles, not on brass or marble or cloth of gold, that shall break and crumble and fade, but on the fleshly tables of the human heart.

"Witness the cross, — once the brand of shame, but now planted in love at the springs and along the steeps, the rugged places of the sojourner's way, — by its frequency indicating his direction, as though it were a guideboard over earth as well as to heaven. Witness the images everywhere, in painting and sculpture, of his life and death. Witness the poor woman I saw, one of others countless, touching her fingers to the image of the babe, and then fervently, with devotion unquestionably sincere, carrying them to her lips. Witness those parents and children, making one of a myriad of families, I observed going up the mountain, whose affectionate prayers — in their alternate, manly, womanly, with boyish and girlish, eloquence — fell audibly, a sort of heavenly murmur in the sunny day, on my ear as I went by. Witness ten thousand proofs, to which I cannot now even allude, that the kingdom of Christ is strengthening; while Napoleon's, though but yesterday it rose, is well-nigh sunk to-day. Were I seeking the emblem of an enduring force, I should not select the bronze figure of the emperor, with his glass eyeing the fortunes of the battle; but another work of art, by a modern hand, yet destined to a lasting fame, called the Light of the World, in which Jesus is represented at dusk, in his hand a lantern, whose beams fall

upon his features, and light up his soft ruddy hair and delicate countenance, and make fruit and flower glow on the soil near his feet, as, while the darkness gathers and night hovers all around out of the sky, with wistful face of infinite tenderness, he proceeds to knock, with the other hand, at a cottage door. May we hear him at our gate! For the dwelling and the portal, which the painter intended, where are they but within?" — pp. 227 – 232.

Under the heading of the "The Church," Mr. Bartol discusses the appearance of religious institutions abroad, more particularly those of the Romish Church, with a poetic sense of the merits of other systems, but with a steady preference for our own.

The paper which follows, "Society," gives the author an opportunity which he well improves to show the superficialness of social distinctions, and to rebuke the sourness and arrogance which they often engender. We quote this striking passage: —

"Two scenes in one of the cities of Great Britain occurred in my sight almost simultaneously, as if designed to show this. One scene was humble, the other royal. Let the humble one come first. It was a parting between some emigrants and those of their kindred and friends who were to stay at home. I counted it a piece of good fortune, that, seeing often the arrival of the emigrant here, I could thus witness his departure there. The place was a railway station. Such as were taking their leave were already seated in the cars. In the raw wind and wet, their nearest relatives waited without. The two companies being thus cut off from each other, wistful faces, weeping eyes, and waved adieus still bound them together. Where was the necessity of the separation? Some promising, bright-lettered advertisement, such as I had myself read, pasted up on the corners of the streets, had attracted their regard. Some big and famous ship, with a rich name, — the "Golden Sun," or some other poetry of fortune, painted under the horn of plenty on her stern, — was to set sail for Australia the next week; and, at a cheap rate, those out of employment at home, or toiling under some hard landlord, could be transported to mines of wealth on the other side of the globe. Yet, now they have made up their mind to go, their dear old native land clings to them closer than they had ever thought; and they find the process painful, of drawing out their roots from the spots where they have lived, if not flourished, so long.

"The train waits long, the damp breeze blows, the clouds threaten; still the remnants of the broken households linger round the windows

and doors, through which, to and fro, eager hands are stretched, and confused glances fly. As I gazed on the band, I knew that one of them was a father, the next a mother, a third a sister or brother; for nature is eloquent to tell such things, without any special inquiry or information beside. When human beings live in the affections belonging to the relations they mutually sustain, we need not search the family record or town register to ascertain what the relations are. We shall know very well whether you are husband or wife, son or daughter, lover or faithfully betrothed, by your conduct describing you; that is, we shall know if you are such more than in name. So I knew, and seemed to see the bonds that ran there, invisible to eyes of flesh, from bosom to bosom. The signal of starting is given. One and another from the crowd leap forward for a farewell grasp or last earthly salutation; the young earnestly tearful, — aged men and women, who cannot quite bear the sight, turning their heads away. A quarter of a mile glides the train on the rails, and unexpectedly stops; whereupon the forsaken ones rush forward again to speak other final words, or look other speechless looks, for which the few minutes' delay gives further opportunity. Back a little way, the locomotive pushes its long burden; back goes the social throng, as though it were a living attachment to the dead vehicles. Thus to and fro repeatedly, the almost mingling feet and wheels passed together, — every pause filled with affectionate tokens, — till, in the warmth and contagion of this sustained emotion, I felt almost I was one of the kinsmen, and had a brother's right to give and take greeting and blessing with the rest. So the ties of kindred take hold of those of humanity.

"As I remarked the contrast between the dumb, unsympathizing mechanism of iron and wood, rolling hither and thither, and the vital interest of the persons assembled, I reasserted in my heart the dignity of human nature, above all material things, in the affections that may kindle its humblest forms. Ay, such affections will not be quenched by the rains and snows that shall beat on those emigrant heads, nor be blown away by the tempestuous gales of the middle sea, nor be frozen by the black frosts of the Southern cape, but yearn back all the more for distance and hardship and privation, and peradventure save from sin, with the fond memories of that declining, gray-headed parentage, and pure, fair-haired sisterhood, which those departing sons and brothers left behind; or shall touch them with sad consolations, as possibly they sit disappointed over the fruitless dusty heaps where they dig, — their golden visions, like broken bubbles, scattered into gloomy emptiness; or, in their success and fortunate thriving, shall draw them, as the immigrant Irish on these shores, in noble loyalty to their own hearts' best promptings, in the year of famine, were drawn, with charity, exceeding

even that of missionary societies, to send of their gain to the needy in their unforgotten homes."— pp. 254–257.

The essay styled "Country" is of a more commonplace character. The patriotic suggestions touching our own national faults and dangers are serious and weighty, but, alas! are so deeply needed as to have wrung the same eloquent warnings from almost every sober lover of his country for twenty years past.

"Mankind," the next chapter, is a vigorous defence of human nature from the depreciation of it which travellers so commonly undertake; and is one of the noblest and most inspiring parts of the work. How it contrasts, in its healthy, honest, discriminating tone, with the ordinary sickly twaddle about man of travelled moralizers! We quote, however, as more pertinent to the present state of public opinion, the author's remarks, at the close of this essay, on the "Woman Question."

"It is sometimes, by the professed advocates of woman's rights, said that a woman may do all that a man may; but, to him who sees what men do in this world, this is a two-edged maxim. Thanks to God and the tenderness of the human heart, that woman in our day is commonly excused from doing many things that are thought to become a man; that she is not called to fight, or walk on the midnight patrol, or mingle in the angry conflicts of the bar and the caucus; but is kept 'secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues,' and from all the corrupt encounters of the open world. For a principle, let us rather say that woman may do all she can do, without ceasing to be a woman, in that peculiar glory of her distinct nature, of all grace and loveliness, with which the Maker has clothed her, not for time only, but for immortality. I will maintain, he is not a true man who has never seen the very flower, to his eyes, of humanity in the shape of a woman, and who does not believe that flower will for ever, in heavenly regions, bloom with a special beauty not belonging to the other harmoniously related, manly nature; whether, by special, outward revelations, such a truth be hinted at in the different celestial orders of seraphim and cherubim, or not.

"To every traveller, at home or abroad, one thing is clear,— that we have got men enough already. We do not want any more, a greater proportion, of them on earth. We do not want any of our sisters to unsex themselves, and come over to our rude ranks; for we love them better and more purely than we do ourselves or one another. Let them

do everything that is possible, without ceasing to realize the true type of womanhood. Let them teach and train the young; sing inspired songs, as so many of them vanquish almost all men in doing; be eloquent, if they can be so and not fall into our hard patterns of eloquence; minister to the sorrowful, and heal the sick; even, as in the elder lands, wear crowns and sit on thrones, where the honor of a nation shields them, and keeps their womanhood untouched from whatever is coarse in popular criticism or personal assault; and, in a thousand ways, exert that influence which is worth more than all our power. But everybody who has taken many steps in this world will say, Let them be women still! For those of them who scorn the least leaning on the arm of manhood, and assert their absolute independence, have evidently broken somehow the divine model after which they were fashioned, or are men in disguise, with all the real properties of a man wrapped up under their soft skin, and therefore possibly have a right to act as the men they essentially are. She certainly is no true woman for whom every man may not find it in his heart to have a certain gracious and holy and honorable love; she is not a woman who returns no love, and asks no protection." — pp. 313 – 315.

The next essay, styled "History," illustrates the author's hopeful estimate of the drift of the race, in an ingenious and satisfactory manner. He makes the Earth herself the witness of what the nations and the ages have been doing with her and for her, and adduces the advanced and improved condition of her surface as the proof of the progress of mankind in all that is valuable. How heartily do we respond to the convincing and comforting argument of this chapter! And in the present solemn and anxious crisis of our mother country, when her American children are many of them expressing such unfilial indifference to her sorrows, and such an ungracious estimate of her merits, it delights us to copy the author's discriminating tribute to England.

"How well I still remember my own somewhat proud amazement, in returning from the wide Continental reaches, at the evidences of superior power in that narrow compass of England, as though her insect body had limbs to reach round the world! Truly a rich yield of nourishment for mankind has come from her little space. But, after all, we are not astonished at large and splendid products from a small garden which has been plenteously enriched for ages. Behold the blood that has been so lavishly poured out to fertilize the soil within

that 'water-walled bulwark'! See tribe after tribe, from distant parts of the earth, laying down their spent bodies in that little space, 'hedged in with the main'! What a mixture of stimulating and productive powers from the valor and genius, the heroism and martyrdom, the barbarian force and the delicate affection, that have consecrated those fields, and prepared them for the growth of all that is best in humanity! Even England, however, chief of nations as she is, comes far short of the idea of a perfect people. The respect she pays to rank and wealth hurts the honor supremely due to intellect and virtue. The shows of things still beguile her from the worship of reality. The noble is more to her than the saint. She looks to this world, — not to the better. Her pride exceeds her dignity, her independence is more than her freedom, the external standard she rears for human rights is loftier than her inward humanity, and her formal worship deadens the vital acknowledgment of God; while the prudential virtues of the past threaten to extinguish the flames of aspiration and the immortal light of genius in her breast. But we shall not be amazed at her actual attainments, or inclined to over-praise the trophies of the transcendent renown she sets against her manifest defects, when we consider the loamy depth where she grows, and the choice roots of manhood out of which she has sprung. England's practical power for good, in which she has so long led the civilization of the globe, is her best reply to all criticism. To the commander of our steam-ship, — one of the noblest that ever swam the seas, — I said that I had been warned against taking passage in his vessel, it being alleged to me that the force of her engines had strained her timbers. 'They see her come and go!' was all he deigned for answer. Might not the same answer be made to every complaint of the nobler mistress of the seas? Beneficently to the world she holds her way over the floods of time. Nowhere did I feel what a conqueror she has been, in an intellectual as well as material way, as I felt it at the meetings of the British Academy of Arts and Sciences, in which earls from ancient seats of power, representing olden deeds of valor, and admirals from their dauntless cruising towards the dim and frosty pole, and geographers from Oriental explorations, and geologists from their travels into the earth as well as round it, and chemists from their laboratories, and experimenters in metallurgy and botany and building and enginery, — in short, the professors and practitioners of every branch of human knowledge, — vied together in their efforts to advance the information and comfort of mankind. The whole scene, exhibiting the results of thousands of years of toil and study, pictured the nation itself as embodying more of what we mean by history than does now any other on the face of the globe."—pp. 338 – 340.

The final essay is called "Destiny," and predicts the peace, virtue, and piety which are ultimately to crown society and the race. Here the author's humanity and faith alike shine out in a triumphant blaze.

"On the entablature of an ancient gateway, leading towards a resting-place for the dead, I read an inscription, in which the soul is sublimely celebrated as *superstes corpori caduco*, — surviving the frail body. The inscription itself was old; its line in the stone was crumbling away; but it transferred itself to my mind as fresh as it first fell centuries ago from the graver's chisel. Day after day it repeated its simple words, and rose up in my recollection thousands of miles from the spot it hallowed with honor for mortal dust, and hope for man's spirit. Unnumbered times since, at home, it has been the mental refrain in those pleasant, voiceless songs of faith, which, in quiet hours, we sing in our own thoughts. At the conclusion of my work, I take a hint from the antique sentence that so pursued me. The traveller passes lightly over the world, conversing with its ephemeral things; and often, in his report of his experience, he passes as lightly over his own thoughts, leaving their main current below, as the bulk of the ocean lies under his vessel's keel. Beneath the gay and bantering tone of his conversation, or his correspondence through the press, only glimpses may be caught of his unfathomed sea of sober feeling. He may have a boyish shame, that keeps him from telling how often his mind from afar turns homeward, — and it may be heavenward too. He laughs over with us the events of his course; but has he not also mused and prayed as he paced some narrow deck, or gazed into the cloudy sky from the porch-window of some foreign dwelling, or lay in the watches of the night upon his lonely bed, while the storm swept the roof-tree? Has he not marvelled, as in broad day he rode along with his companions, to find his attention and talk with them occupied, not upon the charms and grandeurs of the way, but about friends and acquaintances living on the distant shore, or dead since he departed, — their souls landed, as he trusts, on some upper coast? Among the other revelations of his journey, how surely he learns that all external things, which seize upon his curiosity, after a while loosen their hold, and a time comes when eloquence can no longer charm, nor beauty win, nor pleasure please! If sickness or sorrow fall upon him, even 'the grasshopper shall be a burden; and desire shall fail,' unless it be fixed upon something higher than the earth. In this I do not preach a homily, but appeal to the traveller's own sincere consciousness. If he be honest, how freely he will confess that whatever immortal faith and hope he finds to feed on

in his familiar abiding-place, supply him with a more satisfying nourishment than he has derived from all the wonders of the world! If he disguise not his convictions, he will own that all the sun includes in its circle is not so much to him as the sense of these few words, *Superstes corpori caduco*." — pp. 365 – 367.

In this solemn and touching strain the concluding essay runs on, ending, as it begins, in a piety which is the great and enduring charm of this work.

Indeed, — we must be allowed to repeat, — it is religion as the guide to observation, as the philosophy of life, as the fountain of sensibility to art, as the key to human character, as the source of true sympathy with nature, as the clew to the past and the pilot of the future, which this original and timely work sets forth in a way to make it as valuable a contribution to the permanent interests of society and the Church, as it is a welcome gift to the lovers of taste or the seekers after literary novelty and excitement. If the author had wished to do the best in his power for religion alone at the present period, he could not have chosen a fitter manner. For what we now want above all things is a manly piety, which we can take through the world with us, and apply and enjoy under all circumstances and in all connections. The divorce between grace and nature, the love of God and the admiration of his works, has been so completely effected by some schools of Christian thought, as to render the visible universe almost a heathen temple for those who still insist upon worshipping there, — while art has been ridiculously allowed among Protestants to sink into much of the suspicion that attaches to its old patron, the Romish Church. He who would resist these tendencies has generally found himself in such a quarrel with the religion and sobriety of the time, as to be driven in self-defence into the arms of the world, until his pious love of nature has degenerated into pantheism, and his pious love of art into æstheticism. Christianity has thus lost the definite and direct support of numbers of the most gifted interpreters of nature, and the most sensitive devotees of beauty; so that the genius and poetry of the time, in opposition to all past experience, are outside the Church, and lend no decoration, dignity, or life to popular religion. Can there be a greater

calamity to society, a darker augury for the Church, than when scepticism is the ordinary companion of intellectual power, and taste, sentiment, and sensibility to nature carefully lay their offerings away from the altars of Christianity?

When before have we had a book of real genius, saturated with a poetic love of nature and a true feeling for art, in which Christianity has found such unaffected and inbred reverence, and her doctrines and precepts such solemn and earnest recommendations? When, in our day, has practical piety, of a scrupulous and costly kind, put on such robes of beauty? We are ready to welcome the author as the child of a new era in modern literature, in which poetry and philosophy shall perform their noblest achievements in the service of a practical, intelligible, and earnest faith. Our author is admirably prepared, by the breadth of his nature and sympathies, and the rare balance of his powers, to do service in this high cause. He unites a philosophical and a poetic temperament, a bold independence of thought and a profound veneration of spirit, a lively sympathy with progress and a strong attachment to established truth. This saves him from extravagance, and makes his opinions sound, as well as original.

It would be a pleasing task, did our limits allow it, to enter into a full analysis of the author's mind, as well as his volume; for when so decided a work of genius appears, we have the place and magnitude and orbit of a new planet to observe and determine.

The author manifestly possesses a large, hospitable, active, and cultivated intellect. Like all the finer understandings, his leans equally to metaphysics and to practical science, and is capable alike of shrewd observation and of acute analysis. Speculative in its temper, it is evidently busy with the immediate problems of life, and, like the science of our age, seizes the imponderables only to move with them the affairs of the world. But perhaps his imagination is the quality that most characteristically marks him. It seems to us that, in respect of pure imaginative power, he equals any of our countrymen. The conception of the present work is itself an extraordinary proof of this quality, and, considered as a six-months' task, it may be well marvelled at for the amount and value of the

pure imaginative wealth it contains. The swiftness and certainty with which the author descends from the height of his most subtile thoughts to seize the precise image that mates them among the things that are made, and the soaring wings on which he mounts from the objects of sense that meet his eye, to find the truths to which they have dim but eternal relations in the spacious world of thought, make him one of the liveliest shuttles now at play between the material and the spiritual world. His thoughts harden to form, his facts dissolve into sentiment, with equal readiness. The material world is fluid, the spiritual solid, in his hands, and he makes one or the other serve its fellow with equal ease. But neither his comprehensive intellect, nor his active imagination, would do the whole work of his genius. To these he adds a loving heart, which is as essential to sagacity and insight, as imagination is to sober faith, or understanding to steady and wise affection. Thus our author loves nature, man, life, the universe, God, and this is the chief source of his knowledge of them all. For his soul lies open to their approaches, and is soft to their touch. He has no quarrel with any of his teachers, or with any of the facts of existence. A reverent, humble, hopeful, joyous child and pupil of life and of God, he studies all things in a believing, trusting, and cheerful spirit. And this is the true temper of philosophy as well as of religion; it accepts and then adjusts and completes what is newly presented to its judgment, instead of first objecting to and then demolishing what is strange or opposed to its own past experience. Such a mind has the forces of nature and Providence behind it, acting with it and through it, and thus becomes a part of the universal truth, and a co-worker with God.

Language is largely developed in Mr. Bartol. His vocabulary is copious, exact, and choice. Expression is the irresistible necessity of his thoughts; and notwithstanding the elaborate and complicated frame of his sentences, you feel that they were never forged, but cast hot from the furnace of his mind. The subtilty of his thoughts occasions some obscurity in his style, which is owing more to complication than to indefiniteness, to crowdedness than to confusion. Unques-

tionably, his paragraphs sometimes fall short of their mark, because overloaded with meaning and imagery. His words are thoroughly intentional, and usually possess a ballast which settles each of them into its place. At times, however, this intense significance becomes obtrusive. Indeed, the frequent use of words in their original or etymological, instead of their popular sense, though highly favorable to raciness, is inartistic, and gives both opacity and hardness to style. Mr. Bartol is much too fond of what may be called serious punning, a trick by which the sense of a passage turns upon the sound or the original meaning of some word in the current of his text. Whether a decided quaintness of manner is so true a product of his nature as to be permanently characteristic of him, we are not quite prepared to say. But we think he writes best when he has least of it. With a highly musical ear, giving great rhythmic flow to his sentences, there seems a certain monotone or refrain about them, as if he had compelled himself always to sing in one key, and that a minor key. There is too an inversion of particles, a kind of left-handed or back-handed form of sentence, to which he is prone, which we respectfully present as a serious defect in the directness, beauty, and melody of his style.

In copiousness and cumulative force we hardly know the modern superior of our writer. Wilson has not more abandonment to his thought, nor De Quincey more determination to wrest fit words to express it from the reluctant grasp of our tongue. The mania for short sentences, which threatens to render the universal gait of our current literature a hard trot, makes no victim of our author; nor does he indulge the indolence of his readers by bringing his meaning down to the humblest capacity. Having thoughts worthy of the highest intelligence, he demands a strict attention, and has no compunctions about plunging his readers into the thicket of a paragraph which Jeremy Taylor could not have made more dense or more fragrant. Exuberance is the author's prime characteristic.

Not content with giving us a prose-poem in the work itself, Mr. Bartol has scattered a series of verses through the volume,

in the character of arguments to the several chapters. These verses are generally good, but rarely excellent. Instead of sparkling like jewels upon the plainer stuff of the robe, they are fairly quenched into pebbles by the superior brilliancy of the cloth of gold to which they are attached. Mr. Bartol is one of a few highly imaginative writers of prose, in whose abstinence from verse the world may seem to have lost true poets. But his imperfect success strengthens a suspicion we have long felt in regard to this disappointment, that with such writers the choice of another form of expression is not accidental, but the result of a wise instinct. Verse is as natural and inevitable to the poet, as imaginative thought and poetic feeling. There is a music in his tongue which was never learned. It is noticeable, too, that poetic or musical prose is not a good augury for the poetry of the same author. Burns and Byron, Southey and Wordsworth, wrote admirable prose; but it was not at all rhythmic in its flow; while Wilson and Bulwer, the modern writers of distinction who aim most at music in their prose, — Dickens has hardly attempted verse, — are but indifferent rhymers. The poetic prose-writers — those who have all the elements of poetry in their style except its measure — are a class by themselves. They are not good prose-writers; we do not read Taylor and Wilson for their style, as we do Barrow and Goldsmith. But they are admirable writers, whose style is exquisitely adapted to their own ideas and genius. True prose must not want measure, and balance, and sweetness for the ear. But it ought not to have the cadences and regular pauses of verse, and the moment its rhythm begins to give conscious pleasure, it is running into excess, and will soon give conscious pain. As a prose style we cannot recommend our author's for imitation, but as his own style it is admirable.

The filial piety and domestic tenderness which breathe through the opening poem save it from criticism, which, indeed, it bears better than most of the verses which follow it. The author had the misfortune, on his return from his tour, to find his father rapidly sinking into the grave. This gives rise to several touching references in his work, which makes it almost elegiac in its character. We quote

"THE TWO JOURNEYS.

"Forth to the East! Revivings of the day
Break, pouring promised strength upon my way;
Another line thy weary footsteps pressed;
Thy sun of life was lowering to the West.

"Ah, gracious Nature! ah, soul-cheering Art!
Was it for this you did your healing part, —
Lengthening my lease for destiny so poor,
To see his ashes carried from his door?

"O earthly father! whom the Heavenly gave,
And yet can from the mortal sentence save,
Thou wilt forgive the sigh that damps my songs,
To think that title all to Heaven belongs.

"Sad tears, with joyful, dropped from me apace,
While thou thy checkered history wouldst trace:
Thy words sublime, my parent, oft shall rise
To keep some blessed moisture in my eyes: —

"'The hireling's day I have accomplished now;
The evening shadows gather on my brow;
The hireling for the shadows longs, my son:
They tell him that his task at last is done.

"'Shadows of five-and-seventy years are dark,
Yet Jordan's stream I clearly through them mark;
And, seeing little, this in death see well,
No stop, but crossing, — whither, One can tell.'

"Strong in my memory thy tones abide;
Deep in my heart thy gentle looks I hide;
And this returning birthday celebrate
With thoughts of thee, whose sojourn fixed my date.

"A courteous pilgrim, with a walk upright;
A lowly soul, ne'er stooping from its height:
The outer man expressed the hidden frame;
Thy seeming and thy being were the same.

"No longer for this fleshly eye and ear
That aspect so pathetic, speech sincere!
Oh, in that other voice and face be found
Some lingering traits of former sight and sound!

"In glorious reaches of my journey led,
With ceaseless joy and various wonder sped,
The gates of beauty opening to my glance,
A constant motion in perpetual trance, —

"I gazed o'er all the mighty endless plan,
Pictured and wrought by hand of God or man;
Yet, as through swelling land and sea I went,
Saw not the splendors of thy Orient.

"Something between me and the grave is gone;
Plainer I can discern my own tombstone;
But now more pleasant thither looks my road,
To journey with thee when I drop my load." — pp. 1, 2.

The following is full and good: —

"Behold, — but motes of animated dust, —
The sons of men upon this whirling ball!
Yet to each mote, O Thou in whom we trust,
Lord of the sphere so vast! dost show it all.

"Still brooding over beauty, thou dost bend,
In thy delight dost our delight intend;
Immense the scale, — how graceful still thy work!
In smallest things unmeasured grandeurs lurk.

"For no fond favors, Father of mankind!
We bless thee, but for thine impartial mind:
Thanks for the equal splendor of the sun;
Thanks for thy love to all, respect to none." — p. 34.

This on the Sea — if we except the seventh and eighth lines — is good: —

"Beauty, terror of the world;
Glorious and gloomy thing;
Charms and threats together hurled
In the compass of thy ring:
Keen exultings on thy shore
Answering anguish through thy deeps;
Pleased one listening to thy roar,
Which another minding weeps:
Infant's breathing, not so light
As thy ripple on the sand;

Thunders, bearing no such fright
As the breakers on thy strand:
Measurer of old earth's time,
Scorning history's little date;
Reckoning æons in thy chime,
Hint of everlasting state;
Robber, spoiling all below,
Yet who tenfold back dost send;
Shall we call thee deadly foe?
No, our rough but generous friend!" — p. 130

The following is terse and complete: —

"In ecstasy the human creature stands
Before the world built wondrous by God's hands;
The while God's spirit, through the creature's will,
Buildeth another world more wondrous still.
Art is man's nature, ere the earth he trod:
Man's nature is transcendent art of God." — p. 156.

But this on Country is perhaps the best of all: —

"Dear soil! whose growth is mingled in my blood,
To thee unebbing sets my feeling's flood;
Deep through most secret chambers of my mind,
Engravings of thy lightest traits I find.
The tints so fast on Egypt's walls shall fade;
But not the surer colors thou hast laid.
As body joins in one with soul, no bound
Between thee and my yearning breast is found.
So let the precious early influence last
Till Memory's self be something in the past." — p. 270.

Dr. Talbot of Boston has contributed to Mr. Bartol's volume a very pleasant paper, giving an account of his own ascent of Mont Blanc. Stripping the undertaking of many imaginary perils, he has left enough of danger to make most travellers pause at the foot of the mountain. For a candid and unexaggerated description of this formidable enterprise, we know nothing better than Dr. Talbot's. Its appearance here makes an appreciable addition to the worth of this work, and that is praise enough. We honor the generosity which could

transfer so valuable a property to another man's possession, and the modesty which did not disdain to mingle the rays of a borrowed interest with its own glory.

ART. III. — *Report on Insanity and Idiocy in Massachusetts, by the Commission on Lunacy, under Resolve of the Legislature of* 1854. Boston. 1855.

THE necessity of making further provision for the insane induced the Legislature of Massachusetts, in 1854, to create a commission for the purpose of collecting information on various points connected with the subject. The duties of this commission were stated under the following heads: —

"To ascertain the number and condition of the insane in the State, distinguishing as accurately as may be between the insane, properly so considered, and the idiotic or *non compos;* between the furious and the harmless, curable and incurable, and between the native and the foreigner, and the number of each who are State paupers.

"To examine into the present condition of the Hospitals of the State for the insane, and see what number of patients can properly, with due regard to their comfort and improvement, be accommodated in said Hospitals.

"To see what further accommodations, if any, are needed for the relief and care of the insane.

"And, generally, to examine and report the best and most approved plans for the management of the insane, so far as the size and character of Hospitals, and the number of patients proper to be under one supervision, are concerned.

"To examine into the present condition of the State Lunatic Hospital at Worcester, and ascertain what kind and amount of repairs are needed, and at what probable cost, and consider the expediency of disposing of the said Hospital and the lands connected therewith, or any part thereof, and of recommending a site for the erection of a new Hospital or Hospitals.

"To report the estimated proceeds of the sale of the present Hospital and grounds therewith connected at Worcester, if they deem such a sale desirable.

"To accompany their report with plans, specifications and estimates of cost of any new Hospital which they may recommend." — pp. 9, 10

The commission consisted of Levi Lincoln, Edward Jarvis, and Increase Sumner, and their report was submitted to the Legislature of 1855. Dr. Jarvis's colleagues frankly state that not only was this document prepared by him, but that he also collected all the materials which give it any value. To say that he has executed his task remarkably well, would scarcely express its peculiar merit. It displays a perseverance in the pursuit of his object, a thoroughness of inquiry, and a clearness and precision in his ideas, not often witnessed in statistical investigations. Vital statistics have hitherto possessed an equivocal value, because they have often embraced points that are not proper objects of statistical expression. Incidents and events which necessarily convey the same idea to all may be numbered and classed, but phenomena that embrace many elementary facts more or less uncertain and variable, cannot be treated in this manner. A show of accuracy where accuracy is in the nature of things impossible, only leads to deception and error. For instance, the number of deaths in a community may be correctly ascertained, but when we undertake to specify and enumerate the particular diseases that produce death, we forget that we are dealing no longer with definite and tangible facts, but with matters of opinion as diverse and variable as the experience and education of the men who form them. And on the particular branch of inquiry now before us, we may correctly ascertain the sex, age, and occupation of the insane; but respecting the causes of their disorder, or the chances of recovery, no degree of research or professional skill can lead to results more satisfactory than that of a shrewd conjecture. To give them a statistical form is to make no real advance in knowledge. The common fallacy that, imperfect as they are, they still constitute an approximation to the truth, and therefore are not to be despised, is founded upon a total misconception of the proper objects of statistical inquiry, as well as of the first rules of philosophical induction. Facts — real and indisputable facts — may serve as a basis for general conclusions, and the more we have of them the better; but an accumulation of errors can never lead to the development of truth. Of course we do not deny that, in a mere matter of quantity, the errors on one side generally balance

the errors on the other, and thus the value of the result is not materially affected. What we object to is the attempt to give a statistical form to things more or less doubtful and subjective. The reports of hospitals for the insane for the last twenty years or more abound with this description of statistics, and yet it would be difficult to point to a single phenomenon of the disease in regard to which our information has been rendered thereby more definite and certain.

In executing their task, the commission wisely avoided, for the most part, all debatable ground, and confined their inquiries to facts that can have but a single meaning and are strictly pertinent to the object in view. The value of statistical results must depend very much on the authenticity of the facts and the thoroughness with which they are collected. The moment we have reason to distrust the authority, or to suspect that the investigation has been partial and limited, our confidence is gone. We see nothing before us but a useless array of numbers, — worse than useless, perhaps, because calculated to propagate error. Warned by the failures of previous commissions created for similar purposes, they resorted to new methods, and pursued them with a tenacity that insured success. Guided by the Massachusetts State Register, they addressed a letter to every physician in every town, enclosing blank forms for recording the desired information, and soliciting their aid and co-operation. This was certainly an improvement on the previous practice of applying to the selectmen, or other municipal functionaries, whose acquaintance with the people is comparatively limited, and whose education and pursuits seldom fit them to collect and arrange an order of facts like the statistics of insanity. They considered that medical men had collectively every family in the State under their eye, and would be likely to know so peculiar a fact as the insanity of one of its members, while, the name of every patient being given, there was no danger of their enumerating the same case more than once. They were requested to give the names of all insane persons in their several towns, together with their sex, color, nativity, condition, prospects, and pecuniary means. It appears that nearly two thousand such letters were sent. Generally, the answers were returned early, but in

some instances a second, a third, and even a fourth letter was sent, amounting in all to eight hundred additional letters, explaining more fully the objects of the commission, and urging a compliance with their wishes. Sixty-five towns were visited by one of the commissioners, who saw the physicians, and obtained by word of mouth what could not be obtained by letter. From the medical profession they received ready and valuable assistance, besides replies to their letters, one gentleman, it is stated, having visited twelve towns to procure the requisite information. The fact that returns were obtained from every physician who was addressed, save four, — leaving out of the account those who were not in practice or had removed, — strongly illustrates the perseverance of the commissioners and the promptness of the physicians. Two of the four delinquents proved to be irregular practitioners, and the other two gave their reasons for not complying with the request of the commission. In many instances, clergymen, sheriffs, overseers of the poor, jailers, and superintendents of hospitals in and out of the State, were addressed, with the same satisfactory result. For some time the town of Carver was the only one from which the returns were incomplete, — one physician alone remaining silent. Thrice was he written to, and the aid of the postmaster and a neighboring physician invoked, before the reply came, that there was not a single lunatic within his range.

Never, perhaps, has a statistical inquiry been pursued with such ample provisions against error and imperfection, or with results more worthy of reliance. In all those respects which render such a work of any value, — accuracy, completeness, and pertinence, — we doubt if it has ever been surpassed. The census of Great Britain for 1851 includes, besides the pauper insane, only those in some establishment, and those under guardianship. In a census of France, a few years since, a large space was devoted to the insane; but the facts, though apparently extensive and elaborate, are obviously very incomplete. The census of the United States for 1840 presented the number, age, sex, color, &c. of the insane; but it abounded with errors of so remarkable a character, as to raise the suspicion that they were not entirely unintentional. The last

census was free from the gross faults of its predecessor, but, for reasons common to most inquiries of the kind, it fails to create much confidence in its results. Indeed, no amount of care or perseverance will succeed in obtaining such facts directly from the parties concerned. In a large proportion of cases the insanity of a person is not distinctly admitted by other members of his family, while those who are employed by the government to "take the census" are seldom fitted by their previous training to discern the lighter shades of mental disease. Insanity when manifested by noise and violence is easily recognized, but in a multitude of other forms it passes for only eccentricity or folly. More wisely, therefore, the commissioners employed a very different class of persons, who learned the facts they communicated, not by inquiring of others strongly disposed to conceal them, but by their own personal observation. In regard to some of the incidents reported, — those which indicate conditions rather than objective facts, — we will only say at present, that the returns are to be received with many grains of allowance, because here the highest degree of accuracy can be expected only from the highest professional attainments in this department of the art.

From the Report, it appears that in the autumn of 1854 there were within the limits of this Commonwealth 2,632 lunatics and 1,087 idiots, making a total of 3,719 insane persons. The whole population — supposing the rate of increase between 1840 and 1850, which was 33 per cent, to have since continued — they estimate at 1,124,675, and this would give an average of 1 insane person to every 302 of the whole population. This is a larger proportion than has ever before appeared in any census of any community, American or European; from which we are obliged to admit one or both of the following facts, — either that insanity is more prevalent in Massachusetts than anywhere else, or that its dimensions have been more accurately gauged. The latter fact is undoubtedly true, but alone it will hardly account for the result in question. From the United States census of 1850, it appeared that the insane averaged 1 to 669 of the whole population of the country, and 1 to 402 of the whole population of Massachusetts. On the supposition that an equally accurate enumeration would show

the same comparative advance in other States which it did in this, then we should have in 1854, for New York, the proportion of 1 to 555; for Pennsylvania, 1 to 513; for New Hampshire, 1 to 370; for Connecticut, 1 to 368; and for Rhode Island, 1 to 334. Now, as those States most nearly approximate to Massachusetts, not only in their apparent amount of mental disorder, but in age and in density of population, we have ample ground for our assertion that insanity is more prevalent in Massachusetts than in any other State of the Union.

The cause of this unenviable distinction is not very obvious. The commissioners are disposed to account for it by the fact, that the foreign insane within the State are more numerous than the native-born insane, as compared with the same population of their respective classes. We are not perfectly satisfied with their method of arriving at this result, which is to leave the idiots entirely out of the comparison, and consider only the lunatics. It happens that the idiots bear a much smaller proportion to the lunatics in the foreign than in the native population. In this way it is estimated that the "native insane," meaning "lunatics," amount to 1 in 445 of the native population, and the foreign insane to 1 in 368 of the foreign population; whereas, if both forms of mental disorder — idiocy and lunacy — were compared with the same population, the figures would be 1 to 293 for the natives, and 1 to 343 for the foreigners. We cannot see the propriety of separating them here, because they certainly possess the same generic character, and even if they differ more than we suppose, yet it is not likely that the distinction has been very thoroughly observed in the present inquiry. Although the commissioners were careful to indicate the difference, and enjoined it upon their informants not to confound the congenital affection called idiocy with any of those forms of mental deficiency which are the sequel of mania, yet our experience of all previous statistical undertakings leads us to believe that the popular views on this subject have shaped the returns more than the instructions of the commissioners. This suspicion is confirmed by the fact that the idiots above sixteen years old appear, in the Report, to be more than treble the number of those below that age. Even if the term of life in these persons were

equal to that of other classes, the number of the former ought to be little more than double that of the latter. Of 19,553,068, the amount of the white population of the United States according to the census of 1850, no less than 8,003,715 were aged fifteen years or less. But we have always supposed that idiots had a shorter lease of life than more happily organized beings; and if such is the case, then the number below sixteen should more nearly approach the number above it.

The opinion, therefore, that insanity is more prevalent among the foreign than the native population, is not fairly supported by the figures of the Report, and consequently we must seek for the cause of the large amount of insanity in Massachusetts, in some other quarter. It is a popular impression that mental disease is more rife among a mercantile or manufacturing population, peculiarly tried as it is by excessive activity of mind and frequent reverses of fortune, than in farming communities, where life flows on in a more regular current. Looking at the counties most extensively engaged in commerce and manufactures, Essex, Middlesex, Worcester, and Suffolk, the first two are found to have less, and the others more, than the average amount of insanity. On the other hand, the three counties most exclusively engaged in agricultural pursuits, Berkshire, Hampshire, and Franklin, show a larger than the average proportion. If climate or atmospheric influences had any agency in this matter, we should expect to discover it by comparing the western with the eastern counties; but in fact the mountain breezes of the former seem to be no more conducive to mental integrity than the chilling winds of Essex, Suffolk, and Plymouth.

There is much reason to believe that the prevalence of insanity depends, in a great degree, upon agencies which vitiate the physical qualities of the race in the very germs of life. The principles which have led to so much improvement in the domestic animals have been almost entirely disregarded in the propagation of the human species, and no organ has suffered more from such neglect than the brain. This cause of insanity has obviously been more potent in some communities than in others, and the fact is easily accounted for. In the old farming towns, the growth of which is chiefly limited by the natural

increase of the inhabitants, the same families intermarry, year after year, and thus not only deteriorate the stock, but perpetuate any specific morbid tendencies they may have contracted. It is a well-established fact, that in this country one third part at least of the cases of insanity have an hereditary origin. In mercantile and manufacturing communities, this kind of deterioration is counteracted, in some degree, by the frequent accession of new-comers, whereby the blood is purified and renewed. The older the community, and the more fixed its population, therefore, the greater will be its proportion of mental disease. This view of the case seems to be confirmed by the tables of the commissioners, though we place but little stress on results which are drawn from so narrow a field of observation. The principal manufacturing places, Lowell, Lawrence, Worcester, Lynn, Fall River, Taunton, Waltham, Milford, Palmer, Fitchburg, and Blackstone, with an aggregate population of 154,975, have 221 lunatics and idiots, which is equivalent to 1 in about 701; whereas in Berkshire, Franklin, and Hampshire, with a population of 122,730, less changeable probably than any other in the State, we find 472 lunatics and idiots, which is equal to 1 in 258, or nearly treble the former proportion. If the age of the community and the fixedness of the population are efficient elements in the prevalence of insanity, then, other things being equal, we should expect a larger proportion of insanity in Massachusetts, because she contains these elements in a higher degree than any other State. Still, we have no doubt that, if the insane of some other of the Middle and of the Northern States were enumerated with as much accuracy as they have been here, very much of this disparity would disappear.

Of the 3,050 native lunatics and idiots (all of whom we include under the generic term *insane*) in the State, 1,717 are styled independent, and are supported by their friends or their own property; while of the 669 foreign insane, 64 only are thus supported, the rest being a charge to the State or the towns. It does not follow that these persons were paupers before becoming insane, or that their friends are paupers. A considerable number of families, particularly among the foreign part of our population, which are self-supporting when in

health, are obliged to solicit municipal aid when afflicted by sickness so severe and protracted as insanity. After making all due allowances, however, it cannot be questioned that insanity, as well as other diseases, may be traced, in many instances, more or less directly to poverty, which is justly regarded by the commissioners as something more than an incidental, outward circumstance.

"Poverty is an inward principle, enrooted deeply within the man, and running through all his elements; it reaches his body, his health, his intellect, and his moral powers, as well as his estate. In one or other of these elements it may predominate, and in that alone he may seem to be poor; but it usually involves more than one of these elements, often the whole. Hence we find that, among those whom the world calls poor, there is less vital force, a lower tone of life, more ill health, more weakness, more early death, a diminished longevity. There is also less self-respect, ambition, and hope, more idiocy and insanity, and more crime, than among the independent. . . . . Insanity is, then, a part and parcel of poverty; and wherever that involves any considerable number of persons, this disease is manifested. . . . . Whatever depreciates the vital energies lowers the tone of the muscles and diminishes the physical force, and lessens thereby the power of labor and of production; it also lowers the tone of the brain, and the capacity of self-management. In this state the cerebral organ struggles, and may be deranged." — p. 52.

This kind of destitution is not common among us, and we are not inclined to regard it as a fruitful cause of insanity, among either our native or foreign population. The commissioners themselves remark that insanity is not more prevalent in Ireland than in Scotland or England, or even among the natives of this country; and they also advert to the well-authenticated fact, that the Irish who visit England in quest of employment, and congregate in the most unhealthy portions of the larger towns, undergoing great privations, and suffering from fevers, dysentery, and other complaints incident to such localities, are not more subject to insanity than the natives. Intemperance too, though not without its effect in deteriorating the mental energies, will scarcely be regarded, by those who have had much to do with the insane, as a very prolific cause of insanity among the foreign population of the Eastern States.

It would seem from the Report, that the disease is as curable in the foreigners as in the natives. This the commissioners account for by the fact, that a large portion of the incurables of the latter class are of more than a dozen years' standing, while, foreigners being of recent introduction in a great measure, their incurable cases have not had the same opportunity to accumulate. However this may be, it has been observed in all the New England hospitals, that the Irish patients, as compared with the native, are pre-eminently incurable, though promptly subjected to hospital treatment. We are not aware that any explanation of this curious fact has ever been offered, beyond the conjecture that, for reasons easily conceived, the tide of emigration which rolls upon our shores bears on its waves a large portion of periodical cases, which take the advantage of a quiet interval to reach a more friendly shelter. We are bound to expect, therefore, a constantly increasing accumulation of incurable cases from this quarter, — a fact that must be taken into the account in making provision for their future hospital accommodation. On this subject of the curability of insanity, the remarks of the commissioners are of so much practical importance, that we commend them to the attention of all who have any personal or public interest in the matter.

"The evidence that comes from our own and many other hospitals shows that there are manifold disorders of the brain, producing perversion of mental and moral action in numberless forms, classed under the general term of insanity. These are usually grave diseases; and yet they are among the most curable of maladies of their severity, provided they are taken in season and the proper remedies applied and continued. In recent cases, the recoveries amount to the proportion of 75 to 90 per cent of all that are submitted to the restorative process. Yet it is an equally well-established fact that these disorders of the brain tend to fix themselves permanently in the organization, and that they become more and more difficult to be removed with the lapse of time. Although three fourths to nine tenths may be healed if taken within a year after the first manifestation of the disorder, yet if this measure be delayed another year, and the diseases are from one to two years' standing, the cures would probably be less than half of that proportion, even with the same restorative means. Another and a third year added to the disease diminishes the prospect of cure, and in a still greater ratio than the

second; and a fourth still more. The fifth reduces it so low as to seem to be nothing. Then hope has no visible ground to rest upon; and if it still remain, it is rather founded on desire and affection than on any established principles of pathological science. After this period, insanity is usually deemed to be incurable; nevertheless there are few and occasional recoveries; but these are so rare and uncertain, and have such a doubtful connection with the means and appliances used for such cases, that they seem to be rather the offspring of chance than the results of rational calculation and treatment." — p. 69.

The consequence of neglecting the means which the intelligence and benevolence of the age have provided for the restoration of the insane, clearly appears in the fact reported by the commissioners, that there are 840 lunatics in the State who have never been placed in any hospital. More fortunate than their more affluent and intelligent brethren, the Irish receive the benefits of our hospitals in a much larger proportion than the native-born citizens, partly owing to their happy exemption from prejudice, but chiefly to their inability to take care of the suffering insane at home. They had 71.9 per cent of their insane in the curative hospitals, and 17.7 per cent more in custodial receptacles of some kind; while only 35 per cent of the natives were in the curative hospitals, and 3.8 per cent in other custodial receptacles. The causes of this remarkable difference are obvious. In a native family there is often a reluctance to place one of its members in the hands of strangers, beyond their immediate observation, at the moment when their own faithful care seems to be the most needed. So strong is this feeling in many instances as to overbear all other considerations, so that the wretched patient is kept at home under circumstances directly calculated to aggravate his sufferings and to prevent recovery. If to this cause be added the vulgar prejudices against hospitals, and motives of economy that may or may not be necessary, we readily see why so few comparatively of our own people seek the benefits of hospital treatment. The foreigner is well aware that his narrow home and stinted means can furnish none of that aid and comfort which the treasury of the State and the direction of intelligent men have enabled these establishments to supply, and he has no qualms of honest pride

about accepting the charity of the town or State. As these establishments are owned by the State, of course these patients, who are chargeable to the State, are immediately placed in their charge, and thus it has come to pass that our hospitals for the insane, which have been created by the efforts of philanthropic men, supported, in a great measure, by the public bounty, and regarded as pre-eminently honorable to the intelligence and liberality of the community, are used less by ourselves than by the stranger within our gates.

One of the objects of the commissioners was to ascertain the condition and probable event of each particular case. The result of this inquiry is, that of the 2,632 lunatics, 1,238 were regarded as mild and manageable, 1,067 as troublesome, &c., 263 as furious, while 64 were not referred to any class. 435 were reported as curable, 2,018 as incurable, 179 were not classed at all, and 1,713 were deemed suitable subjects for a hospital. These several points, it will be observed, are not exactly objects of sense, but conditions in regard to which unanimity of opinion can hardly be expected. The same patient may appear at one time mild and docile, and at another excitable, or even furious; and he may be both mild and dangerous. Some regularly alternate between tranquillity and excitement. Often too the peculiar temperament or experience of the observer more than anything else will decide how the condition shall be reported. Indeed, the precise condition of a patient can seldom be ascertained, except by observation continued for some time and enlightened by much knowledge of the disease. The gentlemen who made these returns judged, probably, from casual observation, or from the statements of persons whose impressions would be hardly worthy of being made the basis of a statistical report. Similar objections may be urged against the division into curable and incurable. The curability of any given case is, obviously, a matter of opinion, and a person's opinion on this or any other subject must pass for what it is worth, and no more. Before we can tell what it is worth, we must know the grounds on which it is founded. Nothing can be more uncertain than the event of a large portion of the cases of insanity. After it has continued a few years, in a pretty severe form, we may

say it is incurable, and for all practical purposes this would be sufficiently accurate. While yet recent, and unaccompanied with much constitutional impairment, we are warranted in calling it curable. But between these two classes there is always a large number that cannot be referred, with any degree of confidence, to either of them. The elements of duration, severity, general health, and some others, it may be, are so complicated and conflicting, that one would scarcely venture to estimate the influence of each; and if he did, there would be less than an even chance that his results would be generally admitted. If these objections may be urged against the opinions of those who have had much practical knowledge of insanity, — with whom, to use a modern phrase, it has been a specialty, — they lie with tenfold force against the conclusions of men whose observation of the disease has been confined to the few cases that can ever fall to the lot of an individual in the miscellaneous practice of his profession.

The commissioners have made no inquiry into the curability of the insane when subjected to proper treatment, either because they considered it irrelevant to any purpose they had in view, or distrusted the entire correctness of the statements that have been made on this point. However this may be, their reserve indicates some advance in the true knowledge of insanity, as well as in the public sentiment connected with this subject. It is to be regretted that this kind of reserve has not been oftener shown on similar occasions. In order to obtain from the public the performance of its duties towards the insane by establishing institutions expressly for their care, the friends of the cause have sometimes represented the recoveries they effected as bearing a much higher proportion to the whole number treated, than was warranted by a careful and sober observation of results. They were amply justified in such representations, no doubt, by the published reports of our hospitals. Ninety per cent of recoveries in recent cases was not an unfrequent result of a year's operation, and the public was taught to believe that it had only to establish hospitals for the insane, in order to cure every case as it occurred, and thus prevent any further accession to the accumulating

mass of incurables that crowded the receptacles of pauperism and crime. Perhaps the economical consideration thus presented was sometimes more potent than the benevolent; but we doubt whether the effect of such policy has been entirely good. The experiment was followed by disappointment; the public found it had been deceived, and, naturally enough, conceived a distrust of enterprises that required the aid of something over and above the unadulterated truth. It was seen that many patients did not recover, and that the incurables continued to accumulate. We do not suppose there was any intention to mislead, but those who reported this large proportion of recoveries misled themselves by committing the common mistake of men whose biases in favor of a certain result are stronger than the simple love of truth. Hence the fruit of their labors resembles the partial statements of a political harangue, more than the well-considered deductions of a strictly scientific inquiry. The instances are too few to place the results beyond the suspicion of accidental coincidence, but the principal objection to them is that the objects sought for are not of the kind most suitable to be reduced to statistical forms. Recovery from disease implies a double order of facts, most of which are matters of inference more or less strong, while the rest rely on evidence of a miscellaneous character. Disease is an abnormal state, many of whose conditions are imperfectly known, and are, probably, beyond the reach of the ordinary instruments of knowledge. Recovery, too, is a condition in regard to which very often there can be no approach to unanimity of opinion. To one it may denote, in a given case, the entire disappearance of disease, and entire restoration of the customary health; while to another it may signify only an inconsiderable and temporary improvement. And even the most thorough agreement respecting the facts does not necessarily secure agreement respecting the general conditions they may be supposed to indicate. A person is sick and gets better. On these two points all are agreed. They are plain to the senses, and make the same impression upon all. But on the question whether this change shall be called recovery, or some lesser degree of amendment, the reply will be shaped by the individual's peculiar notions

on the subject, and will probably depend upon the application of some arbitrary rules. In regard to other diseases than insanity, it has seldom been attempted to give a numerical expression to the results of treatment. Consumption, for instance, is as common as insanity, and its signs more easily and exactly discerned; but we apprehend that any attempt to class the results of its treatment, arranging them under the different heads of recovered, improved, much improved, not improved, would hardly be regarded as a valuable contribution to our knowledge. That something of this kind has seemed to be expected from our establishments for the insane, we readily admit, but venture to caution the parties concerned in thus meeting the public wishes, that they lower the dignity of their calling by statements calculated rather to win the popular favor than to advance the true interests of science. Holding these views, we are glad that the commissioners presented to the public no inducements from this quarter for prosecuting the benevolent enterprise it had commenced.

Of the 2,632 lunatics in the State, 1,713 are returned as being fit subjects for a hospital; including, probably, all the 263 furious, the 1,067 troublesome, and 383 of the mild and manageable, leaving 855 who are supposed to require no special provision for their care. As this estimate serves to indicate the amount of hospital accommodation which the State is expected to provide, it may be well to see how it was obtained. Whether this or that insane person is a proper subject for a hospital, is a question on which intelligent physicians may differ. Many still share the popular belief, — and the fact is plainly stated in the Report, — that hospitals are intended for curative purposes only, and that those whose disorder is of too long standing to permit recovery may as well be kept somewhere else. They are well represented by the gentleman who was appointed by the Legislature of a neighboring State, two or three years since, to ascertain the condition of the pauper insane, and who reported, that of the whole number, 143, 16 only needed to be sent to a hospital. Until people are better agreed as to what makes a person a fit subject for a hospital, these statistics can have no practical value. We are not ready to believe that nearly one third of

the insane in this Commonwealth are as well off somewhere else as in an institution expressly designed to promote their cure and comfort, and furnished with all the means and appliances which modern science and philanthropy have devised for this purpose. Some, no doubt, may be at liberty without much, if any, risk to others, yet their number is comparatively few, — much fewer, certainly, than is generally supposed, except by those who have had the opportunity of observing on a large scale the impulses and delusions, the temper and spirit, of the insane. The Bellinghams, the Hadfields, the McNaughtons, and the Oxfords, whose deeds of violence have given them an historical notoriety, belonged to the class of "mild and manageable" lunatics, who may be safely allowed to enjoy all the privileges and immunities of the sane! If it is supposed that such instances are of rare occurrence, the public prints might convince us of the contrary, though the parties may be satisfied with a humbler victim than a monarch or a prime minister. If society better fulfilled its duties to the insane, it would have less cause to complain of the frequent use of insanity in defence of crime, and would be less obnoxious to the charge of visiting its own short-comings upon irresponsible individuals.

The commissioners report 658 pauper lunatics as being "at home," meaning, we presume, in the poor-houses of their respective towns, and among them are many, no doubt, of those "mild and manageable patients" who do not need the treatment of a hospital. If this matter were properly understood, there would be little disposition on the part of humane men to consider them suitable inmates of poor-houses. No one, with any knowledge of the manner in which our poor-houses are managed, will pretend that the insane can be furnished in them with those attentions which their peculiar condition requires. Besides, they worry their sane associates, and the latter worry them, and the result is an aggravation of their disorder, and a diminution of the general comfort. We trust the time is at hand when this intimate association of the sane with the insane, with no other bond of connection than that of poverty, will be regarded as a piece of barbarism. Any system of provision for the insane, therefore, which leaves

a large proportion of them in the poor-houses of the towns, is clearly defective, and we hope that Massachusetts will never consider its duties to the insane as fully accomplished, so long as this fact exists.

It is stated in the Report, that there are "one thousand seven hundred and thirteen insane persons and sixty-one idiots who should enjoy the advantages of, or be confined in, some hospital or other; six hundred and ten of these are at their homes or in poor-houses; add to these one hundred and nine, the excess of patients in the hospitals at Worcester, Taunton, and Boston, and we have seven hundred and nineteen who now need, but have not, these advantages." The various methods that have been suggested of providing for the insane of the State, are discussed by the commissioners, aided by all the light they could obtain both at home and abroad, having received information and counsel from many superintendents of hospitals and of alms-houses, sheriffs, and officers of jails. Whether any considerable number of the insane should be retained in jails and poor-houses; whether the same establishments for the insane should receive both males and females, curables and incurables, independent and pauper, foreigners and natives; or whether the several classes here mentioned in juxtaposition should be kept distinct in different establishments,—these are questions that must first be settled in order to meet the requirements of the case in the best possible manner. The usual method in our State hospitals, of mixing up all the sorts and conditions of patients just named, is subject to a multitude of evils; and, though unavoidable, perhaps, in the early stages of this benevolent enterprise, it may well be doubted whether a considerable change in this respect is not required by the change of circumstances that has since occurred. The remarks of the commissioners on this subject show that they clearly apprehend the merits of the case, and we trust they will be seriously pondered by all who may be concerned in making further provision for our insane.

"It is desirable that the patient, as far as is consistent with the management of his malady, either for its removal or its amelioration, should live in a style similar to that which he properly enjoyed when he was

in health; he should also have associates corresponding to his former habits and tastes; and in all things he should not be required, in course of his treatment, to submit to any new and needless disturbance, disappointment or mortification. In general life, people associate according to their tastes and sympathies. They select their companions from among those who are similar to themselves, and shrink from such as are of a different character. Hence the refined and the coarse, the cultivated and the ignorant, the high-minded and the sensually low, the gentle and the quarrelsome, — these severally are so diverse in their habits and tastes that they are unfitting and unacceptable to each other, but instinctively separate, and do not voluntarily meet, except when business or charity, or some other extraneous motive, prevails for the time. But when they desire to satisfy the wants of their hearts and find the most happiness, they select those of their own kind with whom they can sympathize. These are natural feelings and habits; they run through all society of every kind and in every country. It is not to be supposed that a man, by becoming insane, changes his character entirely in this respect, or loses all his old and healthy desires and aversions, or that he will bear crossing and disappointment, in those which are left to him, more willingly than when in health. On this account, then, there are strong objections to making microcosms of the insane hospitals, where persons of every kind of character and degree of development shall be associated together in the same halls, and be constant and unavoidable companions, in close if not intimate connection, day after day, and month after month."—p. 146.

One of the measures proposed by the commissioners, to meet the present exigency, is to provide for all insane foreigners, who are now a charge to the State, in establishments devoted exclusively to them. Such an arrangement would unquestionably obviate many of the evils which impair the usefulness of the present system, and is itself as free from objections as the case will ever permit. The native and the foreigner are no more disposed to mingle in the hospital than in the ordinary walks of life, and this repugnance of tastes, habits, and faith leads to mutual dislike and irritation. While the association of races is thus productive of many evils, it would be hard to find in it a single compensatory benefit. The management and attendance, being exclusively in the hands of natives, fail to inspire in the foreign patient that kind of regard and confidence which is necessary to the

restorative process. Here something more is requisite than kindness and patience; for even though they secure his respect, they may utterly fail to gain his confidence. This result is the fruit of all those arts of management which require an intimate knowledge of the patient's ways and manners; his peculiar modes of thinking and expression, his local tastes and associations. Without this knowledge, the efforts of the attendant will make but little impression. His offers of service will be viewed with distrust, and the most innocent jest will be taken as an insult; while the utter want of any community of feeling in politics, religion, and historical associations, must prevent them from being anything but strangers to each other. If we would secure for the foreigner the highest amount of good from hospital treatment, we should place him in the charge of those whose sympathies are quickened by stronger ties than are generally produced by an abstract love of the race. On the native patient, the effect of the separation would be equally, if not more beneficial. Those whose disorder is not so grave as to deprive them of all sense of social propriety, or to destroy their susceptibility to all moral impressions, must necessarily be annoyed and disquieted by persons whose looks and manifestations are of the most disagreeable kind. In passing through the public hospitals of this State, one is painfully struck by the large proportion of patients presenting the most degraded and hopeless phases of insanity. The stoutest heart might quail before this sad exhibition of humanity, and how can it be supposed that it can be contemplated without emotion by those whose sensibilities are all heightened by disease?

The present number of State lunatics is about 650, and they might be properly disposed of in two establishments. The number for each would be somewhat larger than the maximum allowed by the superintendents of hospitals, in the propositions unanimously adopted by them at one of the meetings of their association. Without distrusting at all the soundness of their reasons, we apprehend there are some conditions in the present case which would warrant us in fixing upon a larger capacity. In these establishments there would be comparatively few of those curable cases the management

of which occupies the thoughts and the time of the superintendent in a far higher degree than that of the chronic cases. By means of appropriate medical and moral treatment, the curable are to be conducted through the various stages of disease until they arrive at complete recovery, and this is a work which requires and deserves his best efforts. It is the work for which he is considered as responsible by the public, and it cannot be shared by subordinates. On the other hand, in cases of long duration, where the disease has become fixed beyond any reasonable hope of recovery, no service of this kind is required. The management which secures the greatest amount of comfort, and checks, as far as possible, the progress of impairment, must always be maintained, but something more is required in establishments where cure as well as custody is among the objects in view. We would not be misunderstood, however, on this point. It is a great mistake to suppose that the charge of an establishment like the last indicated needs only the grade of talent suitable for the superintendence of a jail or a poor-house. The superiority of modern management of the insane over all older methods consists in the prominence that is given to a kind of moral treatment which is essentially the same, whether the patient is curable or incurable. Without moral and intellectual endowments of a high order in those who direct this management, it cannot be maintained at a point worthy the intelligence and philanthropy of the age. It must also be considered, in this connection, that a large portion of the superintendent's time is occupied with the patient's friends, and, as may be readily supposed, a far greater amount of this kind of duty is required in curable than in incurable cases. In the early stages of disease, the interest of friends is fresh, their sympathies warm, and the result doubtful. Consequently, their visits are frequent and protracted, and the requisite correspondence makes serious drafts on the superintendent's time. With the incurables, on the contrary, all this is very different. Their disorder being fixed, and subject to but little variation from day to day, there is much less to talk or write about; and that little can be done in a greater degree by subordinates. Thus, while we recognize the correctness of the general rule which would re-

strict the number of inmates to 250, we feel quite sure that 325, if not more, patients like the State paupers would be equally well managed, because the maximum must be determined solely by the ability of the chief to make himself acquainted with the changing phases of every patient, so far as such knowledge is necessary to promote his comfort or restoration.

Two new establishments of this class would sufficiently meet the wants of the insane for the present, as the hospitals already existing would accommodate all others that would probably be offered. As the State, however, might decline so large an undertaking, following close upon the hospital at Taunton, the commissioners preferred to recommend the erection of another hospital in the western part of the State, for 250 patients. Whatever plan may be ultimately adopted, this would, unquestionably, form a very proper part of it, and therefore might as well be undertaken first. The hospital at Worcester, in consequence of original faults of construction, and the necessity for extensive repairs, was found to be so defective, that the commissioners recommend its abandonment as soon as the new one is opened, proposing that another shall be erected in the neighborhood of Worcester. Of the propriety of giving up the present establishment, there can scarcely be a question; for it would be impossible to find a position less suited for the purpose, encircled as it is by railways, and embraced within the arms of a young and growing city. The increased value of the property would save the State from much loss, while it would gain a new institution provided, in some degree at least, with the improvements of the time, in exchange for one needing an immense outlay to render it tolerably comfortable.

In regard to the selection of a site for the new hospital, the commissioners give one piece of advice which, it is to be hoped, will be implicitly followed. The practice of offering to the highest bidder the privilege of providing sites for our charitable institutions, is so far beneath the honor and dignity of a community like that of Massachusetts, and so prejudicial to its true interests, that we most earnestly wish it may never be repeated.

"The commission would advise, therefore, that in selecting a location no regard be paid to inducements that may be held out by towns, by the offer of lands or of subscriptions, to aid in the purchase, and that no gifts be accepted that will imply any obligation of the State to continue the Institution in a place when it may seem expedient to remove it, and no lesser present interest be allowed in any way to compromise the greater and future interests of the State and the lunatics for whom the whole Institution is to be created. Like discreet individuals, the State should go into the market, make its selection with the sole view of effecting the final purpose, purchase its lands and pay the usual price, and then be independent of all further obligations."— p. 188.

The State has now another opportunity of establishing a hospital for the insane creditable to its intelligence and wealth, and if its authorities are governed by any regard to public sentiment, such must needs be their action. In the magnitude of its enterprises for advancing its material interests, Massachusetts stands without a rival. The higher distinction of outstripping its sister States in the unexceptionable excellence of its institutions for the relief of suffering, it has yet to achieve. The young community in the South or West about to enter upon a career of benevolence sends its building committees to examine our establishments for the insane; but they find nothing so thoroughly embodying the results of modern improvement as to be worthy of being copied. Are we willing to hold this subordinate position when it may be so cheaply exchanged for unquestionable pre-eminence? In the prosecution of the new undertaking, this first step, to which we have called the attention of our readers, was rightly directed and admirably accomplished. In the second, — the appointment of a committee for selecting a site and erecting a building, — there has not been, we fear, the same exclusive regard to the great object in view. The public had a right to expect that such a committee would embrace among its members the author of this Report, who, by the able performance of the duty assigned him, had strong claims for further employment in a service for which his studies, habits, and tastes have so well prepared him. We shall rejoice, however, if the event falsifies our apprehensions, and enables us, at last,

to point to a hospital for the insane, second to no other in the country in all those qualities that indicate the highest degree of efficiency for the performance of its destined work.

ART. IV.—*A Memoir of* REV. SYDNEY SMITH, *by his Daughter*, LADY HOLLAND, *with a Selection from his Letters, by* MRS. AUSTIN. In two volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1855.

THE memoir and correspondence of a man who, for twenty years, was prominent in London society, and pointed out to strangers as eminently noteworthy, must give a reliable insight not only into his personal gifts and character, but into the tendencies and the traits of the circle in which he held so conspicuous a place. In both regards, these volumes justify the anticipation they excite. Here we see portrayed, without exaggeration, the best side of the Churchman,—one of the highest places open to clerical ambition in England,—its lustre enhanced by intelligence, its exclusiveness redeemed by geniality, and its validity vindicated by uprightness and public spirit. We recognize the influence and the happiness that may be attained by a kindly, conscientious, fearless, candid dignitary of the Establishment, whose nature is leavened by a rich and persuasive humor, whereby his office, conversation, letters, and presence are lifted from technicality and routine into vital relations with his fellow-beings and the time. Pleasant and suggestive is the record, full of amenity, and bright with cheerful traits. It is refreshing to meet with so much life, so much liberality, so much humane sentiment, where the conventional and the obsolete so often overlay and formalize mind and manner. Yet there is a distinct limit to this satisfaction. The vantage-ground which ecclesiastical *prestige* gave to Sydney Smith, his talents and agreeability confirmed; but his sympathies, with all their free play, had a conservative rebound. Those who would derive a complete idea of the modern English development from these memorials, err. He

moved in a circle of the most active, but not of the highest intellectual range. We should never discover from this chronicle that Coleridge also talked, Carlyle reasoned, Lamb jested, Hazlitt criticised, and Shelley and Keats sang, in those days. Within the sensible zone of English life, as that term is usually understood, Sydney lived. He often ignored what was boldly original and radically independent. His scope was ever within the Whig ranks in politics and the Established Church pale in religion. What could be beheld and experienced therein we see, and all that excites admiration without is unrevealed. The iron horizon of caste is the framework of this attractive picture. The charm it offers is the manliness which a true soul, thus environed, exhibits. To us Transatlantic lovers of his rare humor, it is the man rather than the priest, the companion rather than the prodigy, that wins attention.

We have seen, again and again, genius utterly perverted by self-love, usefulness marred by fanaticism, wit poisoned by malevolence, health shattered, existence abridged, vanity pampered, confidence destroyed, by the erratic, unprincipled, weak use of intellectual gifts. This tragic result is the staple of literary biography, so that prudent souls have blessed the fate which consigned them to harmless mediocrity. The rare and sweet exceptions to so general a rule are therefore full of satisfaction and redolent of hope. In the case of Sydney Smith we witness the delightful spectacle of a mind that bravely regulates the life which it cheers and adorns. Humor was the efflorescence of his intellect, the play that gave him strength for labor, the cordial held by a kindly hand to every brother's lips, the sunshine of home, the flavor of human intercourse, the music to which he marched in duty's rugged path. By virtue of this magic quality, he redeemed the daily meal from heaviness, the needful journey from fatigue, narrow circumstances from depression, and prosperity from materialism. He illustrated simultaneously the power of content and the beauty of holiness. Did Portland stone, instead of marble, frame his hearth? Innocent mirth and a clear blaze made those around it oblivious of the defect. Must a paper border take the place of a cornice? Laughing echoes hung the room with more

than arabesque ornament. Were the walls destitute of precious limning? He knew how to glorify them with sunshine. Did he lack costly furniture? Children and roses atoned for the want. Was he compelled to entertain his guest with rustic fare? He found compensation in the materials thus furnished for a comic sketch. Did the canine race interfere with his comfort? He banished them by a mock report of law-damages. Was his steed ugly, slow, and prone to throw his rider? He named him "Calamity" or "Peter the Cruel," and drew a farce from their joint mishaps. Was his coach lumbering and ancient? Its repairs were for ever suggestive of quaint fancies. Was a herd of deer beyond his means? He fastened antlers on donkeys, and drew tears of laughter from aristocratic eyes. Did the evergreens look dim at Christmas? He tied oranges on their boughs and dreamed of tropical landscapes. Was a lady too fine? He discovered a "porcelain understanding." Was a friend too voluble? He enjoyed his "flashes of silence." Were oil and spermaceti beyond his means? He illuminated the house with mutton lamps of his own invention. A fat woman, a hot day, a radical, a heavy sermonizer, a dandy, a stupid Yorkshire peasant, — people and things that in others would only excite annoyance, — he turned instinctively to the account of wit. His household at Foston is a picture worthy of Dickens. Bunch, Annie Kay, Molly Miles, — heraldry, old pictures, and china, — in his atmosphere became original characters and bits of Flemish still-life, which might set up a novelist. He turned a bay-window into a hive of bright thoughts, and a random walk into a chapter of philosophy. To domestic animals, humble parishioners, rustic *employés*, to the oppressed, the erring, the sick, the market-woman, and the poacher, he extended as ready and intelligent a sympathy as to the nobleman and the scholar. He was more thankful for animal spirits and good companionship than for reputation and preferment. He reverenced material laws not less than the triumphs of intellect; esteemed poor Richard's maxims as well as Macaulay's rhetoric; thought self-reproach the greatest evil, and occupation the chief moral necessity of existence. He believed in talking nonsense, while he exercised the most vigorous powers of reasoning. He gave no quarter

to cant, and, at the same time, bought a parrot to keep his servants in good humor. If warned by "excellent and feeble people" against an individual, he sought his acquaintance. His casual *bon-mots* wreathed the town with smiles, and his faithful circumspection irritated the officials at St. Paul's. He wielded a battle-axe in the phalanx of reform, and scattered flowers around his family altar. He wakened the sinner's heart to penitence, and irradiated prandial monotony; educated children, and shared the counsels of statesmen; turned from literary correspondence to dry an infant's tears, and cheered a pauper's death-bed with as true a heart as he graced a peer's drawing-room. It is the human, catholic range and variety of such a nature and such a life, that raises Sydney Smith from the renown of a clever author and a brilliant wit to the nobler fame of a Christian man.

In this biography we have another signal instance of the effect of blood in determining character. The Gallic element permeated Sydney's Anglo-Saxon nature; and in him it was the vivacity of Languedoc that quickened the solemn banquets of the Thames. By instinct no less than from principle, he encouraged cheerfulness. He thoroughly appreciated the relation of mind and body, and sought, by exercise, gay talk, and beneficent intercourse, while he avoided self-reproach and systematized business, to lessen the cares and to multiply the pleasures of daily life. The minor felicities were in his view as much a part of human nature, as the power of reasoning and the capacity of usefulness. In his endeavor to make the most of life as a means of enjoyment, he was thoroughly French; in loyalty to its stern requirements and high objects, he was no less completely English. In practical wisdom he resembled Dr. Franklin, in the genuine benignity of his spirit, Bishop Berkeley, and in the power of colloquial adaptation, Burke. He sublimated Poor Richard's prudence by tact and wit; and called himself an "amalgam" from the facility with which his genial tone fused the discordant or reserved social elements around him. "Some sulk," he observes, "in a stage; I always talk." He was no abstract scholar or isolated sage, but read and wrote in the midst of his family, undisturbed by children, servants, or visitors. His idea of life and duty was

eminently social; and in this also we recognize the influence of his French descent. The names of friends, acquaintances, and correspondents in these volumes include a remarkable variety of illustrious characters; first, the famous Edinburgh *coterie*, — Playfair, Stewart, Brougham, Scott, Alison, Jeffrey, Horner, and their associates; then, the authors and statesmen he knew so intimately in London, such as Lord Holland, Lord Grey, Mackintosh, Rogers, and Moore; then his Continental friends, Madame de Stael, Pozzo di Borgo, Talleyrand, the King of Belgium, and many more; besides the domestic and clerical associates incident to his position and family connections. Imagine a good, cheerful, wise, and endeared man, for thirty years, mingling in such spheres, dispensing words of cheer and humor, yet always in earnest as a divine, and always faithful as a reformer, and you have a picture of intellectual usefulness and enjoyment, of a healthy, active mind, which suggests a living worth but inadequately described in these volumes. Scotchmen and Quakers have been staple themes with the English wits for a century; Dr. Johnson and Charles Lamb were memorably comical about them; and Sydney Smith continued the merry warfare with credit. In each of the coteries represented by these idols of society, we find that the "mutual admiration" principle, so natural to special fraternities, holds sway. Johnson over-estimated, while he browbeat, his literary *confrères;* Lamb betrays a childlike devotion to Coleridge and his disciples; and Sydney Smith praises Jeffrey's articles, Horner's character, and Mackintosh's talk with like partiality. This is but the instinct of the love and honor drawn out by intimate association; but such verdicts, in a critical point of view, are to be taken with due allowance, — not so much in regard to the merits of the individuals thus warmly regarded, as of contemporaries not belonging to the same clique, yet, in an intellectual aspect, having equal and often superior claims upon the lover of genius and worth.

As a representative man, Sydney Smith was more endeared for his liberal, frank, and mirthful nature than for its refinements. He lacked that profound sense of beauty, and that patient love of art, which constitute poetical feeling. He felt no interest in Wordsworth, thought Madame de Sévigné's

letters beneath their reputation, and declared himself satisfied with ten minutes of Talma's acting and fifteen of observation at the Louvre. His passion for roses seems to have been rather a keen sense of their vital freshness, than a delicate perception of their beauty. They were precious in his sight chiefly as emblems of the spontaneous grace of nature. He delighted in transitions both of scene and of employment. He read with great rapidity, skimming as with hasty glances the cream of literature. He had the ingenuous want of artificial elegance so often noticed as characteristic of manly genius. "Sydney," said one of his friends, "your sense, wit, and clumsiness always give me the idea of an Athenian carter."

The combination "most devoutly to be wished" is an alert mind and an easy temperament; but the two are seldom found together. Quickness of conception and aptness of fancy are often embodied in a mercurial frame, and the nervous and sanguine quality of the body is a constant strain upon vital force, and tends to produce the irritability of a morbid or the grave errors of an animal enthusiasm. Hence the most famous wits have seldom proved equally satisfactory as intimate companions and judicious allies in a serious enterprise. Imprudence, impulse, and extreme sensitiveness, thus united to uncommon gifts of mind, are liable to make the latter more of a bane than a blessing; while the same endowments blended with a happy organization are the prolific source of active usefulness and rational delight. Seldom have these results been more perfectly exhibited than in Sydney Smith, — a pioneer of national reforms without acrimony or fanaticism; prompt to "set the table in a roar," yet never losing self-respect or neglecting the essential duties of life; capable of the keenest satire, yet instinctively considerate of the feelings of others; familiar with the extremes of fortune, yet unhardened by poverty and unspoiled by success; the choicest of boon companions, yet the most impressive of clergymen; the admired guest and the recipient of permanent and elegant hospitality, yet contented in domestic retirement; born to grace society, and, at the same time, the idol of home; feasted and honored in the highest degree, yet true to his own

axiom, that the secret of felicity is to "make the day happy to, at least, one fellow-creature"; with a deep-seated "disgust at hypocrisy," while recognized as the bravest advocate of Christian charity in the Church; impatient to the last degree of the irksome and commonplace, yet unwearied in his endeavor to assimilate the discordant and to enliven the dull. In him, the soul and the body, the family and the fête, labor and pastime, criticism and hilarity, wit and wisdom, virtue and intelligence, priesthood and manhood, the pen and the life, the friend and the disputant, the mysteries of faith and the actualities of experience, "worked together for good."

Though comprehensive and facile as an intellectual man, he had the insular stamp, — the honest alloy of British prejudice, — frankly confessing that he thought no organized form of Christianity worthy to be compared with the Establishment, no beauty or genius equal to that which the best London circle includes, no physical comfort like a good fire, no restorative like a walk, and no talkers superior to Mackintosh, Macaulay, and the rest of his own coterie. His praise of good edibles and well-written books, his thorough honesty, his manly self-assertion, his want of sympathy with foreign associations, his keen appreciation of dinner, tea, argument, and home, mark the genuine Angloman. Yet he had a clearer sense than most of his countrymen of native peculiarities. "Have you observed," he asks, "that nothing can be done in England without a dinner?" And elsewhere he observes, "Mr. John Bull disdains to talk, as that respected individual has nothing to say." With the courage of his race he "passed his life in minorities," and, on principle, fought off the spleen. "Never give way to melancholy," he writes to a friend; "resist it steadily, for the habit will encroach."

His love of knowledge was strong and habitual; and he sought it, with avidity, in social intercourse, observation, and books, reproducing what he gleaned with ease and acuteness. His style partakes of the directness of his whole nature; he goes at once to his subject, whether the exposition of religious truth, a definition in moral philosophy, a business epistle, or "a word spoken in season." Without circumlocution, and with the prompt brevity of a man of action, the thing to be

expressed is given out, interrupted only by some merry jest or humorous turn of thought,— never by an elaborate or discursive episode. His letters are singularly brief and to the point; they indicate character by their kindly spirit and quaint vein, frank opinions and excellent sense, but are valuable rather as glimpses of his manner of living and thinking, of his associations and objects, than as a complete illustration of the man. There is a marked individuality in the most casual note. He does not write with the rhetorical finish of Macaulay, the quaint introversions of Carlyle, the voluble knowledge of De Quincey, the smart ebullitions of Jeffrey, or the classic elegance of Landor; but he writes like an honest, sensible, prosperous, affectionate, witty Englishman, whose views, tastes, and principles are fixed, and who desires, without waste of time or words, to meet every duty and every pleasure in an intelligent, self-sustained, and generous mood. The clerical and literary, the political and culinary, the friendly and professional interests of his life, come out in singular juxtaposition through his correspondence. Now it is a state question, and now the receipt for dressing a salad; one day, to acknowledge a present of game, and another, to criticise a new number of the Edinburgh; this letter describes a dinner-party, and that a plan for church organization; one proposes an article, and another chronicles a tour;— the whole conveying a vivid idea of a most busy, social, amicable, cheerful existence. After dwelling on the entire picture, we can readily believe, with his little daughter, that "a family does n't prosper without a papa who makes all gay by his own mirth"; and that a dinner without him appeared to his bereaved wife unutterably solemn. He declares that a play never amused him; neither would it half the world, if there were more Sydneys in social life, to make every day's talk "as good as a play." He speaks of the "invincible candor of his nature," and this trait is the crystal medium through which we so thoroughly recognize him.

Notwithstanding the deserved rebuke he administered to our national delinquency in his American letters, he vindicates his claim to the title of Philo-Yankeeist. No British writer has better appreciated the institutions and destiny of the

United States. He recognized cordially the latent force of Webster, the noble eloquence of Channing, and the refined scholarship of Everett. "I will disinherit you," he playfully writes to a fair correspondent, "if you do not admire everything written by Franklin."

Perhaps the choicest lesson of his life is his practical cheerfulness. He was no willing polemic, but delighted in "peaceable bigotry." One is constantly lured, by this memoir, to speculate on the relation of humor to sensibility and caution; for its subject was as prudent and methodical in affairs as he was vagrant and lawless in fancy, and as keenly alive to sympathy and care for others as to comfort, society, and fun. "I have," he says, "a propensity to amuse myself with trifles." "The wretchedness of human life is only to be encountered on the basis of beef and wine." And, elsewhere, "If, with a pleasant wife, three children, a good house and farm, many books, and many friends who wish me well, I cannot be happy, I am a very silly, foolish fellow, and what becomes of me is of very little consequence." This disposition was not merely a background in the landscape; it made him a light-hearted, though none the less earnest worker. The sermon inculcating the deepest truth, the essay demolishing a time-hallowed error, the plea for some victim of oppression or indigence, the letter designed to counsel or cheer, the speech in behalf of civil reform, — in fine, the entire intellectual activity of the man was unalloyed by discontent and bitterness. He could wrestle with wrong, and smile; he could attack without losing his temper; he could sow the pregnant seeds of melioration, and, at the same time, scatter flowers of wit along the rugged furrows. Swift fought as bravely, but he lacked the *bonhommie* of Sydney to make the battle gay and chivalrous. Sterne diverted, with like ease, a festal board; but he wanted the consistent manhood of Peter Plymley to preserve the dignity of his office in the midst of pastime.

Literature has gradually merged the courageous in the artistic element. Style, instead of being the vehicle of moral warfare and practical truth, has degenerated into an ingenious means of aimless effect. To elaborate a borrowed or flimsy

idea, to exaggerate a limited and unimportant experience, and to minister exclusively to the sense of amusement, have become the primal objects of popular writers. They have, in numerous instances, ignored the relation of thought to action, of integrity to expression, and of truth to eloquence. They have dreamed, dallied, coquetted on paper exactly as the butterflies of life do in society, giving no impression of individuality or earnestness. To divert a vacant hour, to beguile, flatter, puzzle, and relieve the ennui of thoughtless minds, appears the height of their ambition. The conventional, the lighter graces, the egotistic inanities of self-love, so predominate, that we gain no fresh impulse, receive no mental *stimuli*, behold no veil of error rent, and no vista of truth opened as we read. The man of letters is often, to our consciousness, not a prophet, an oracle, a hero, but a juggler, a pet, or, at best, a graceful toy. We realize the old prejudice, that to write for the public amusement is a vocation based on unmanly pliancy, — a mercenary pursuit which inevitably conflicts with self-respect, deals in gossip, and trenches on the dignity of social refinement. Personal contact not seldom destroys whatever illusion taste may have created. We find an evasive habit of mind, an effeminate care of reputation, a fear of self-compromise, a dearth of original, frank, genial utterance. Our ideal author proves a mere *dilettante*, says pretty things as if committed to memory for the occasion, picks ingenious flaws to indicate superior discernment, interlards his talk with quotations, is all things to all men, and especially to all women, makes himself generally agreeable by a system of artificial conformity, and leaves us unrefreshed by a single glimpse of character or one heart-felt utterance. We strive to recognize the thinker and the poet, but discover only the man of taste, the man of the world, the fop, or the epicure; and we gladly turn from him to a fact of nature, to a noble tree or a sunset cloud, to the genuine in humanity, — a fair child, an honest mechanic, true-hearted woman, or old soldier, — because in such there is not promise without performance, the sign without the thing, the name without the soul. It is from the salient contrast with these familiar phases of authorship that the very idea of such a man as Sydney Smith redeems

the calling. In him, first of all and beyond all, is manhood, which no skill in pencraft, no blandishment of fame or love of pleasure, was suffered to overlay for a moment. To be a man in courage, generosity, stern faith to every domestic and professional claim, in the fear of God and the love of his kind, in loyalty to personal conviction, bold speech, candid life, and good fellowship, — this was the vital necessity, the normal condition, of his nature. Thus consecrated, he found life a noble task and a happy experience, and would have found it so without any Edinburgh Review, Cathedral of St. Paul's, or dinners at Holland House; although, when the scope and felicities they brought to him came, — legitimate results of his endowments and needs, — they were, in his faithful hands and wise appreciation, the authentic means of increased usefulness, honor, and delight; and chiefly so, because he was so disciplined and enriched by circumstances and by natural gifts, as to be virtually independent, self-sustained, and capable of deriving mental luxury, philosophic content, and religious sanction from whatever lot and duty had fallen to his share. Herein lie the significance of his example and the value of his principles. Like pious and brave old Herbert, he found a kingdom in his mind which he knew how to rule and to enjoy; and this priceless boon was his triumph and comfort in the lowliest struggles and in the highest prosperity. It irradiated the damp walls of his first parsonage with the glow of wit, nerved his heart, as a poor vicar, to plead the cause of reform against the banded conservatives of a realm, hinted a thousand expedients to beguile isolation and indigence of their gloom, invested his presence and speech with self-possession and authority in the peasant's hut and at the bishop's table, made him an architect, a physician, a judge, a schoolmaster, a critic, a reformer, the choicest man of society, the most efficient of domestic economists, the best of correspondents, the most practical of political writers, the most impressive of preachers, the most genial of companions, a good farmer, a patient nurse, and an admirable husband, father, and friend. The integrity, good sense, and moral energy which gave birth to this versatile exercise of his faculties, constitute the broad and solid foundation of Sydney Smith's character; they were

the essential traits of the man, the base to that noble column of which wit formed the capital and wisdom the shaft. In the temple of humanity what support it yielded during his life, and how well-proportioned and complete it now stands to the eye of memory, an unbroken and sky-pointing cenotaph on his honored grave!

ART. V.—1. *The Papal Conspiracy exposed, and Protestantism defended, in the Light of Reason, History, and Scripture.* By EDWARD BEECHER, D. D. Boston: Stearns & Co. 12mo. pp. 432.

2. *Ecclesiastical Tenures. Speech of* JAMES O. PUTNAM, *of Buffalo, on the Bill providing for the Vesting of the Title to Church Property in Lay Trustees, delivered in the Senate of New York, January* 30, 1855. Albany: Benthuysen. 8vo. pp. 40.

NEARLY twelve centuries have passed since the Papal hierarchy assumed a rank among the nations of the world. In the beginning it exhibited the weakness of infancy. As it advanced in years it grew in strength, until, at the midnight of the Dark Ages, it overshadowed and controlled all Europe. Those who still submit to its power assign to it an earlier origin. They place the name of the Apostle Peter at the head of their list of Popes, deducing his authority from Jesus Christ; and from Peter they pretend to trace an unbroken succession of Bishops of Rome, in process of time called Popes, to the two hundred and sixty-third Pope, now on the pontifical throne. That Peter was the first Bishop of Rome, or ever resided there, receives, however, no support from authentic history.

In primitive times every Christian church elected its bishop, or overseer, that being the meaning of the Greek word translated bishop. These bishops, as well as the churches they were chosen to oversee, were unconnected with one another were all equal in power, and so continued through the first three centuries of the Christian era. It is true that younger

paid deference to older churches; and more especially, that village churches paid deference to the church of the metropolis of the province. In process of time, to the metropolitan bishop was conceded a general superintendence over the ecclesiastical affairs of the province, the right to convoke assemblies of the provincial bishops, and to preside over their deliberations; but care was taken so to limit the concessions made as to prevent any extension of his power, and to establish, on a secure basis, the independence of all the other bishops.

History speaks in favorable terms of the virtues and simplicity of the early bishops. They lived too near the Founder of Christianity to have forgotten his precepts, or to have become insensible of the spirit in which they were promulgated. Each lived, too, in the midst of his peculiar flock. He shared their joys and griefs. He knew no higher station than that to which his brethren had raised him, only a little above themselves; he sought no greater happiness than to live and die among them, and when called to meet his and their Master, to leave them improved in all things by the performance of all his duties.

But it could not be so always. Rome — the empire and the city, rulers and people — had already become corrupt, and was verging to its fall. The Christians, pure as they were, and striving to live separate from the world, could not entirely escape contamination. Hypocrites mingled with the flock, and, perceiving that the office of bishop was honorable from the affection with which the incumbent was regarded, and profitable from the munificent rewards bestowed by gratitude for his fidelity, sought and sometimes obtained it; and the Pagans, regarding with jealousy these apostates from their old religion, slandered them, and brought on them the persecutions of the Roman emperors. Yet the number professing the new religion increased rapidly. Gibbon says that in A. D. 300, the Roman empire contained eighteen hundred bishops, and of course as many, perhaps more, churches or congregations; of which number one thousand were in the Greek or Eastern provinces, and eight hundred in the Latin or Western provinces, Constantinople being the centre of the former, and Rome of the latter.

About this time the government of the Church began to indicate a decidedly monarchical tendency. The metropolitan bishops assumed, and were indulged in assuming, more and more authority; and an order of clerks, or priests, was instituted, who were ordained by the bishops, were entirely subject to their control, and of course raised them a step higher above the people or laity. Subsequently four of the metropolitan bishops — those of Rome, Alexandria, Antioch, and Constantinople — acquired in some way a pre-eminence over the others near and around them, and received the appellation of Patriarchs; and the portions of territory over which they enjoyed this pre-eminence were called Patriarchates. The relative rank of these patriarchates seems to have been a subject of dispute. In the records of a council held at Constantinople in 381, is a decree that the bishop of that city, who was then the last who had received that distinction, should take rank next after the Bishop of Rome, since Constantinople was New Rome; and the Council of Chalcedon, held in 451, confirmed this decision, with the remark, "that the Fathers rightly conceded that rank to the episcopate of ancient Rome, *because Rome was the mistress city*"; from which it is apparent that, if there was at this time a tradition that St. Peter ever resided at Rome and was buried there, the Fathers did not believe it, or did not think it a fact of importance. The period of greatest credulity and superstition had not yet come.

To the few bishops at this time called Patriarchs was given or conceded the sole power to ordain the metropolitans, and to each a general superintendence over his own patriarchate. The institution of this new and higher order of ecclesiastical officers was followed by mischievous consequences. "The history of these centuries," says Neander, "shows how much of impure, worldly interest became diffused in the Church through the eager thirst and strife of the bishops for precedence of rank." Very justly could Gregory of Nazianzum say, as he did in 380, "Would to Heaven there were no primacy, no eminence of place, and no tyrannical precedence of ranks, that we might be known by eminence of virtue alone! But as the case now stands, the distinction of a seat at the right

hand or at the left, or in the middle, — at a higher or lower place, — of going before or at the side of each other, — has given rise to many disorders among us, to no salutary purpose whatever, and plunged multitudes in ruin."

This brief sketch of events places us in the fifth century after the birth of Christ. More than a century has elapsed since the Roman empire was dismembered. Turbulence, disorder, and anarchy have long prevailed throughout the world. The ancient civilization has run its course, and ended in imbecility of mind, the degradation of man, and a universal corruption of manners. Civil wars have afflicted various portions of both empires. The Goths have issued from their dark Northern forests, and rushed over the land, wickedness and weakness before them, unburied corpses and desolation behind them. That which the Goths left have the Huns devoured; that which the Huns left have the Vandals devoured. Never has the world known such intense human misery, such complete desolation, such obliteration of the past, as fell upon it in the course of the fifth century.

The conquerors were all unlearned barbarians, and the conquered, (both classes living intermixed,) after the lapse of a generation or two, became as ignorant as they. Ignorance bred credulity, and superstition had already come with the conquerors from their caves and huts in the gloomy wildernesses. The twilight of the Dark Ages, already perceptible, thickened continually, and foreshadowed the dense gloom which ensued.

It is not necessary to our purpose, which is simply to show that the papal hierarchy has always been hostile to freedom of thought and to intellectual progress, that we should enumerate the several particulars of its tortuous ascent to the pinnacle of power; but it may be expedient to give enough of its history to show the development of its character. It sought constantly to strengthen itself by espousing, in the continual contests between different kings, or between a king and a pretender to his throne, the cause of the party who would engage, in case of success, to wear the crown as a feudatary of Jesus Christ, and to acknowledge the Pope as his vicar-general on earth. It seldom failed of success. The Pope,

as its chief, had but to fulminate his anathema against the king he had determined to oppose, and every believing subject dropped his weapons of war, or used them against his former sovereign. The papal curse severed the tie of allegiance; the papal blessing attached the ligament to another sovereign.

Those who have groped their way through the Dark Ages have expressed the belief that the rule of the Popes was less cruel and oppressive than otherwise would have been the rule of the barbarian kings. Such was probably the fact. The Pope stood forth a powerful arbiter in all causes between all parties. The fear of this arbiter must have often prevented kings from giving to their subjects an opportunity or a disposition to appeal to him. And if, in a few cases, or indeed in all cases, the arbiter decided wrong, a prompt decision may have been better for the people, even in that event, than a protracted contest would have been.

A charge is made against the papal hierarchy, that it resorted to other means, even more objectionable, to acquire power. Certain writings, called decretal letters, and purporting to be written by early Bishops of Rome, whose names have since been inserted in the list of Popes, were ascertained to be in existence about the year 840. They were first quoted as of authority by Pope Nicholas, in 865. The first letter in the series was written in the name of Bishop Clement, the same Clement who is mentioned by Paul in his Epistle to the Philippians. It relates that St. Peter, just before his death, in a long address to the brethren present, appointed and ordained him Bishop of Rome, "giving him the power of binding and loosing which was given to me by my Lord"; and then Clement repeats long charges, given by St. Peter to him, to other officers of the Church, and to the brethren. The letters written in the name of other and later bishops speak of high powers granted to them by St. Peter, and especially that of hearing and deciding appeals from all parties aggrieved. At the same time were produced the records of a Roman council, stated to have been held under Bishop Sylvester, about the year 350, containing numerous canons granting religious and temporal supremacy to the Bishop of Rome.

That these letters and records are false and forged has been perfectly established. They are all in the style of one man. They contain nothing, and speak of nothing, peculiar to the time when the assumed writers actually lived. Words not then in use abound in them, and the style is that of the Middle Age. Writers are quoted in them who did not live till long afterwards; and laws are cited which had not then been passed. It is as if — to refer to a case not unfrequent in our courts — a man should produce a deed bearing date in 1815, and the paper should show the water-mark of 1840. It was such letters and records that Nicholas, said to have been the ablest Pope of the whole number, adopted and quoted. And these are by no means the only forgeries perpetrated by or for the papal hierarchy in the Dark Ages. Yet so ignorant and credulous were the people, and even the nobility, but few of whom could read, and so ready and implicit was their belief of whatever a pope or a bishop might say, that they were not detected till three or four hundred years afterwards. In the mean time they accomplished fully the purpose for which they were contrived. They strengthened, extended, and consolidated the power of the papacy.

This power was raised nearly to its highest elevation by the famous Hildebrand, who, under the name of Gregory VII., occupied the papal chair from 1073 to 1085. Being by nature arrogant, endowed with indomitable will, and restrained by no regard for the rights of others, he stands conspicuous, if not pre-eminent, in the long line of Popes. His twenty-seven maxims, all magnifying the powers of his office, were adopted as guides by his successors. He demanded the submission of emperors and kings to his will. He summoned the Emperor of Germany to appear before him and justify his conduct. The Emperor deposed the Pope. The Pope deposed the Emperor, and added, "I absolve all Christians from the oaths they have taken, or shall hereafter take, to him, and all persons are forbidden to render him services as a king." This kindled a civil war against the Emperor, who at length felt constrained to ask pardon of Hildebrand. He visited him for this purpose, was stopped in the court or ante-room, was stripped of his vestments, clothed in sackcloth, and there, in January, with

naked feet, awaited the Pope's reply. He was required to wait and fast three days before he could be permitted to kiss the Pope's feet. This was too much. The Pope lost friends; the Emperor continued the war, sacked and took Rome; and thereupon the Italians elected another Pope. The death of Hildebrand put an end to the personal conflict; but in the days of Innocent III., "the maxims of Gregory," says Hallam, "had been matured by more than a hundred years, and the right of trampling on the necks of kings had been received, at least among churchmen, as an inherent attribute of the papacy. Rome inspired during the thirteenth century, the noonday of papal dominion, the terrors of her ancient name. She was once more the mistress of the world, and kings were her vassals."

It has been seen how gradually, and by what means, the Bishop of Rome, at first holding an office very nearly resembling that of a permanent moderator of a church or congregation, — an office incompatible with the duties of an apostle, who was sent to "preach the Gospel to every creature," — came to possess, after a succession of ages, a controlling authority over the rulers of nations. Its means were usurpations over, and concessions by, a people, at first pious and simple-hearted, afterwards, to an extreme degree, ignorant, credulous, and superstitious. It is now our purpose to show what were its distinguishing characteristics, and what its objects and principles of action.

Its most distinguishing characteristic was its love of precedence and of power; in other words, of control over the actions of men. This passion is natural to all, or to most men; but they differ in the mode of obtaining their object. The military hero strives to obtain it through fear of harm to the body, or of destruction to property. He points his sword at the breast, or aims his cannon at the city. The papal hierarchy sought, and seeks, to obtain it through fear of mental or spiritual suffering in this world and in the world to come. It frightens men by describing the torments of hell, and declares that the Church is the only way of salvation from these eternal torments, — that all must endure them who do not adopt its creed, and place themselves under its jurisdiction. It incul-

cates also the duty of frequent attendance on the ministrations of the Church, and teaches that the long neglect of this duty, without excuse or absolution, subjects one to the penalty of excommunication. This denunciation has a terrible power over Catholics who are believing Christians, as well as over those who are not; for this ecclesiastical process inflicts temporal as well as future punishment. It casts them out of the Church, deprives them of the right to participate in any of its ceremonies, or to enjoy any of its privileges, — all of which are essential to salvation. It forbids every one to have intercourse with them, to receive them into his house, or to eat at the same table; and when dead, it denies them the solemn rites of Christian burial. And the same punishment, modified according to circumstances, is inflicted, not only for the commission of offences against the canons of the Church, but for disobedience of the orders of superiors.

The constitution of the hierarchy is monarchical, despotic. It gives to its head vast powers, — in ecclesiastical affairs unlimited. It has established a regular gradation of authority from the Pope to the lowest priest. It makes every officer but one a degraded instrument of another; it makes every one an arrogant controller of all below; and it is a trite and true remark, that the exercise of despotic power extinguishes the desire to promote the happiness or improvement of others. We call on history to describe to us the character of the Popes; to tell us which of them, and how many, have been distinguished for their enterprises of philanthropy; to tell us what they have done with the hundreds of millions "snatched from the hand of labor" wherever it could be reached; to tell us what care they have taken even of the patrimony of St. Peter, — once the garden of the world, now swarming with beggars, infested with brigands, and reeking with licentiousness.

The claim, always insisted on by the hierarchy, and almost always submitted to by the laity, except where forbidden by law, that all lands, devoted to religious or charitable uses, though purchased and paid for by the laity, shall be conveyed to, and held by, the bishop of the diocese, is one of the modes of increasing the power of the hierarchy and holding the people in subjection. It secures to the bishop the appointment of

the priest, and to the priest entire independence of those who pay him, however unfit or disagreeable he may be, and however tyrannical and partial in the performance of his parochial services. By a speech delivered last winter in the legislature of New York, it appears that the provincial council of Catholic bishops in the United States, held at Baltimore in 1849, ordained "that all churches, and all other ecclesiastical property, which have been acquired by donations, or the offerings of the faithful, for religious or charitable use, *belong* to the bishop of the diocese; unless it shall be made to appear, and be confirmed by writings, that it was granted to some religious order of monks, or to some congregation of priests, for their use." Most of the trustees holding such property thereupon, on demand of the bishops, conveyed it to them, amounting in value, including new purchases, in the single county of Erie, to more than one million of dollars. But one set of trustees out of a large number, those of the Church of St. Louis, at Buffalo, had the courage to stand firm against that which all knew impended over them, and the fear of which subdued the others, and refused, and persisted in refusing to do so, although the Pope despatched his nuncio, Bedini, to induce them to comply. "For simply refusing," say they, in their petition to the legislature, "to violate the trust law of our State, we have been subjected to the pains of excommunication, and our names held up to infamy and reproach. For this cause, too, have the entire congregation been placed under ban. To our members the holy rites of baptism and of burial have been denied. The marriage sacrament has been refused. The priest is forbidden to minister at our altars. In sickness, and at the hour of death, the holy consolations of religion are withheld. To the Catholic Churchman, it is scarcely possible to exaggerate the magnitude of such deprivations." Surely the enforcement of this claim is not only a powerful restraint on the freedom of the mind, but an efficient hinderance to the worship of God according to the dictates of conscience.

Although the most usual and the chosen mode by which the papal hierarchy seeks to obtain control over men is by acting on the mind or will, yet it does not, when it may seem expedient, hesitate to resort to violence, — to the infliction of

extreme bodily suffering, and even death, — in order to accomplish its object. Of this truth, the persecution of the Waldenses, the Albigenses, and the Huguenots, the dungeons and *autos da fé* of the Inquisition, and the fires of Smithfield, bear witness. These may not have been intended so much for the punishment of heresy as for terror to others. History tells us, they had the usual effect of terror on minds not endued with heroic fortitude; and they may therefore be added to the list of means, wicked like the rest, employed to obtain control over the mind. Let it not be said, for it ought not to be said, in reply to these charges, that Protestants also, after having long been victims, have resorted to persecution, even to the stake. One iniquity cannot be set off against another; and the burning of tens is not to be used, even by way of retort, against the burning of thousands.

The Pope, assisted by a council of bishops, claims the right, and it is of course conceded to him by most Catholics, to prescribe articles of faith, which every one must believe, or profess to believe, or suffer the penalty of eternal damnation. This right has been quite recently exercised. It never was, and never can be, exercised without doing immeasurable injury to man. It prohibits inquiry, checks improvement, prevents progress, benumbs the intellect. And if the article be erroneous, all the consequences of belief in error, which many hold to be terrible, must follow. "If it be erroneous!" exclaims the hierarchy; "that cannot be, for the Pope, advised by a council, is infallible." We are not surprised that the hierarchy stoutly claims for its head the attribute of infallibility. If not made in sincerity, it is unquestionably made with the hope and intent that it shall be believed. It is well known that, unless sustained by belief in this claim, the lofty superstructure must vanish. To admit that he is fallible, is equivalent to the admission that he has not, and never had, a divine commission, and is, of course, an arrant impostor. We shall not attempt to prove that he is fallible.

The multiplicity of vows and oaths imposed by the hierarchy, besides those for the faithful performance of official duties, are strong and permanent fences around the mind, confining it within limits over which it must not dare to pass, and pre-

venting it from developing or using its faculties. What progress can the mind make when the sphere of its activity is thus bounded? What progress did it make for the many centuries before Luther proclaimed freedom of thought, and the God-given, inalienable right of private judgment? Since then how inspiriting has been its activity, how rapid and glorious its progress, in all Protestant countries! How idle, stationary, stagnant, has it remained where the hierarchy has continued to bear sway! — the one portion of the earth's surface reminding us of the powerful, ever-advancing Gulf-Stream, — the other of the weedy, motionless Sargasso Sea.

Another mode by which the hierarchy acquires control over the mind is through the rite of confession. The penitents, whether men or women, must disclose to the priest, in private, every sinful act or thought, every emotion, desire, or aversion, and must answer every question that the priest may think proper to ask. He thus acquires a knowledge, not only of all their sins, but of all their weaknesses and propensities. This knowledge gives him almost resistless power over the penitent, and if he is too pious and too pure to use it for his own purposes, he is bound to use it, whenever he may, for the benefit of the Church. It enables him to perceive the earliest approach to doubt, the earliest tendency to freedom of thought, and to apply the expedient corrective. Other evils, even shocking crimes, have arisen from the observance of this rite, especially since the priests were forbidden to marry, — evils regretted, doubtless, by the hierarchy, but to be prevented only by surrendering that benefit to the Church which results from the confessional, and for which it was instituted.

On the invention of printing, the hierarchy perceived that this wonderful art must become its most powerful antagonist. It furnished another avenue than preaching, of which it then had the monopoly, for access to the people; and the clergy trembled for their creed and their power. Under the pretence of preventing the spread of what they assumed to be heresy, they ordained that no book should be printed, or sold, or even kept, unless it had been examined and approved by an officer of the hierarchy, designated for the purpose, under pain of the greater excommunication and a fine. They also appointed a com-

mittee, which has been since often renewed, to make a list of books deemed dangerous to be read, and ordained that this list, on being approved by the Pope, should be published, and that every person who should read any book contained in it should suffer the penalty of excommunication, in its greatest severity. They ordained, also, that no one should read the Sacred Scriptures, the supposed source of that faith which all Catholics are compelled to believe, unless expressly permitted by a bishop or priest, and that, if any one should read them or possess them without such permission, "he should be incapable of receiving absolution of his sins"; and in some countries severe temporal punishment was also inflicted. The latest edition of this "Index Librorum Prohibitorum" which we have seen was printed in 1826, and contained, by estimation, the titles of more than *seven thousand* different works. They were certainly not all on sacred subjects, — (we do not know that half of them were,) — among them being Lord Bacon "De Augmentis Scientiarum," Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding," Grotius "On the Law of War and Peace," Milton's "Paradise Lost," "Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded," and many historical works.

We need not, we are sure, expatiate at large on the injury to the human mind which must result from withholding from it so much of its appropriate aliment, and from depriving it of the opportunity of exercising its noblest faculty, reason, which God gave to be used in deciding between conflicting doctrines, not only in religion, but in morals and science. It takes from man all merit in belief, even if the doctrine which he is obliged to believe is true; it checks all ambition of self-improvement; it chills all ennobling aspirations; and, by paralyzing the mental, leaves without restraint or guide the bodily faculties.

Truly and forcibly does Macaulay say, when speaking of Rome: —

"To stunt the growth of the human mind has been her chief object. Throughout Christendom, whatever advance has been made in knowledge, in freedom, in wealth, and in the arts of life, has been made in spite of her, and has everywhere been in inverse proportion to her power. The loveliest and most fertile provinces of Europe have, under

her rule, been sunk in poverty, in political servitude, and in intellectual torpor, while Protestant countries, once proverbial for sterility and barbarism, have been turned by skill and industry into gardens, and can boast of a long list of heroes and statesmen, philosophers and poets. Whoever, knowing what Italy and Scotland naturally are, and what, four hundred years ago, they actually were, shall now compare the country round Rome with the country round Edinburgh, will be able to form some judgment as to the tendency of papal domination. The descent of Spain, once the first among monarchies, to the lowest depths of degradation; the elevation of Holland, in spite of many natural disadvantages, to a position such as no commonwealth so small has ever reached, teach the same lesson. Whoever passes in Germany from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant principality, in Switzerland from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant canton, in Ireland from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant county, finds that he has passed from a lower to a higher grade of civilization. On the other side of the Atlantic the same law prevails. The Protestants of the United States have left far behind them the Roman Catholics of Mexico, Peru, and Brazil. The Roman Catholics of Lower Canada remain inert, while the whole continent around them is in a ferment with Protestant activity and enterprise."

It is often said that the papal hierarchy has modified and modernized its creed, and renounced some at least of the most obnoxious powers which it once exercised. We have no evidence of this. No pope, nor council, nor bishop, has ever confirmed the statement, or acknowledged it to be true; and the admission or assertion of any individual, or any number of individuals, is not to be received as evidence, unless delivered *ex cathedra*, and authenticated by the seal of the fisherman's ring. That such a renunciation ever has been, or ever will be made, by any one competent to make it, is incredible; for it would amount to a disclaimer of the Pope's infallibility, thus demolishing the only foundation on which his authority rests.

Is not the power of excommunication, that terrible engine of punishment, still claimed and exercised? Within a year it has poured misery into the bosoms of hundreds in the State of New York. On every Maundy Thursday was read till recently at Rome, in the presence of the Pope, the Bull *In cœna Domini*, containing "excommunications and anathemas of all

heretics, and of all persons who disturb or oppose the jurisdiction of the holy see; and after the reading, the Pope threw a burning torch in the public place to denote the thunder of his anathema." In 1809, the Pope excommunicated the Emperor Napoleon, and virtually, if not expressly, absolved all his subjects from their oaths of allegiance. Did he not, in 1794, "condemn and reprobate" the acts of the *ex parte* Council of Pistoia, which approved a previous declaration of the French clergy, that the Pope had not the power to depose kings, nor to absolve subjects from their oaths of allegiance, — thus, by necessary implication, claiming this power; — and later, in 1851, anathematize a book written in Peru, to refute the doctrine that "he who governs in spiritual things, governs also in temporal"? And even later, in July last, the government of Sardinia having passed a law, as the Pope recites, "to suppress almost all the monastic and religious communities, the collegiate churches, &c., and to hand over their revenues and property to the free disposition of the civil power," he declared this law to be "null and void," and excommunicated the king and parliament which passed it. Moreover, the government of Spain having, as the Pope again recites, in the same month of July, "passed a law ordaining the sale of church property, and issued various decrees forbidding bishops to confer holy orders," &c., he, "in virtue of our [his] apostolic authority," abrogated and declared null and void the law and decrees aforesaid.

Though the papal hierarchy has renounced none of its pretensions, a great change has taken place in many parts of the Christian world; and this change has doubtless proved a restraint on its conduct. It has exercised less frequently the powers which it once exercised often. Its thunder has not been so frequent nor so loud. Well remembering that its power has had alternate periods of decline and restoration, it waits, and waits patiently, taking care not to excite alarm, for the time when the thunder of the Vatican shall be again efficient, not only to terrify the ignorant and credulous, but to rally under its banner the selfish, ambitious, and sceptical. That it is a political, as well as a religious party, its whole career gives manifest and forcible testimony.

We make no charge against the Romish religion, nor do we feel the slightest hostility towards its professors as such. We have the same regard for our neighbor who believes in transubstantiation, in purgatory, in the invocation of saints, in the immaculate conception of Mary, as for him whose belief is identical with ours. We do not know nor think that so believing, if his belief is sincere, makes him less honest, less benevolent, less patriotic. But not ranking among religious tenets the belief that any man, or body of men, has a perfect right to interpret to us the will of God, and to insist that such interpretation is imperative, we do feel, we confess, and have long felt, hostility to the papal hierarchy. This feeling is justified and confirmed by facts of which all history is full, and by results which are continually made manifest. We are confident that it does not arise from religious prejudice. It has a moral rather than a religious, a political rather than a moral origin, — using the word *political* in its primitive and best meaning. We are sure that the claims of the papal hierarchy are inconsistent with political liberty, with self-government, with free institutions, with intellectual progress, and with the elevation of the human race. We reject its arrogant assumption, that the Romish Church is the only true church; and its teaching, that all are doomed to eternal perdition who stand without its pale. We deny its right to found a claim to precedence on any doctrine or custom of the early Christians. On the contrary, we find in authentic history conclusive proof that this claim is founded only on usurpation over ignorance and credulity, at a time when the whole world was in eclipse; and we charge it with taking superstition to its aid, and using all the power and influence which, by any means whatever, it has acquired, not to enlighten the mind, but to thicken and prolong intellectual darkness, in order to exercise its sway the more easily and despotically. We do not deny to the members of the hierarchy the possession of the common attributes of humanity, — the best of them; but these are turned from their appropriate function by the delusive doctrine (we think we should be pardoned for using a harsher term) of Jesuitism, that acts which would otherwise be wicked become praiseworthy and

holy, — "pious frauds," — if performed for the benefit of the Church. We do not ask that the law shall make any distinction between the Romanist and the Protestant; we insist that both shall be allowed to enjoy equal and complete religious liberty; and we trust that the State governments will not permit any man, or any class of men, belonging to the clerical profession, to possess any such power over property intended for religious or charitable uses, as may enable him or them to exercise the slightest authority over others in religious ceremonials, or in the worship of God.

We do not hesitate to call the attention of the friends of freedom, as well as of theologians, to the work of Dr. Beecher. He has gathered, and given to the public, a multitude of facts in relation to the exercise of powers, temporal as well as ecclesiastical, by the Pope, showing his claim to be the appointed vicar-general of our Saviour on earth; has expatiated on the intolerance, immorality, and impiety of the priesthood; and charges the Romish Corporation, as he styles what is usually called the Roman Catholic Church, with having formed and matured a conspiracy to restore and annex America to the papal see. From the vigor of his attacks and the severity of his censures, sometimes transgressing the bounds of temperate discussion, we perceive that he heartily despises that coward cant of candor, which betrays a fear of blame for saying aught against any religious sect, even if the purpose and effect of saying it should be to secure to all men the right to worship God according to the dictates of conscience.

We think there can be no question that the papal hierarchy intends, expects, and is acting with a set purpose, to obtain a firm foothold, and ultimately, at some period near or remote, a predominance in these United States. In this it is but acting in compliance with a necessity imposed by its constitution and creed. Its functionaries have always been propagandists, and would be obviously false to the belief they profess, — that there is no salvation out of the pale of their Church, — if they should cease to be so. They are but using instruments contrived and furnished for that purpose, and embracing opportunities auspicious for its accomplishment. Was it not for

this purpose principally that the Pope, forty years ago, revived the order of the Jesuits, an order once rejected by all Europe, and now distrusted and abhorred in many parts of it? What means the constant influx of members of this order into these States? What inference must be drawn from the multiplication of Jesuit colleges and seminaries of education, in which nothing is taught tending to impart independence and vigor to the mind? And is not all reasonable doubt removed by the boasts, occasionally uttered by organs of the hierarchy, — to what degree accredited organs we pretend not to know, — that the time will assuredly come when this country, which once belonged to the Pope, will be again subjected to his control?

We are not surprised that these confident boasts, and the inauspicious signs which constantly force themselves on our attention, have produced alarm. We know that an inordinate thirst for power has ever kept the hierarchy restless and active; and that, in resorting to modes and means for that end, its members are not restrained by any conscientious scruples, believing that whatever may be done for the benefit of their Church, the holy and only true Church, is permitted, if not commanded. They find here subjects to operate on, and agents to work with, well adapted to insure success, if success is possible. There is not among us, it is true, so much of ignorance, credulity, and superstition as prevailed in Europe in the Dark Ages; but more exists than is generally supposed, and the comparative amount is constantly increasing. The delegated leaders have, and will continue to have, for efficient aids and instruments, purely selfish ambition, and zealous, infuriated party spirit, reckless of aught save present success. They cannot have forgotten the lessons of their own experience, and as, in the ages of barbarism, on every occasion of aiding a rival claimant to a throne, they advanced a step in their long ascent to supreme power, so here and now they may offer such aid to one of many aspirants to a position much more elevated, demanding and receiving a similar reward. The past history of the republic gives us no assurance of absolute safety; and we do not therefore feel inclined to ridicule all apprehensions of danger. We rather welcome and cherish them as indications that the love of civil and religious liberty is still fresh in the

hearts of many among us, and that there are sentinels on our watch-towers who will not cease to warn us against that apathetic confidence of safety which invites danger.

It must be a comforting reflection to those who have no fear of the ultimate predominance of the papal hierarchy in this country, and regret what they consider unfounded accusations, that all the efforts which could properly be made to prevent that predominance are appropriate and even necessary efforts to avert the lesser evil, and yet a great evil, of such increase of this power as would perpetuate as they are, and multiply among us, a numerous population, whose intellectual faculties would be "cabined, cribbed, confined," — whose volitions would not be their own, — whose conduct would be guided by a single will, whenever that will should determine to guide it, — and who, stationary themselves, would, instead of aiding, retard the upward progress of man, and the onward progress of the republic.

Art. VI. — *Der Jakobiner Klub. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der Parteien und der politischen Sitten im Revolutions-Zeitalter, von* J. W. Zinkeisen. Berlin: Erster Theil. 1852. Zweiter Theil. 1853. [The Jacobin Club. A Contribution to the History of Parties and Political Morals during the Revolutionary Period, by J. W. Zinkeisen. 2 vols.]

It required all the industry and research for which the Germans are proverbial, to prepare this most valuable contribution to historical literature. The work is thorough and accurate, and its author is obviously a complete master of his subject, to which he has devoted years of labor in collecting and digesting the mass of memoirs, journals, and fly-sheets, in which the history of the Jacobin Club is, of necessity, principally to be found. He seems, indeed, to have sought information in every possible quarter, occasionally drawing a few items even from American sources, and once, at least, from the reports of the insane asylums of Paris, to which retreats, indeed, some

of his personages might sooner have found their way to the advantage of France and the world. Mr. Zinkeisen is by no means unknown in the rich historical literature of Germany. He has, if we mistake not, made more than one valuable contribution to it; but the only other work of his which we can claim to have examined is his History of the Turkish Empire in Europe, of which but two volumes have as yet appeared. It forms a portion of the valuable series of histories of European countries, known, from the names of its original editors, as the Heeren and Ukert series. Mr. Zinkeisen's work upon Turkey is not so voluminous nor so documentary as the great work of Von Hammer, nor is it likely to procure him so substantial a triple reward in titles, fame, and money; but it will probably be read by twenty persons where that is by one.

We could praise the typographical appearance of the History of the Jacobin Club, were we not sorry to perceive that Mr. Zinkeisen has so far enrolled himself among the disciples of the brothers Grimm — the Noah Websters of Germany — as to print his book in Roman letters, abandoning the familiar Germanic characters. The arguments may all be in favor of the Roman letters. Perhaps the German letters never *ought* to have existed; but they have existed, it is under their guise that we have become acquainted with the works of the poets, philosophers, and historians of Germany, and we therefore see with sorrow any attempt to cast aside these old servants, rather these old friends, who have been so faithful to us. It may be mere fancy or habit, but we seem to see in the very forms of the German letters something characteristic of the noble language of the "Fatherland." But perhaps, instead of complaining, we ought to be grateful that our author has stopped where he has; that he has not, with the Grimms, in their desire to introduce a literal "republic of letters" deprived his substantives of their familiar capitals, nor dropped out an *h* here and slipped it in there, in obedience to some newly discovered rule that it does no good in the one place and will do some in the other, or that its insertion or omission was originally a flagrant violation of the analogies of the language, — which we believe is the phrase of progressive lexicographers. Did we hope that the suggestion would be heeded, we would, more-

over, venture a protest against the practice which Mr. Zinkeisen has perhaps rightly followed, as it is almost universal in Germany, and which is becoming very common in England and America, that of publishing the volumes of historical works at different, and often widely separated periods. But we fear that the direct and obvious advantages which this course possesses will so far combine with fashion as to overpower the still greater, though less apparent, advantages of the other course, so that our protest would be of little avail; and we will therefore, with a word or two about Mr. Zinkeisen's style, pass to the real object of this paper, — a sketch of the interior history of the Jacobin Club. The style seems to us, on the whole, clear and concise. There is, indeed, occasionally a confused sentence, or a strained metaphor, or an expression which in point of grammar bids defiance to all the rules of our Ollendorff (as Vol. II. p. 511); but when we compare it with the complex style of some of his countrymen, Neander for example, we see abundant cause to be grateful. There might perhaps be good ground for accusing our author of wandering from his subject, as for instance in much that is said of Mirabeau, but he defends that great man so successfully from the charges which have been ignorantly brought against him, that we forgive this digression at least, and, as we propose to follow him in others, criticism would hardly be appropriate.

It is, no doubt, an essential characteristic of the human mind that leads men to seek strength in association, and "the fate and activity of the Jacobin Club certainly present the most remarkable and momentous episode in the history of this spirit of association. It is at once the history of the entire club system, as it developed itself at the time of the first French Revolution, and forms therefore a most important contribution to the history of parties and political customs during the Revolution. For, while, on the one side, the ever bolder stand taken by the Jacobin Club led to the formation of all the more important unions of this sort, which, starting from various points of view, fancied they could withstand its boundless activity, on the other hand, the club system and the levelling spirit which animated it penetrated, with that as its model and under its power, through all classes of society, into the

most trifling relations, to the very vital nerve of the whole nation, in a manner that could not fail to raise it to a power to which in its way the history of the world can show no parallel."

Mr. Zinkeisen divides the history of this too famous Club into six principal periods, which mark sufficiently its decisive eras. They are, — 1. The history of the *Club Breton* from its origin at Versailles to its removal to Paris in consequence of the events of October 5th and 6th, 1789, and the removal thither of the Assembly; 2. Its transformation into the Club of the Friends of the Constitution in the Jacobin Convent at Paris (*Société des Amis de la Constitution séante aux Jacobins à Paris*), and its contest with the moderate constitutional principle of the Revolution, till the separation of the Feuillans from it in July, 1791; 3. The continued contest between the Jacobins and the Feuillans, and the decisive victory of the former, down to the "September days" in 1792; 4. The contest of the Jacobins and Girondists, and the defeat of the latter, down to the end of October, 1793; 5. The Jacobin Club during the Reign of Terror down to the Ninth Thermidor, or July 27, 1794; and 6. The decline of Jacobinism, and the final closing of the Club, on November 11, 1794, with the subsequent attempts at its revival. We do not propose to present here even a sketch of the contents of the two capacious volumes before us, — which contain indeed a history of the French Revolution from a new and original point of view, — but rather to confine ourselves to an account of the Club itself and its mode of organization, — to what may be called its inner history, — touching but briefly upon its outward activity, its contests and victories, which are to be found detailed at greater or less length in every history of the period. We are moved to attempt this by the surprising fact that, much as has been written of the Jacobins and Jacobinism, we have nowhere in the English language found anything approaching to a complete account of the organization of the Club, and what is contained in most of our histories upon the subject abounds in egregious errors, so numerous that the matter had better been left untouched. Still, we cannot point out these errors in detail, from want of space; but our own description, which, with Mr. Zinkeisen's assistance, we

trust will be found correct, will enable any one curious in the matter to discover them. The wide diffusion and general correctness of Alison's History of Europe must however be our excuse for referring to some of the errors into which its author has fallen.

Our author traces the origin of the French Clubs back to the "Committees" of our own Revolution, which were copied by the French nobility, among whom the diffusion of liberal principles in politics became at one time a sort of mania. But the first society which took the name of a club arose at Paris in 1782, and owed its origin to a trivial occurrence. The Duke of Orleans, then Duke of Chartres, cut down most of the trees in the Palais Royal in order to make room for shops, so that a crowd of idlers, who had been accustomed to meet beneath them, were driven to seek another place of meeting, and found it in certain rooms of the same Palais Royal, where the police allowed them to assemble on the express condition that they should not discuss politics nor religion. Thus was founded the *Club Politique*, as it was named, *lucus a non lucendo*. It soon led, both in Paris and in the provinces, to numerous similar associations, which, however, did not always observe the order not to discuss politics; and among others we find mention made in 1785 of a *Club des Américains*, whose members called themselves *puristes libéraux*. These clubs, however, were strictly confined to the upper classes, and were in many respects not unlike the English clubs of the present day. On the meeting of the Etats Généraux at Versailles, the deputies from Brittany, influenced probably by the peculiar condition of that province, formed the Club Breton, which was destined to become the world-renowned Jacobin Club, and to exercise for some years an almost unlimited despotism over France.* The first idea of the Club Breton proceeded from

* Alison's statement (I. 474), that "it had its meetings in Paris, and embraced all the decided democrats both in and out of the Assembly," is, therefore, as applied to the period of which he is speaking, incorrect in both particulars. He indeed contradicts himself; for on a subsequent page (II. 9) he says: "The Club Breton, which, as already noticed, contained the extreme Revolutionary characters, hitherto, however, *confined to members of the States-General, followed the Assembly from Versailles*," &c. We are also disposed to doubt his assertion on the point first referred to, that "little is known of its designs, because all its members were bound by a solemn oath to

no less a personage then Mirabeau, but its founder was Chapelier, a young advocate from Rennes, at whose instance the forty-four deputies from Brittany opened their Club in rooms at No. 36 Avenue St. Cloud, at Versailles, during the month of May, 1789. Its original object was merely the preliminary discussion of the questions which from time to time arose in the States-General, and the advantages of this course, as at once manifested in the correct information and sound judgment of the Breton deputies in that body, soon led to a desire among the deputies of other provinces to join in its deliberations, which was readily allowed, without any formalities. Among its members who afterwards became prominent were the Abbé Siéyes, the brothers Lameth, Barnave, Robespierre, and others. As early as June 22, it contained as many as one hundred and fifty members, but from that time till its removal to Paris there are no data for determining their number, though it was largely increased. Soon, a certain formality began to be observed at its meetings, but for a considerable time no records were kept. The prevailing sentiment of the Club was originally by no means hostile to the king, though it soon became so in some degree, after a proffer of its services had been rejected by the ministers. What the result would have been had the government acted differently in this respect it is impossible to tell; but "who," says our author, "could have then imagined, that out of this society of a few deputies of the third estate a power would gradually arise which would finally dare, under the shield of certain principles, to insult and bid defiance to all the powers of the state, the throne, the National Assembly, the armed forces and public opinion, — a power which in its unlimited development could only lead to ruin and political madness?" Repulsed, ridiculed, and misrepresented by the court, the Club Breton began to assume a decided position, to open a correspondence with the provinces, and, in Brittany at least, to encourage the formation of similar associations, in which we may detect the first traces of that grand system of affiliated societies, which constituted the

divulge none of its proceedings." If such an oath was ever taken, it was never observed; for we do not find that there is the least obscurity hanging over the designs of the Club Breton.

great source of the power of the Jacobin Club. The Club Breton, however, adhered in general to its original object of the preliminary discussion of important questions, though it sometimes originated measures, — as the abolition of feudal rights, decreed August 4, 1789, — and its influence extended itself more and more, though, as its meetings were not public, its proceedings were not published, and its members were exclusively deputies, it did not come into contact with the people, and its influence with them was therefore very limited.

On October 19, 1789, the Assembly transferred its sessions to Paris, and the Club Breton naturally followed its example, procuring a place of meeting near that of the Assembly, — which was at what is now the corner of the Rue Castiglione and the Rue de Rivoli, — in the convent of the Jacobins in the Rue St. Honoré, whence it afterwards received and adopted the name of the Jacobin Club. Two hundred francs a year were paid as rent for the dining-room,* and an equal sum provided the requisite furniture, which at first consisted only of some second-hand chairs and some cheap tables for the officers. The meetings were at once commenced, but seem not to have been very numerously attended; for the radical tendencies, as they were then considered, of some of the members had alarmed the more moderate ones, so that on the first day only about a hundred were present; but that number was doubled on the second day. Officers were elected, and the rules of the Assembly were, on recommendation of a committee, adopted for the guidance of the Club. As it had ceased to be composed exclusively of deputies from a single province, it was natural that its original name of Club Breton should no longer be considered appropriate, and with a good deal of sagacity they selected the attractive name of *Société des Amis de la Constitution;* for the names of Jacobins and Jacobin Club date from a later period, and, like so many other party names, are said to have been first derisively applied by their opponents, though they seem to have been readily adopted by the members, and were in general use as early as the beginning of

* It was not the library, as Alison (II. 9) asserts. That was afterwards used for a short time, when the Club had outgrown the room first occupied, as we shall presently see.

the year 1790. The other was, however, retained as the official name till a much later period, namely, till September 21, 1792, when the Jacobins, having ceased to pretend to care for the constitution, thought proper to change the name to *Société des Jacobins, Amis de l'Egalité et de la Liberté.* As in the Club Breton, deputies alone could at first be members; but soon, in order to increase the intellectual power and influence of the society, political writers who had distinguished themselves by their useful works were admitted, though the number of these was limited to two hundred, who must be residents of Paris; and such was the care pursued in the selection, that it was two months before the number was complete. The time had not come, as Bertrand de Moleville remarks, when the only question put was, "What hast thou done to deserve to be hung?"* On the contrary, a committee of twelve was appointed, (*comité de présentation,*) which met every Thursday to examine the claims of members proposed and the papers of those newly elected. It was to the same committee that at a later period the examination of the credentials of the delegates from the affiliated societies was intrusted. The Duke of Chartres, afterwards Louis Philippe, was elected a member of this committee on November 3, 1790. The election of members of the Club took place at first on nomination by two members, but afterwards, in the case of those not deputies, five and six were required, who guaranteed the political and moral character of the candidate, and then, if the committee found nothing against him, he was ballotted for by the Club.† All nominations were in writing, and

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* Nor did this time ever come. Bertrand de Moleville, like many other authors, misrepresents this matter by suppressing the qualifying clause. The whole phrase was, "What hast thou done to be hung if the reaction should triumph" (*si la contre-révolution arrivait*)? But even in this form it was only a casual expression used by an *enragé*, Dubois Crancé, in the Jacobin Club, December 28, 1793, and it never was a question authoritatively put to new members. Alison (II. 131) gives the whole expression, but falls into the error of supposing that it was really one of the questions put to applicants for admission.

† Alison's statement (II. 9), that "from this time [the removal to Paris] admission was given to all persons who were recommended by two members of the society as fit to belong to it," is therefore not correct. As little so is the passage (p. 131), "Never was a man of honor — seldom a man of virtue — admitted within the so-

signed by at least one member of the committee. The names of those nominated remained during two meetings posted on a list, with the names of those proposing them. A person once rejected could not ordinarily be proposed again within a month. Any member proved to have expressed either orally or in writing, or by his daily actions to have exhibited, opinions in conflict with the constitution or the rights of man, "in a word, with the spirit of the society," might be called to account by the president, or expelled by a majority of votes. Members not visiting the Club for a month could be expelled, unless a good reason was given for their absence. Twenty-one years was the age at which a person could be eligible, and when Louis Philippe (we use his later name) proposed to reduce this age to eighteen, avowing that his object was to render his younger brother, the Duc de Montpensier, eligible, it was considered better to make an exception to the rule than to alter it, — an exception justified, it was urged, by the excellence of the Duke's education. Such were the general rules concerning members and their admission, but at various periods in the history of the Club they seem to have been slightly varied.

The number of deputies who became members soon increased to four hundred, and, after the number of two hundred non-deputies had been filled up, so much opposition was manifested to the limitation that it was removed, and others than authors were admitted, though the preference seems still to have been given to the latter. But in this way the Club soon outgrew its room, and removed, first into the library, and afterwards into the church, of the Jacobins, which latter was elegantly fitted up for its meetings, and was occupied by it till its final dissolution. This room or hall formed a rather long quadrangle, on all sides of which the seats for the members and for those on whom "the honor of the sitting" was bestowed, rose like an amphitheatre. At the middle of one of the longer sides was the orator's tribune, while opposite to it were the secretaries' desks, and above them that of the president, both

ciety; it had an innate horror of every one who was not attached to its fortunes by the hellish bond of committed wickedness. A robber, an assassin, was certain of admission, as sure as the victim of their violence was of rejection." He speaks in a similar manner on p. 58.

mere plain tables. On the right of the president, and obliquely opposite to the tribune, was the reporters' place, while behind the president was a sort of altar of black marble of considerable size, which had originally been a Gothic monument. On the lower and middle part of this were "the rights of man," inscribed on a richly ornamented tablet, around which were — for we are anticipating in point of time, and speak of 1792 — pictures representing the principal events of the Revolution. Upon the altar were the busts of Brutus, Rousseau, Helvetius, Mirabeau, Franklin, and others, while over it hung three standards of freedom around a bundle of pikes, from which one pike projected, and bore, for some time at least, the red cap, the symbol of liberty. In April, 1792, the chains of some mutinous soldiers, who had been condemned to the galleys and afterwards freed in triumph by a sort of insurrection, were hung in festoons around the walls, as a peculiar ornament. At each end of the room were two very large galleries for spectators, one over the other, the lower one being intended for women and the upper for men. On the front of these galleries was the motto of the Club, *Vivre libre ou mourier.* The hall was always brilliantly lighted,* and it never was the case that the members were dirty, tattered persons. The members were always well dressed, and Robespierre is spoken of as maintaining a striking elegance in his attire at the meetings of the Club, for which he was accustomed to prepare himself "with as much care as a lady for a ball." † The rabble never were members of the Jacobin Club itself. They found places of meeting in numerous societies patronized and countenanced, it

* As usual when speaking of the Jacobin Club, Alison is incorrect in saying (II. 131) that "a few lamps only lighted the vast extent of the room," and (II. 536) "night and day they sat debating in their vast and gloomy hall."

† Alison is again wrong in asserting (II. 131) that "the members appeared for the most part in shabby attire," and the two following passages from the same and the preceding pages are better rhetoric than history: "Numbers of bats at night flitted through the vast and gloomy vaults, and by their screams augmented the din of the meeting. Such was the strife of contending voices, that muskets were discharged at intervals to produce a temporary cessation of the tumult." (!) "In this den of darkness were prepared the bloody lists of proscription and massacre; the meetings were opened with revolutionary songs, and shouts of applause followed each addition to the list of murder, each account of its perpetration by the affiliated societies."

is true, by the Jacobin Club, and some of them meeting in the same building, but never having any recognized official connection with it.* We may add, though Mr. Zinkeisen nowhere expressly mentions it, that the members of the Jacobin Club usually sat with their hats on, but spoke always with uncovered heads. The ordinary meetings were held four times a week, (though at one time they seem to have been held every day that the Assembly did not sit, except Sundays and feast days,) from six o'clock till ten in the evening; but extraordinary meetings were sometimes convened, and at times the Club declared itself *en permanence*, and sat through day and night. Every meeting was opened by the reading of the journal of the preceding one. The ordinary mode of voting was by rising and sitting. The officers were all members of the Club, serving without pay, and elected at regular intervals, the president being chosen at first once a month, but afterwards every fortnight. In the absence of the president, the last of his predecessors who was present seems to have taken his place. One of the most important offices was that of the four censors (*censeurs*) or ushers, who took seats near the four secretaries, and who seem to have discharged the various functions of the sergeant-at-arms, door-keepers, and pages of the legislative bodies of this country; for we find that it was their duty to care for the order and inner police of the room, to carry to the president or secretaries anything that the members desired to send, and to receive at the door the cards of admission of the members and others; for as long as the meetings were not public, a limited number of persons were admitted by tickets issued for the purpose. The censors, moreover, took care that during the meeting every member wore his ticket in his button-hole as a distinguishing mark. These tickets bore the members' names, and were not transferable, the violation of this rule being punished by expulsion, which, Louis Philippe records, was once inflicted while he was censor.

* These societies for the populace, the *Sociétés Fraternelles* and *Société des Deux Sexes*, were first established towards the close of 1790. They admitted every one, men, women, and even children of twelve years of age. No fees were paid, but every member in turn was obliged to bring a tallow candle for the president's table. They met ordinarily on Sunday and Tuesday evenings.

The expenses of the Club for rent, light, correspondence, &c. were considerable, and continually on the increase. Every member, therefore, paid 36 livres (about $7.20) a year, but how small a portion of the actual expenses this sum would meet may be inferred from the fact, that in 1791 the disbursements were 47,000 livres for printing, and 40,000 for postage. The precise number of members in that year does not appear, but in the first half of the year 1792 the average number of members was 3,500, who would therefore have paid 126,000 livres, a sum which could by no means have sufficed for the ordinary and obvious expenses of the Club, and, moreover, by that time the secret expenses had grown to be quite large. There was for a considerable period great difficulty in ascertaining from what source the Jacobins drew the money to supply this deficiency. For a time they may have obtained something from the Orleanist party, but that resource must have soon ceased, and there were few, if any, members able and willing to devote their own private property to the promotion of the objects of the Club. Indeed, at one time the want of money is said by one of their number, who afterwards became their bitter opponent, to have been so great, that they readily admitted new members for the sake of their fees; and it is certain that the very existence of the Club was for a season endangered, because the ground on which their hall was situated was judicially ordered to be brought to the hammer, in consequence of the inability on the part of the person who, in the interest of the Club, had bought it, to meet his payments. This was at once cunningly declared to be a trick of the ministers to destroy the Club, and an appeal to the patriotism and purses of its members and friends produced, in a short time, 700,000 francs, which relieved it from its troubles. Still, such an expedient could not be renewed. Contributions were at first taken up at every meeting, but their product was so small that the practice was finally continued only in order to conceal the true source of the money which was at times so freely spent. There seems now to be no doubt that this money was derived from counterfeit *assignats*, made in the prisons of Paris, and put into circulation by the followers of the Club. So well known was this to some persons, that

Delangle, one of the Commissioners of the Sections, in a report presented to the ministers could say: "I offer to prove that 50,000 francs of counterfeit *assignats* are made daily in the prisons of Paris. I will give the rooms and the number, and I willpoint out the straw beds, the walls, the floors, in and beneath which they may be found. I will also prove that the false *assignats* which are seized are, instead of being burned, immediately put into circulation again." In the prison of La Force alone several millions of francs of these false *assignats* were made in six months, and sold at a low price to those who circulated them; and the ministers, though well aware of this state of things, had not the courage to put a stop to it, not even though, after the bloody days of September, 1792, all the instruments necessary for counterfeiting were discovered and seized. They merely contented themselves with one or two arrests. Could anything better show the timidity and powerlessness of the government, or the corruption and audacity of the Jacobins?

As for the relations of the public to the Club, the people were at first entirely shut out from all participation in its proceedings, because its meetings were not open, and only a small number could be daily admitted by the cards of admission already referred to.* This naturally caused considerable dissatisfaction both within and without the Club; but though the place for spectators had probably been enlarged during the short time that the Club occupied the library, it was not till they removed to the church that a preparation in any respect adequate was made for the public. The galleries there would contain 1,500 persons, and were constantly crowded; being often filled four hours before the meeting opened. They soon became the meeting-place of large numbers of the lower classes, who were ready to serve any one who could work upon the senses or the imaginations of the masses by good money or poor rhetoric. Both in the Assembly and in the Jacobin Club the galleries were an important, and not seldom a decisive, element in the strife of contending parties, granting or withholding their applause as it was made for their interest

* They were not, and could not be, as Alison asserts (II. 9), "freely given to all persons of known republican principles."

to do, so that vast sums of money were spent, especially by the court, in seeking to win their favor. But they ever constituted a most fickle, unreliable body, dangerous alike to their opponents and to those who attempted to control them.

The galleries assigned to the women in the Jacobin Club had a peculiar interest and influence. "Here could generally be seen in the front ranks the heroines of the *Halles* and the public squares, who had won their first blood-stained laurels at Versailles on the 5th and 6th of October, and who, since that terrible triumph of moral degradation, had raised themselves to a real revolutionary power, which became the more difficult to control the more people coquetted with it and attempted to use it for their own purposes." Among these heroines there always appeared in the front rank "that peasant-girl from Liège, with her already somewhat faded charms, whom the storm of the Revolution had suddenly transformed into an Amazon and heroine of virtue." Anna Joseph Théroigne, or, as she was commonly called, Théroigne de Méricourt, "la Belle Liégoise," was of a family of opulent cultivators, and was born at Méricourt, near Liège, in 1759, so that she was no longer young when she came to Paris in 1789. Her remarkable beauty had at an early age attracted the notice of a young nobleman of the vicinity, by whom she was seduced and abandoned. Forced from her quiet home into the great world, she went first to England, where her personal charms gained for her a luxurious, though not very reputable, support from some members of the nobility; but shortly before the breaking out of the Revolution she came to Paris, and there formed influential connections with many distinguished members of the National Assembly, and others, chiefly, it is said, through letters of introduction from the Duke of Orleans, whom she had met at the house of the Prince of Wales. Mirabeau, who was never proof against the lure of female beauty, was attracted by her for a time, but the Abbé Sièyes was "her particular divinity," and it was to his talents and virtues that she publicly offered her homage. Chénier, the younger of the poet brothers, Pétion, and others, were also her friends, and they soon wrought her up to a state of the greatest exaltation, filling her head with republican platitudes.

Erelong her ardent mind seems to have become tired of the routine of sensual pleasures, and she threw herself without reserve into the storms and passions of the Revolution. Suddenly she became a model of republican virtue; and, as Beaulieu expresses it, "the most innocent gallantry makes her frown, and the voluptuous Cyprian is suddenly metamorphosed into a grave and severe Minerva." Soon she was seen in every public place, dressed in Amazon costume, selected not without some traces of female coquetry. She wore a short cloth coat, a hat and feather *à la Henri Quatre*, a sword at her side, and two pistols in her girdle, and carried in her hand a riding-whip, on which was said to be—though this was, probably, only a slander of her enemies—a smelling-bottle *pour neutraliser l'odeur du peuple.* Her peculiar dress and manner struck the common people, and gave her at once a great influence over them, so that wherever she appeared she was most enthusiastically received, and treated as a being from a higher sphere. She was personally courageous in the extreme, and understood how to work upon the imagination of the populace by a sort of natural eloquence, which she garnished with a variety of political catchwords that she had picked up. She was ever active in all the revolutionary movements. On October 5th, she rode beside "Jourdan Coup-Tête," at the head of the hideous procession which brought the king captive to Paris, and she was prominent at the plundering of the Hotel des Invalides, and at the storming of the Bastille. In the morning she could be found among the people in the public squares, or at a favorite *café;* in the afternoon, in the National Assembly; and in the evening, at the Jacobin Club. "Here she had almost unlimited sway; a glance, a motion of her whip, a word from her in a decisive moment, could electrify the masses to enthusiasm, or, in the midst of a tumult, conjure them into silence again. The applause and disapprobation of the public rested with her, a fact of which the party leaders were well aware, and they did not fail to pay her court, to humor her conceits, and to avail themselves of her influence. Very respectable people did not consider that they were degrading themselves by personally lavishing praises upon her in her house, where, after the labors and heats of the

day were over, she was accustomed to gather about her a sort of small club." One day, early in 1790, she presented herself at the assembly of the District of the Cordeliers, and demanded permission to speak, which was accorded amid great applause, and cries of "Here comes the Queen of Sheba to visit the Solomons of the district"; and, seizing upon these cries, she began, "Yes, the fame of your wisdom has brought me to your midst. Prove now that you are truly Solomons,—that it is reserved for you to build the temple,—and hasten to build a temple for the National Assembly; that is the subject of my speech." She then went on to develop her plan for the erection of a magnificent hall for the Assembly, upon the ground once occupied by the Bastille. "The ground of the Bastille is vacant," said she; "a hundred thousand workmen are in want of bread. Why do we delay? Let a subscription be opened at once, to build a palace for the National Assembly upon the site of the Bastille. All France will hasten to support you; she waits only for the signal. Call together the most celebrated artists, open a competition among the architects; cut down the cedars of Lebanon, the oaks of Mount Ida. Yes, if ever the stones move of themselves, it must be to build, not the walls of Thebes, but the Temple of Freedom." Thus, with a mass of Scriptural and classical allusions not inaptly applied, she unfolded at great length her idea of what the building should be. Her proposal was received with much applause; but when Théroigne demanded to be allowed a place and a vote in the district assembly, this was refused, the president declaring that this excellent *citoyenne* deserved the thanks of the assembly, and that, as a canon of the Council of Mâcon had declared that women possessed souls and understandings like men, they could not be denied the right to make as good a use of them as the speaker had done; that she, and all of her sex, could make whatever proposals they considered advantageous for the state; but as for the admission of Mademoiselle de Théroigne to the assembly with a vote, that was out of order, and could not be a subject of deliberation.

Such greatness as hers is always transient, and especially so in revolutionary periods. Her friends soon began to find

her troublesome, and, under some pretext or other, they sent her on a mission to Belgium, where she was taken prisoner by the Austrians, and set free only after a personal interview with the Emperor Leopold, at Vienna. Early in 1792 she again appeared at Paris, and on February 1st presented herself before the Jacobin Club in full Amazon costume, and, by permission, gave an account of her imprisonment and adventures, winding up with the announcement of her willingness to publish her "Memoirs," "which could not fail to be of great interest to the numerous enemies of aristocracy and despotism." The president was disposed to get rid of her with a brief answer; but the more gallant Manuel said: "There was a time when a society of men propounded the question whether women have souls. If our fathers had so bad an opinion of women, it was because they were not free. Freedom would have shown them, as it has us, that it is as easy for nature to create a Porcia as a Scævola. You have just heard one of the first Amazons of freedom. I propose that, as president of her sex, she receive the honors of the meeting, and take a seat by the side of the president." But her power was in a great measure gone, and she seems to have soon sunk down to a level with the most depraved of the heroines of the Revolution, and to have stained her name with the most frightful crimes. On the 10th of October she was among the first to commence the terrible cruelties of that day. She seized a young royalist writer, who in the hour of misfortune had supported the falling cause, and delivered him to the assassins by whom she was surrounded, who instantly cut off his head, and paraded it on a pike through the streets. She seems even to have shared in the dreadful cannibalism of that day. On the division of the Jacobins into Jacobins proper and Girondists, she attached herself to the party of the latter with great zeal; and one day in April, 1793, she made a public announcement that she had "determined henceforth to withdraw her esteem from Robespierre and Collot d'Herbois," a misfortune which Robespierre did not fail to announce to the Jacobin Club, amid roars of laughter, which so enraged the heroine, who happened to be in one of the galleries, that she sprang over the barrier

into the hall, and, before any one could stop her, made her way, whip in hand, with terrible gestures and threats, to the president's desk, where she essayed to speak. But she was at once, in spite of all her opposition, thrust out of the hall, in the most ungallant manner. It was her attachment to the Girondists which finally caused her withdrawal from public life; for having ventured one day in May, 1793, to defend Brissot in public at an inopportune moment, she was attacked in the garden of the Tuileries by a crowd of excited women, who stripped her naked, and publicly flogged her. Such a humiliation was too great for her vanity to bear; she lost her reason, and, after living for twenty years or more in a madhouse, entirely deranged, almost always in a state of nudity, and declaiming alternately bloody diatribes and outpourings of obscenity, she died on May 9, 1817, in the great asylum of the Salpétrière, at Paris. Beaulieu, speaking of her near the close of her public career, says that "she had absolutely lost all her charms, and was lean, livid, and pimpled; in short, Théroigne was the walking image of the Revolution." Lamartine calls her "the impure Joan of Arc of the public square." In his account of her subsequent meeting with her seducer at Paris, he probably, like Sheridan's opponent, is "indebted to his imagination for his facts." It would be charitable to Théroigne de Méricourt and to her sex to suppose that the cruelties which marked the latter part of her revolutionary career were committed under the influence of that insanity which afterwards developed itself more decidedly. But alas! there were too many of her sex who without her charms and her eloquence imitated her in her crimes.

A scarcely less conspicuous character was Rose Lacombe, who was ever prominent at the Jacobin Club and elsewhere. She had been an actress of some repute, but had abandoned the stage to play a part upon the great theatre of the Revolution, and by her youth and beauty, as well as by her singular conduct and her remarkable courage, she contrived to gain great power over the masses. Not satisfied with the existing field for her activity, she became the founder of those female clubs, which, however much they were ridiculed by the leaders of the Revolution, still continued to exist for a long period,

at one time contained six thousand members, and were even an object of jealousy and alarm to the Jacobins. We shall return to them in a moment, but desire first to add a few words more concerning the galleries for women at the Jacobin Club. It was of course no more than natural that the occupants of these galleries should come to consist exclusively of the lower classes, of the "*furies de la guillotine*," the "*tricoteuses de Robespierre*,"* but at first this was by no means the case; and ladies from the upper classes, who it is well known were great politicians, often appeared in them. Indeed, one of the most extraordinary phenomena of the French Revolution is the manner in which it was at first countenanced by the upper classes, and especially by the gentler sex. It was the fashion to favor the Revolution, and more than once were heard, from the mouths of those who afterwards died beneath the knife of the guillotine, the words, "What a nice thing a revolution is!" But with this feeling female vanity, and even love, had much to do. As Ferrières says, with some bitterness, "What a triumph for their *amour propre* to decide in a discussion, to animate by a gesture, by a glance, a patriot speaking from the tribune the burning words of liberty! And then was it nothing to go and come, to have at one's house mysterious conferences, to discuss there the great interests of twenty-four millions of men who were being regenerated, to intrigue at Paris, to talk about a constitution, to assert how they hated despotism and its agents?" With the prevalence of such a feeling as these words indicate, it could hardly be otherwise than that the female politicians should become frequent visitors of the Jacobin Club, and that for a time court ladies should be seen sitting side by side with women of the *halles*. That this, however, did not and could not last, we have already said.

And now to return to the subject of the female clubs. After the first novelty of the Revolution had passed away, the part played by the women seems to have been for a time compara-

* The origin of this peculiar designation is somewhat singular. It was bestowed in consequence of the comical manner in which Chaumette closed a decree of the Communes, which allowed the "*citoyennes patriotiques*" of the 5th and 6th of October to appear on all political festivals, and to have an honorable place assigned to their standard. "The council orders," said the decree, "that they be present with their husbands and children, and *that they knit*" (*qu'elles tricoteront*).

tively insignificant; and it was not till about the close of the year 1792, or the beginning of 1793, that the women of Paris began again to assume a peculiar political importance. It was at this period particularly that the revolutionary leaders availed themselves of their services. Thus it is asserted that Robespierre owed his victory over the Girondists in the Convention, on the 5th of November, to the assistance of the women in the galleries, who composed eight hundred of the one thousand spectators, and the Girondist "Chronique de Paris" gave vent to its displeasure on that occasion as follows:— "It is sometimes asked why there are so many women in the train of Robespierre, at his house, in the galleries of the Jacobins, at the Cordeliers, in the Convention. It is because the French Revolution is a religion, of which Robespierre is forming a sect; he is a priest, who has his female devotees, for it is clear that his power is entirely with the women and the distaffs." It was quite natural that, as soon as these Amazons began again to feel their power, they should become exacting, overbearing, and troublesome, even to those who sought to use them. Thus, at the meeting of the Jacobin Club on December 27, one of these heroines of the *halles* appeared at the bar, and demanded the dissolution of the Convention, which had hitherto, she asserted, only disappointed the expectations of the Jacobins. The only way they could devise to get rid of her was to declare, with more decision than gallantry, that her proposition was a device of the Girondists, after which she was unceremoniously thrust from the hall. This by no means uncommon incident will give some idea of the part played by these women. In the words of Mr. Zinkeisen, "the time now really seemed to have arrived in which the dogma asserted by the political enthusiast, Olympe de Gouges, in her 'Declaration of the Rights of Women,' presented to Marie Antoinette as early as 1789, was to become an established truth,—'Woman has the right to mount the scaffold; she ought equally to have the right of mounting the rostrum.'"

Not satisfied with ruling in the galleries of the Jacobin Club and the Convention, these "enlightened females" now desired clubs of their own. For some years women had belonged to the *Sociétés Fraternelles des Deux Sexes*, clubs of a low class,

and without any great political importance; but the first formally organized club to which women alone were admitted dates from May, 1793, when it was founded, probably under the direct influence of the Jacobins. It assumed the name of *Société Républicaine Révolutionnaire*, and declared its object to be "to take counsel as to the means by which the plans of the enemies of the republic could be thwarted." As we have already said, Rose Lacombe was the founder and president of this club, which held its meetings in the library of the Jacobin Convent. It seems to have lost no time in commencing its political activity, for on May 12 a deputation of these women appeared in the Jacobin Club, and reported that they had issued an address to the *citoyennes des sections*, urging them to incite their husbands to take up arms and then themselves to form battalions of Amazons, and, above all, to join the infant society; "for," said the speaker, turning towards the women in the galleries, "it is not enough to be continually listening to speeches; you must take a more active part in the Revolution." The valor and ardor of these Amazons increased day by day, and a fortnight later another deputation presented itself in the Jacobin Club, to demand that a place should be assigned where they could assemble to fight the enemies of their country. "It is time," said their leader, "that you should see in us no longer mere slavish women, mere house-animals. It is time that we should show ourselves worthy of the glorious cause which you defend. If it is the aim of the aristocracy to depopulate Paris by murdering us one by one, then it is time for us to step forward. We will not await their daggers in our beds, but we will form a phalanx and consign the aristocracy to their original nothingness. The suburbs where we have been are in the best of dispositions. We have sounded the alarm-bell of freedom in every heart. We will support your zeal and share your dangers. Only show us the place where our presence is needed." The president replied with much non-committal tact, and, while intimating that their presence was not needed in the Jacobin Club, declared his inability to indicate a place where it was needed, inasmuch as the dangers of the country were everywhere.

For some reason or other, these female clubs seem never

to have attained any very permanent success. The Jacobins were jealous and afraid of them, and, moreover, female weaknesses mingled themselves only too soon with the political enthusiasm which they displayed; in other words, these Amazons, who were so desirous to expose their hearts to the daggers of their country's enemies, were not proof against the weapons of Cupid, and the God of Love, with his proverbial perverseness, sent his darts from precisely the wrong quarter. Many of these heroines fell in love with persons imprisoned as "suspected." Rose Lacombe went so far as to demand from the Jacobins the immediate release of her beloved, and to threaten them in case of refusal with the direst revenge of the "revolutionary women." Inasmuch as, upon inquiry, it was found that Rose had several such persons under her protection, it seems to have been considered best not to yield to her demand, and Chabot seized the occasion to make a violent attack upon these "pretended revolutionary women." "I am well aware," said he, "what a person brings upon himself if he excites only *one* woman against him. How much worse, then, when he is concerned with a great number of them! But I neither fear their intrigues, nor their empty words, nor their threats." He then went on to relate how Rose Lacombe had sought, with various aristocratic expressions, to procure from the Committee of Safety the release of her *protégé*. Madame Lacombe — for she was no longer a *citoyenne* — had even dared to call Robespierre "Monsieur Robespierre." He therefore demanded that severe measures should be adopted to guard against the measures of these women. "I also," interrupted Bazire, "weak as you see me, have had to do with these revolutionary women." Not less than seven had attacked him at once, seeking to procure the release of one of their favorites; and they had even carried their impudence so far as to demand for their whole society permission to visit the prisons, for the sole purpose of ascertaining the causes of arrest of the prisoners, and of procuring their release if they saw fit. "I most humbly regret that I have not beard enough to please these ladies," continued Bazire, "but such as I am, I declared to them I could not yield to their august demands." He was also of the opinion that a purging of the female clubs

by the expulsion of those who had corrupted their spirit was necessary. But while the matter was still under discussion Rose Lacombe appeared in one of the galleries to defend herself and her companions. Her appearance caused the greatest confusion, so that she was not allowed to speak, and the president was obliged to "cover himself" to restore order. It was thereupon resolved to demand a purification of the club to which these women belonged by the exclusion of "suspicious women," and to urge the Committee of Safety to arrest such women. A proposal to arrest Rose Lacombe at once was dropped only because it was out of order.

About the same time the Communes adopted severe measures against the "*jolies solliciteuses*," as they were called. According to complaints from various quarters, they besieged the police-bureaus that had charge of the prisons in the most indecent manner, in order to procure the release of certain prisoners; and it would seem, too, not without success, for when some one undertook to defend them by urging that they accomplished nothing, Hebert, then the attorney-general of the Communes, replied, that, "even if one were a Cato, he must still fear these Circes, for they possess the art of winning the men." It was therefore resolved that the "*jolies intrigantes*" should no longer be admitted to the police-bureaus, and that, in order to avoid trouble, all women without exception should wear the tricolored cockade, which had been already adopted by the "revolutionary women"; and by a resolve of the Convention, passed September 21, every woman who failed to do this was punished for the first offence with a week's imprisonment, and, in case of repetition, with imprisonment till after the restoration of peace. The *Républicaines Révolutionnaires* then adopted, together with the cockade, the red cap; but an attempt to force it upon the women of the *halles* led to a fight, in consequence of which the Convention resolved that thenceforth every one should dress as he or she chose. Encouraged, it would seem, by this success, the women of the *halles* went a step further, and by petition demanded the immediate closing of the female clubs; for, said they, "it was a woman (Marie Antoinette) who brought all these misfortunes upon France." On this occasion the Jacobin Amar was prominent

as an opponent of the political activity of women. Some passages of his speech are very well adapted to the present day. "Ought women," he asks, "to exercise political rights, and mingle in the affairs of government? Public opinion is against the idea. Ought women to unite in political societies? Ought they, who are fitted to soften the strong passions of men, to take an active part in proceedings, the excitement of which is inconsistent with that gentleness and moderation which form the peculiar charms of the sex? . . . . . Moreover, women, by their very organization, are inclined to an exaltation which is dangerous in public affairs, and through them the interests of the state would soon be sacrificed to all the delusions and disorders of excited passions. Involved in the heats of public debates, they would not instil into their children love of country, but rather hatred and prejudice." Only a single deputy was gallant enough to defend the women. On October 30, the Convention ordered the closing of all clubs for women; and when, a week later, a deputation appeared to demand the repeal of the decree, they were unceremoniously thrust from the hall. From that time forward their political activity was necessarily confined to the galleries and the public squares, where, under the name of *furies de la guillotine*, and *tricoteuses de Robespierre*, they formed one of the most dangerous and disgusting elements of revolutionary agitation. Their activity manifested itself in constant tumults and miniature insurrections, got up on the slightest pretence. Thus on one occasion a crowd of "citizen washerwomen" rushed into the Convention, to complain that soap was so dear that soon no one would be able to wear clean clothes; and this not because it was scarce, but because it had been bought up by monopolists, against whom they demanded immediate vengeance. "You have," closed the petition, "caused the head of the tyrant (Louis XVI.) to fall beneath the sword of the law; let that same sword of the law fall upon the heads of these public bloodsuckers. We demand the punishment of death for forestallers and monopolists." The reply of the president had so little effect, that the next day saw the famous disorders of February 25, 1793.

Before we leave this subject, we will add an extract from a

curious prayer, headed "Prayer of the Amazons to Bellona," which dates from the year 1792. "And we also know how to fight and to conquer; we know how to handle other arms than the needle and the spindle. O Bellona! companion of Mars, influenced by thy example, ought not all women to march side by side with the men? Goddess of power, take courage! At least thou wilt not have to blush for the women of France." *

In our desire to follow out what seems to us one of the most extraordinary phenomena of the French Revolution, we have wandered away somewhat from the Jacobin Club. The fame of the Club could not long be confined to Paris; and, within a month after the transfer of the Club Breton to the capital, deputies arrived from many of the provinces, who were presented to the Club, and expressed a desire to establish in the principal provincial towns similar societies, which should maintain a close connection with the mother society at Paris, by constant correspondence. The idea of thus making the mother society the central point for a whole family of similar associations, which should be gradually extended over all France, found great favor both in Paris and in the

* Since writing the above, we have received a new work by Michelet, entitled "The Women of the French Revolution," which was published in Paris last year, and has now been given to the American public by H. C. Baird, in a translation by a lady of Philadelphia. As its name imports, it presents a gallery of portraits of the women of the French Revolution, drawn, with additions, from the author's History of the Revolution. Like all of Michelet's books, it is interesting, but it is, on the whole, very unsatisfactory; its table of contents promises much, which a perusal of its pages does not fulfil. Still, as we have said, it is interesting, and it will afford to many a knowledge which they will be glad to gain so easily and so agreeably, while it will perhaps stimulate a few to examine more closely into the remarkable passage in the history of the female sex which the French Revolution presents. The ordinary reader, however, will be more likely to rise from its perusal with the feeling that Michelet is an ardent friend of liberty, and a great admirer of woman and woman's influence, — that, in popular phraseology, he is a "woman's rights man," — than with any very distinct impressions of the personages who have passed in array before him. What a difference do these off-hand, dashy, outline sketches of Michelet present, from the painfully precise delineations of some of the women of an earlier period in French history, drawn in Cousin's "Madame de Longueville," and "Madame de Sablé"! The translation of Michelet's book is quite good, with occasional awkward expressions, and some French idioms unrendered. Still, as a whole, the version hardly does justice to the somewhat peculiar style of the author, — a task, indeed, which would require very unusual ability in the translator.

provinces, and was carried into execution with extraordinary rapidity. The system was originally digested and arranged by Adrien Duport, one of the "triumvirate," who possessed a rare talent for organization. The oldest list of the *sociétés affiliées*, as they were called, dates from November, 1790, and contains the names of but 121 places where they had been organized, though there is reason to suppose that as many as 152 societies actually existed at that time. This, however, was only a beginning. At the period of the separation of the Feuillans, in July, 1791, the number of affiliated societies was 400, and was soon increased to 1,000, which seems to have been the highest number attained; for in April, 1792, 760 only are enumerated, of which not more than 400 kept up a regular correspondence with the mother club. But all the societies formed in the provinces, on the model of the Jacobin Club, did not become affiliated with it. Many remained independent, "and soon there was hardly a village in all France which had not a sort of Jacobin Club of its own, and many a schoolmaster — for it was commonly they who presided over and gave a tone to the society — considered himself man enough to play the *rôle* of a Danton or a Robespierre on a small scale." We hardly need to add, that the affiliated societies became the most valuable sources of power to the Jacobin Club; and that, extending like a net-work over the whole country, they gave to it a terrible, and frequently an irresistible force, and, in critical moments, more than once turned the scale in its favor.

Thus much for the inner organization and mode of action of the Jacobin Club. Its effects are so well known, that, instead of dwelling even for a moment upon them, we prefer to turn to one or two of the most striking passages in the history of the Club. But before doing this, a word should be said as to the direct connection of the Club with the press.

The first journal with which it had any official connection appeared on November 30, 1790, under the name of "Journal des Amis de la Constitution." Every number had at its head the resolve authorizing the publication of the correspondence of the "Friends of the Constitution," and also the seal of the Club, which was an oaken garland, with a lily at the end

where it was intertwined. In the middle of the garland were the words, *Vivre libre ou mourir*, and around the outside, *Société des Amis de la Constitution, Paris*, 1789. The form of the paper was octavo, and the subscription price was twenty-four livres per annum. Besides the correspondence, it contained various articles, extracts from speeches made in the Club, and sundry small items of news. The journal of the proceedings of the Club was not contained in it. It was published every Tuesday, in three sheets. A complete copy is not now known to exist. It was originally quite moderate in its tone, but it of course changed as the reigning tone of the Club itself changed. It became one of the most important levers of the Club in the provinces, and led to a great increase in the number of the affiliated societies, and a more active correspondence with those previously established. On the separation of the Feuillans, they took with them this paper, so that the Jacobins were obliged to establish another, which they did on June 1, 1791, under the title "Journal des Débats [after No. 121 "et la Correspondance" was added] de la Société des Amis de la Constitution séante aux Jacobins," which name it retained till the Club took the name of *Société des Amis de la Liberté et de l'Egalité*. This paper contained a report of the proceedings of the Club, as well as other matters, and was published four times a week, at twelve livres for Paris, and seventeen for the provinces.

There is at the present day, in view of the events of the last quarter of a century, no more interesting passage in the history of the Jacobin Club, than that in which is comprised the connection with it of Louis Philippe. It was one of the earliest, as well as one of the most striking periods of his eventful life, though it has become known, at least in its details, only of late years, and is not referred to in many histories of the French Revolution; but the account is founded upon his own journal, kept at the period, the genuineness of which has never, we believe, been impeached.* It was on November 1,

* This was published in Paris in 1831, under the title "Un An de la Vie de Louis Philippe I., écrit par lui-même, ou Journal authentique du Duc de Chartres, 1790 – 1791." Its genuineness is well established in the preface, and is, moreover, supported by many passages in the Memoirs of Madame de Genlis; and, above all,

1790, that the young Duc de Chartres, afterwards Louis Philippe I., King of the French, became a member of the Jacobin Club, having been proposed and elected at the close of the preceding month. The young prince, talented, ardent, and easily attracted by anything novel, influenced by his intercourse with deputies of the Orleanist party, and more especially by his vain and somewhat inconsiderate governess, Madame de Genlis, early espoused the ideas of the Revolution with enthusiasm, and ardently desired to see them put into practice. "The Duc de Chartres," said his governess one day, "says that he loves nothing in the world more than the new Constitution and Madame de Genlis." On February 9, in accordance with the decree of the Assembly ordering the taking of the oath of fidelity to the Constitution, he appeared in his district, dressed in the uniform of the National Guards, and accompanied by his two younger brothers, the Dukes of Montpensier and Beaujolais. He there found his titles as a royal prince written against his name in the register prepared for that purpose; but he at once struck them out, and wrote instead, *citoyen de Paris.* Even before this time he had been a candidate for the command of a battalion of the National Guards in the district of St. Roch, but had been beaten by a master-butcher; though, as a sort of recompense, he was appointed *capitaine d'honneur.* His mother earnestly opposed his joining the Jacobin Club on account of his age, which was only seventeen years; but she was overpowered by her husband and Madame de Genlis, and, as we have said, he became a member on the 1st of November, 1790. The occasion was regarded as one of triumph for the Club, and he was received amid great applause, for which he thanked the members briefly by saying: "Gentlemen, for a long time I have had an eager wish to be received into your midst; the favorable reception which you grant me moves me deeply, but I venture to flatter myself that my conduct will justify your

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it bears internal proofs of its own authenticity. It contains a mass of interesting information, but has already become very rare, and has been little, if at all, used by English historians. Dr. Birch, in his Life of Louis Philippe, published in the third edition at Stuttgart, in 1851, assumes that it is genuine beyond dispute, and we are not aware that this has ever been seriously denied.

approbation, and I can assure you that through my whole life I shall be a good patriot and a good citizen." The new member became a constant attendant at the meetings of the Club, and we have already mentioned incidentally that he held one or two offices in it. He was, moreover, once on a committee to examine the vaults under the hall, to see if there was any truth in some rumors of the existence of a sort of Guy Fawkes gunpowder plot. He spoke not infrequently, and on one occasion was commissioned by the Club to translate a reply of one Joseph Tower to Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution." This task he at once readily undertook, but his father interfered, and obliged him to abandon it. The Club, however, insisted, and the Duke made the translation, while the name of another was given to it. He was also a constant visitor of the National Assembly, where he took notes of the debates, in which he manifested great interest. On one occasion he exhibited his pleasure at some remarks of a leading Jacobin in such an emphatic manner, that two deputies demanded his immediate expulsion from the hall; but the president shrugged his shoulders, and the Duke quietly took out his opera-glass, and examined the two deputies from head to toe, in spite of the cries of "*A bas la lorgnette.*" About this time he also published several articles anonymously, in the "Chronique de Paris." The Assembly having ordered all colonels to join their regiments, he left Paris on June 14, 1791, and two days later he visited the affiliated Jacobin society at Vendôme, where his regiment was stationed. He was received with great applause, but declined a seat of honor by the side of the president, and took one among some sub-officers and soldiers of his own regiment. Three days later he was chosen president *pro tempore*, but his military duties did not allow him to attend constantly. Once, on August 4, he made a speech upon the decree abolishing all tokens of rank, "these trivial marks of distinction," as he termed them; but having been ordered to Valenciennes, he took leave of the club at Vendôme a week later, and seems thus to have finally closed his active connection with the Jacobins as a club. Can it be claimed that he was in his subsequent career ever true to his promise to them, to be "through life a good patriot and a good citizen?"

We should hardly expect to find the Jacobins the bitter opponents of duelling; yet such they were, in theory at least, though the reasons they gave for their opposition are rather amusing. As early as 1790 they denounced this disgraceful practice in good set terms, stigmatizing it as "an aristocratic vice," — "a still remaining root of the tree of feudalism." But we are bound to add, that their practice did not always conform to their theory, for we find the public attention much excited by a duel between Barnave and Cazalés, caused by a violent dispute in the Assembly on August 10, on which day, as Camille Desmoulins says, "the Blacks * were as much beside themselves as if an exorcist had poured a basin of holy water on the head of a devil, without a wig." And again, in November, Charles Lameth was wounded in a duel by the Duc de Castries, in return for which the mob sacked the house of the latter, and the Club published an address to the affiliated societies against the practice of duelling. We ought to mention that we find Camille Desmoulins indignantly declining a challenge.

A peculiar patriotic celebration made the 18th of December, 1791, a remarkable day in the history of the Club. On that day the national flags of England, the United States, and France, were unfurled together in the hall, "as symbols of the union of the free nations of the universe." The immediate occasion of this festival was the presence of a delegation from "the friends of the Revolution" in London. The *dames des halles* played an important part on this day, and in an address full of high-flown phrases they say: "May a cry of joy resound through all Europe, and fly over to America! Hark! Amid thousands of echoes the cry resounds in Philadelphia, as with us, *Vive la liberté!*" On which an enthusiastic Jacobin exclaimed, in words which will hardly gain him a prophet's immortality: "England, America, and France have forgotten their old divisions; these three sisters, hitherto separated through the common enemies of mankind [kings], now recognize one another; and, united by family interest, embrace and swear a faithful friendship. Neither

* A phrase applied at one time by the Jacobins to their opponents, especially to the Feuillans and Royalists.

the sickle of Time, nor the daggers of tyrants, will ever loosen the bonds which to-day unite them to one another." Amid the general enthusiasm, it was resolved to place in the hall, by the side of the bust of Mirabeau, the busts of "the other evangelists of peace, and apostles of freedom," Price, Benjamin Franklin, Rousseau, Algernon Sidney, and Mably. At a considerably later period, some time in August, 1792, Manuel presented himself at the Jacobin Club, with a bust of Brutus in his arms. "Here," said he, "the overthrow of royalty, the overthrow of Louis *the Last*, was prepared. And here must the image of him who first tried to deliver the earth from kings find a place. This is Brutus, who should recall to your memories every moment, that, in order to be good citizens, you must be always ready to sacrifice everything, even your children, for the good of your country." Amid universal applause Brutus was adopted as the patron of the Club, and it was resolved to urge the affiliated societies to give his bust an honorable place in their halls. But the Jacobins were fickle, and soon turned iconoclasts; for before the close of 1792 we find them assenting with great applause to Robespierre's assertion, that the busts of Brutus and Rousseau were alone worthy of a place in their hall; and those of Mirabeau, "the political charlatan," and of Helvetius, "the intriguer" and "immoral creature," were dashed in pieces. Whether Franklin and his companions shared the same fate, is not stated.

At various points in his book, Mr. Zinkeisen gives interesting information as to the origin of some of the most remarkable symbols of the Revolution. We quote the following: —

"On the 19th of February, 1792, people armed with pikes appeared for the first time in the Jacobin Club. The pike, the peculiar weapon of the Revolution, had fallen into disuse and been almost entirely forgotten since the terrible scenes of 1789, having been gradually supplanted by the gun of the National Guards; and it was only when the war question began to occupy every mind, that it was again sought out, and recommended by the advocates of an offensive war. As early as December, 1791, Brissot caused a picture of a pike, such as had been used in 1789, to be engraved in the 'Patriote Français' as a curiosity and model; and he accompanied it with directions for its use

and improvement. From that time, the cry for pikes became the order of the day in the journals of that party, and the manufacture of them was pursued with great activity as early as January, especially in the revolutionary suburbs of St. Antoine and St. Marceau. In the Jacobin Club pikes were first mentioned on February 7, when a smith laid four pikes of his manufacture on the table for approval, and a special committee was appointed for the purpose." — Vol. II. p. 170, et seq.

The question of pike or no pike soon became a party one; the Girondists, with Brissot as their leader, defending the weapon, while the Feuillans opposed it, as intended to be used against the National Guards. The discussion was animated and bitter. In the course of it, Brissot, being asked in one of the journals whether they would dare to direct the pikes against the Tuileries, quietly answered, in the "Patriote Français": "Yes, without doubt thither also, if the enemies of the people are there." It was during this discussion in the newspapers that men with pikes appeared in the Jacobin Club; and when it was objected that this was unlawful, it was resolved, "in order to conciliate principles and actions," that the pikes should be placed on both sides of the president, and that in future a pike should be hung with every flag in the hall, "as a sign of the union between the bayonet and the pike." Thus the pike, as the weapon of the people, became thenceforth the symbol of the Revolution, while the dagger was regarded as that of the counter-revolution.

"Nearly a month later, on March 14, another symbol of the Revolution, the famous red cap, appeared for the first time in the galleries of the Jacobin Club. The red cap was also a work of the Girondists, and owed the favorable reception which it soon found principally to an article of Brissot's, in the 'Patriote Français' for February 6, in which, supported by a similar view of an English philosopher named Pigot, he formally declared war upon hats. 'The priests and despots,' it was said in the reasoning borrowed from this English enemy of hats, 'are the ones who introduced the mournful uniform of hats, as well as the ridiculous and slavish ceremony of a salute, which debases man, inasmuch as it makes him bow his bared head submissively before his equal. Only regard the difference between the cap and the hat, with reference to the appearance which they impart to the head; the one, mournful, sombre, and uniform, is the emblem of sorrow and magisterial moroseness (*morosité magistrale*); the other brightens the counte-

nance, makes it more frank and open; it covers the head without concealing, increases its natural dignity with grace, and admits of all sort of embellishment.' It was then historically proved that all 'great nations,' the Greeks, Romans, Gauls, had held the cap in peculiar honor, 'in order to distinguish themselves from the barbarian nations, as a sign of triumph over their tyrants'; and that, in more modern times, Voltaire and Rousseau had worn it 'as a symbol of freedom.' The red color was expressly recommended 'as the most cheerful.' Nothing more was needed to make the red cap at once the political fashion; and by the middle of March it had been silently adopted as a custom, that the president and secretaries of the Jacobin Club, as well as the orators, while speaking, should wear the red cap. Still, many persons objected to it, but no one seems to have spoken out against it till March 19, — the very day on which Dumouriez, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, adorned with this 'emblem of freedom and equality,' expounded his political creed from the rostrum of the Jacobin Club,— when Pétion sent a letter to the Club upon the subject, giving his reasons for opposing the introduction of the red cap. They were, in brief, that it would come to be a mark of a Jacobin, and would be misused by their enemies to bring discredit upon them; and, moreover, the time was past when the people would be satisfied with the mere outward signs of liberty; they wanted liberty itself. The reading of this letter produced a great and probably unexpected effect. Before it was finished, the president had quietly slipped his cap into his pocket, the secretaries had followed his example, and the red cap had entirely disappeared from the hall. Robespierre, in a few words, supported the views of Pétion, calling upon his hearers to return to the tricolored cockade as their only symbol; and thus, after a brief existence of five days, — for Grangeneuve, the Girondist, had first worn it in the Club on March 14, — was the red cap banished from its hall. Still, though Pétion and Robespierre could exclude it from the Jacobin Club, they could not prevent its continued use by the people; for the Girondists continued to uphold it, till the insurrection of June 20 made it the emblem of the victory of republicanism over monarchy. We must add, that the real origin of the red cap has never been clearly explained; and opinions were very much divided upon the subject at the time. A quite generally received opinion was, that it first came into use after the release from the galleys of the Swiss soldiers of the regiment of Chateau-Vieux.* It is well known that the galley-slaves wore

* Confined for mutiny, and afterwards released in triumph by the Jacobins, and treated as martyrs of liberty.

such caps, which suddenly became the symbols of freedom on the release of those soldiers.* . . . . . Concerning the red color, it should be remarked that it was then by no means the color of the democratic republic and the symbol of freedom. On the contrary, it was regarded as that of despotism and oppression, and especially had it acquired a bad reputation among patriots through 'the red book,' and the red flag as the instrument of martial law. The 'red republic,' 'red apparitions,' and other red things and nothings, are of much later invention."— Vol. II. p. 174, et seq.

While upon this subject we may refer to one other red thing, the red flag. On July 26, 1792, an attempt was made to excite an insurrection; but it failed, and is noteworthy solely because that occasion transformed the red flag, previously the symbol only of oppression and martial law, into the symbol and standard of revolution and insurrection. Carra claims the merit of this metamorphosis, which in its way has made a noise in the world. He caused a red banner to be prepared, and placed upon it the inscription, "Martial law of the sovereign people against the rebellion of the executive power." It was then handed over to the insurrection committee, and from that time forward it everywhere appears as the standard of Jacobinism at the head of insurrections and rebellions.

The name of Louis Capet, by which the Jacobins insisted upon calling Louis XVI., is familiar to every one. Our author states that Dandré first made use of it near the close of the Constitutional Assembly, when speaking of the abolition of the names of Artois, Condé, and others. Antonelle then brought the matter up in the Jacobin Club. "They attempt to show us," said he, "that Louis XVI. has no more right to be called Bourbon than Capet; but, as he must be designated in some manner or other, let us call him Capet." This was adopted amid great laughter, and the name was always afterwards used in speaking of its unfortunate object. Brissot was the originator of another expression still in con-

* Considering the knowledge of antiquity displayed by the leaders of the Revolution, it seems to us quite probable that their cap of liberty was derived from the Phrygian cap. The Romans sometimes pictured Libertas with this cap. See Smith's Dict. Greek and Roman Mythology, Art. *Libertas*.

stant use on the continent of Europe, the term *Montagne*, "Mountain," applied to the extreme radicals, "the Left." He first used it one day in the Constitutional Assembly, contrasting them with the aristocrats, the *Modérés*. "Enfants de la Montagne," exclaimed he, "close up your ranks." This term "Mountain," as applied especially to the Jacobins, led Garnier to draw a rather peculiar parallel from Scripture. Speaking of his companions one day in the Club, he exclaimed: "The legislative body has a mountain. As Moses brought his laws down from a mountain, so shall the 'Mountain' of the Convention give laws to France."

The Revolution was very fertile in lampoons, and in doggerel dignified by the name of poetry. The following, which appeared about Condorcet in a royalist journal at the time when he became commissioner of the treasury, will give some idea of the style of these productions: —

"Jadis, mathématicien,
Marquis, académicien,
Sous d'Alembert, panégyriste,
Sous Panckoucke, encyclopédiste,
Puis, sous Turgot, économiste,
Puis, sous Brissot, républiciste,
Puis, du trésor gardien,
Puis, citoyen soldat, — puis, rien."

Our author mentions (Vol. I. p. 17) the curious fact, that in "A Political and Satirical History of the Years 1756 and 1757," published in London by E. Morris, there is to be found a sketch of a guillotine, in which a devil is represented — somewhat prophetically, it would seem — as the presiding genius of the instrument. As the invention of this famous instrument of death is commonly ascribed to Dr. Guillotine, from whom it takes its name, and is dated from a later period, this is historically of interest, as showing that he was not its inventor, but merely adopted the idea from some other source.

No one can have read with any care the minute details of the French Revolution without being struck at once with the wit to which it gave birth, and with the number and appropriateness of the classical and Scriptural allusions with which

the speeches and pamphlets of the period abound. Many of these have become quite familiar, but we have marked in the work before us a few which we do not remember to have seen elsewhere. Speaking of the Duc d'Aiguillon, whose name is affixed to the first declaration of principles issued by the Jacobin Club, Mr. Zinkeisen observes that he was the son of the general and minister of the same name, who, on occasion of the landing of the English in Brittany, where he was in command, ignominiously hid himself in a mill, a fact which led the witty La Chalotais to remark, that "the commandant had covered himself, not with glory, but with meal." Mallet du Pan, it is well known, was bitterly hated by the Jacobins, in consequence of the devotion of his great talents to the cause of the king. This hatred led Camille Desmoulins, perhaps the wittiest of the leaders of the Revolution, to speak of him as "Mallet du Pan, qui s'il n'y prend garde sera bientôt Mallet-pendu." Pétion, while Mayor of Paris, and pretending to provide for the good order of the city, took care never to present any effectual opposition to the populace, who at the instigation of his friends, the Jacobins, repeatedly attacked the Feuillans. He usually managed to arrive quite breathless just after all the harm was done, which leads our author to apply to him the remark of Madame de Stael concerning one of his predecessors, Bailly: "The Mayor is like a rainbow, which only shows itself after the storm." Chabot was the object of violent attack, because he had, contrary to law, married a foreigner, a rich Austrian lady. One of his opponents took a very practical view of the matter. "A wife," said he, "is an article of dress. If Chabot wanted one, he should have remembered that the nation has forbidden foreign goods." We have already incidentally mentioned two or three instances of classical and Scriptural allusions, and will add only a couple of classical quotations. At the time when the question of issuing *assignats* was under discussion, Peltier headed an article against it with the following motto: —

> "Quantum quisque sua nummorum servat in arca,
> Tantum habet et fidei."

At the time when the contest between the Jacobins and Gi-

rondists was at its height, Brissot commenced an article against the latter with the following passage from Sallust: "Qui sunt hi, qui rempublicam occupavêre? Homines sceleratissimi, cruentis manibus, immani avaritia, nocentissimi; quîs fides, decus, pietas, postremo honesta atque inhonesta, omnia questui sunt. . . . . Quos omnes eadem cupere, eadem odisse, eadem metuere in unum coegit. Sed hæc inter bonos amicitia, inter malos factio est. Quod si tam vos libertatis curam habetis, quam illi ad dominationem accensi sunt, profecto neque respublica, sicut nunc, vastaretur."

And now, before we leave the subject of the Jacobin Club, we will briefly sketch its history so far as we have not already given it. The first declaration of its principles was published on February 8, 1790. It is a document of some length, which had escaped the research of every previous historian, but is given in full by Mr. Zinkeisen. We do not propose to attempt any abstract of its contents, but only to remark, that it cannot be too often called to mind that the Jacobins, though always constituting the progressive party, — *La Jeune France*, it would be called now-a-days, — yet, during their earlier history, entertained opinions which were very moderate in comparison with their later creed; that they even inculcated "respect for and submission to the powers which the Constitution may call into being," and that, though there were from the outset a few very radical persons among them, the development of their principles was gradual. They did not, as some writers seem to imagine, spring into existence monsters of vice and cruelty. Upon every subject they had fixed and decided opinions, and it was ordinarily their union and decision which gave them the victory over their opponents, who were always wavering and undecided. Of the various clubs formed to oppose them, the first was that of the *Impartiaux*, founded early in 1790. It ceased to exist before the end of April of that year, and about the same time the *Société des Amis du Peuple* sprang into existence, only to die two months later, after having at one time assumed quite formidable proportions. But even before this, a division had become manifest within the Jacobin Club itself; and as the breach gradually widened, in May, 1790, the *Société Patriotique de* 1789 was founded

by seceding Jacobins. Representing, as it sought to do, the moderate constitutional party, it embraced among its members many influential persons, and for a time was a formidable opponent of the Jacobins. Its power, however, was transient, and it finally became remarkable only for the excellence of its cookery; for, unlike the other clubs, it was established a good deal on the plan of an English club of the present day. Towards the end of the year 1790, the *Société des Amis de la Constitution Monarchique* was founded, and became so formidable in numbers and influence that the Jacobins resorted to the plan of exciting the populace against it in order to destroy it, and were so successful, that, after various disorders, it was closed by the police, March 29, 1791. Contemporary with it was the *Confédération Générale des Amis de la Vérité*, more generally known as the *Cercle Social*, a sort of philosophical club, in which freemasonry bore a large part. It did not at first come into conflict with the Jacobins, but a contest soon sprang up; and when, in May, 1791, its founder and soul, Claude Fauchet, left Paris to become Bishop of Calvados, it lost all its importance, though in June following it acquired a momentary weight by suddenly becoming very radical. The last number of its organ, the "Bouche de Fer," appeared on July 28, about which time the club was closed.

The great increase of the radical element in the Jacobin Club had so alarmed many of its members, that we find it stated that in the spring of 1791 but fifty deputies to the Assembly were in the habit of attending its meetings, and on July 16 of that year occurred the separation of the Feuillans, which nearly inflicted a death-blow upon the Jacobins, for at first the Feuillans were much their superiors both in numbers and in influence. Of the 2,400 members of the Jacobin Club, 1,800 withdrew from its meetings, and one third of the latter at once joined the Feuillans, while many others soon followed their example. Only 600 therefore remained with the Jacobins, and even this number was diminished by the thorough "purification" of the Club which was at once commenced. Still, in spite of this state of things, superior skill and decision soon gave the Jacobins the upper hand, as was especially manifest in the case of the affiliated societies,

for, of the 400 then existing, 100 had declared unconditionally in favor of the Jacobins by the middle of August, while the rest remained in correspondence with them, but strongly urged a reunion with the Feuillans. By the end of September, most of the old provincial societies had joined the Jacobins, while all the new ones seem to have done so, more than six hundred in all joining them in August and September, and only four joining the Feuillans. In the Assembly the Jacobins were longer in the minority, though they finally gained the superiority there also. The Feuillans, however, used their power while they retained it to enact a club law, which was passed on the 29th of September, 1791, singularly enough upon the proposition of Chapelier, the original founder of the Club Breton, the increasing radicalism of the Club having forced from it most of its original members, though some afterwards rejoined it. If this law, which precluded any club from acting publicly as a body in any way, had ever been enforced, it would have proved a severe blow to the Jacobin Club; but its enforcement seems never to have been even attempted. Indeed, the law was so completely a dead letter, that the Feuillans, who had previously existed only as a party and not as a club, in violation of their own law formed themselves into a club, which survived till the end of December, when it was closed in consequence of popular disorders excited against it by the emissaries of the Jacobin Club.

From about the middle of the year 1791, the question of the way of future procedure excited great attention, and it first brought clearly into view the division, of which signs had however long been visible to the careful observer, between the more moderate and the more radical portion of the Jacobin Club, the Girondists and the "Mountain," — the Jacobins *par excellence*. The history of these two parties is so well known that we hardly need to remark that the Girondists, unlike the Feuillans, did not withdraw from the Club and form a new one, but remained in it, for a considerable time at least, and retained the upper hand there, as they did almost everywhere else. The contest between the two parties was long and severe. Brissot was finally excluded from the Club, October 19, 1792, and the Girondists seem then mostly to have withdrawn

from it; for when the exclusion of Vergniaud, Gensonné, and others, was voted, on the 11th of January following, it was found that it had in point of fact taken place long before, for three months earlier they had omitted to renew their cards of admission. The expulsion or withdrawal of the Girondists from the Club by no means ended the struggle, but it became, on the contrary, all the more bitter. The result is well known; the leading Girondists were arrested in June, 1793, and executed on the last day of the next October. After the imprisonment of the Girondists, the Jacobins had all the power of the state in their hands; but now a new phenomenon appeared, though it was not one which ought to have been unexpected. Up to this time the Jacobins had been the radicals, and all their victories had been over those of more moderate views than their own, but now a party arose determined to out-Jacobin the Jacobins. They were called the *Enragés*, or, from the name of their leader, the Hebertists. They made a struggle worthy of a better cause, but were finally overpowered and executed on March 24; and ten days later, the Dantonists, whose views were more moderate than those of the Jacobins, and who had just assisted the latter in their defeat of the Hebertists, were in turn compelled to mount the scaffold. Robespierre was now all-powerful, a dictator in everything but the name. We have neither space nor inclination to point out in detail the causes of his speedy fall. It is sufficient to say that he did not possess talents adapted to the emergency, and the events of the 9th Thermidor, or July 27, 1794, put an end at once to his power and his life.

After the fall of Robespierre, the total destruction of the Jacobin Club would have been no difficult matter, if indeed it would not have died of itself if it had been left alone. But the victors desired to avail themselves of its *prestige*, and to use it for their own purposes. It was, however, in their hands, only the sceptre of the mighty monarch whom his servants had murdered to possess themselves of his power. The strong arm which had hitherto held it was wanting. A contest at once sprang up between the Jacobins and the Thermidorists, which resulted in the expulsion of the latter from the Club. They however determined to avenge themselves by dooming

the Club itself to destruction; and they found no great difficulty in accomplishing this, for all parties were willing to unite to bring about the ruin of a common enemy, and the feeling of the populace in particular had, from causes which we have not the space to detail, gradually become exceedingly hostile. It was the club law of October 16, 1794, which gave the death-blow to the Jacobin Club. That law forbade all affiliation and correspondence between the societies under a common name, as being subversive of government; it denied even the right of petition under a common name, and obliged every society to present to the police a list of its members, with their ages, birthplaces, occupations, and residences past and present, as well as the periods of their admission into the society. The supporters of this law seemed to be somewhat afraid of their own work, and maintained that its aim was not to destroy the clubs, but to "bring them back to the true object of their foundation." It is difficult, however, to imagine that they really believed any such thing; for they must have known that it was the connection between the central club and its affiliated societies which gave the Jacobins their chief power and influence, and that when these, its arms, were lopped off, it must sink into helplessness and die. Had they failed to perceive this truth of themselves, the obstinacy with which the Jacobins opposed the law ought to have shown it to them. When the law was once passed, the Jacobins handed in the required list of members, and, while urging obedience to the law, sought to postpone their certain doom. Their last great effort was made in the Convention in opposing the accusation and condemnation of Carrier. The committee of the Convention to whom the question was referred was ordered to report on November 9; but on the opening of the meeting, the eager occupants of the crowded galleries learned with great displeasure that the report was postponed for two days. Throughout the day they manifested their dissatisfaction in no dubious manner, and towards evening the crowd, which till then had remained around the Convention, rushed tumultuously to the Jacobin Club. The members of the latter had assembled at the usual hour, and were in the midst of an exciting debate upon the "new conspiracy," whose ob-

ject was the condemnation of Carrier and the Jacobins, when a tumult arose in the galleries, into which a great crowd rushed, and attacked the women who were there, while the windows were broken in by volleys of stones. The Jacobins soon rallied and drove out the intruders, and, by barricading their doors, maintained themselves till the military arrived. The crowd finally scattered towards midnight. Meantime the Jacobins continued their debates, but naturally in a state of great excitement, and the next day they did not fail to bring the matter before the Convention. The result was very different from their anticipations; for the committee to whom the affair was referred made a report the same day, in which they bitterly attacked the Jacobins, and ended by proposing the temporary closing of their Club. But the debates upon this proposition were not finished, when, on November 11, the committee reported in favor of the arrest and trial of Carrier. Just as the vote upon this question was being taken, news came of a tumult in the vicinity of the Jacobin Club, and the Convention at once adjourned. We prefer to let Mr. Zinkeisen relate the rest in his own way.

"The Convent of the Jacobins presented on that day a remarkable appearance. While the upper galleries, those intended for the people, were filled long before the commencement of the meeting, the lower ones, which usually contained the more select public, particularly the friends of the members, remained almost entirely empty. On this occasion, as usual, women constituted the majority of the spectators. All were in a state of the greatest excitement, and each had much to relate of their experiences on the same spot two days before. 'Shall we still have compassion upon these rascals, these Muscadins, who have so abused us?' cried out one of these heroines. 'Well, in spite of their cruelty, here I am again; and if they should treat me so again to-day, I would still be here day after to-morrow. I am a Jacobin. I have sworn to die at my post, and therefore I will die there.' Universal applause! Every one will share this crown of martyrdom with 'her sister.' But while such scenes of patriotic enthusiasm enlivened the galleries, a deathlike silence still reigned in the hall itself. No one showed himself there. The members of the Club may be seen collected in groups in the court, discussing quietly the events of the day. A sheet which has first appeared that morning is passed from hand to hand. It contains a bitter attack upon 'the faction hostile to the Jacobins' and their

leaders, especially Tallien and Fréron, and an unskilfully concealed defence of Carrier, well calculated to produce excitement. . . . . Suddenly the news arrives that Carrier is really arraigned; they are just voting upon the question of his imprisonment. A general confusion follows the quiet which has hitherto been maintained. The galleries rise *en masse*, and repeat the oath not to leave their post till death comes, and they animate themselves with patriotic songs, — '*Allons, enfans de la patrie!*' '*Aux armes, citoyens!*' '*Veillons au salut de l'Empire!*' At last, just before seven o'clock, the members of the Club enter the hall, and are greeted with great applause by the galleries. A moment of solemn stillness, of eager expectation, follows. The meeting is opened with Raisson as president, and a member rises and demands that 'The Rights of Man' be first read. 'We are,' says he, 'at a moment of great distress. The people must know their rights; they are now oppressed, but their uprising will one day be terrible.' It is voted, that henceforth 'The Rights of Man' shall be read at the commencement of every meeting, and that the assemblage listen to this reading with uncovered heads. The reading immediately follows, and the two points which refer to popular societies and 'insurrection, the holiest of duties in case of persecution,' are received with peculiar applause. Immediately afterwards the law of July 27, 1793, is read, which affixes heavy punishments to the dissolution of popular societies 'under any pretext whatever.' Scarcely is this finished, when a tremendous noise is heard in the outer court. The Muscadins, supported by the rabble, have again opened their batteries with the cry, *A bas les Jacobins! Vive la Convention!* The hall is at once attacked on all sides; the galleries are forcibly entered; they fight hand to hand, and the scenes of the ninth are renewed. The women, in spite of their oaths to die at their posts, rush out amid cries of distress and murder, and are met by the Muscadins, by whom some of them are shamefully maltreated. A bold sally of the Jacobins at last clears the way; the military arrives, with the members of the committee at their head, the populace is dispersed, and the Jacobins resume their meeting under the protection of bayonets. Two captured Muscadins, who had been dragged into the hall, are magnanimously set at liberty, with red caps on their heads. It does not become Jacobins, it is said, who have only sought freedom, to make prisoners. 'Go hence,' they were told, 'and tell your Muscadins what you have heard and seen; tell them whether we have harmed you, and show them your wounds.' Meantime the noise without continues far into the night, and the cry, *A bas les Jacobins!* echoes incessantly through the broken windows to the farthest corner of the hall. The attack is several times renewed, but is at once repelled by the soldiers, and the Muscadins,

everywhere driven back, seek to gain a foothold in the Rue St. Honoré. The Jacobins finally become uneasy at this revolutionary state of siege in their hall, and one by one they retire; but in order to protect the women from the cruelties of the expectant Muscadins, it is formally voted that each person who retires shall take one of them under his protection on his arm. The Jacobins and Jacobinesses may thus be seen through the darkness of a stormy November night slinking away in couples from the scene of their heroic deeds and most brilliant triumphs. Of those who remain, no one ventures to speak, till at last Carraffa rises once more and says: 'The body of Lepelletier, murdered by the aristocrats, was exhibited to the people. Marat was borne about with his bloody wounds by the Cordeliers in order to excite the people. I therefore propose that all the stones which have been hurled against the friends of equality be carefully gathered up and placed upon the president's table, and be exhibited to the people at the beginning of every meeting.' This ludicrous proposal, loudly applauded by the few persons present, was the last act of the 'Society of the Friends of Freedom and Equality in the former Jacobin Convent at Paris.' One by one the most intrepid Jacobins left the hall with their female companions, and at three o'clock in the morning the doors of the deserted hall were locked and sealed by command of the committee. Thus died the Jacobin Club, in the sixth year of its existence."

Alison's observations upon this event are worthy of quotation: —

"Thus fell the Club of the Jacobins, the victim of the crimes it had sanctioned, and the reaction those had produced. Within its walls all the great changes of the Revolution had been prepared, and all its principal scenes rehearsed; from its energy the triumph of the democracy had sprung, and from its atrocity its destruction arose, — a signal proof of the tendency of revolutionary violence to precipitate its supporters into crime, and render them at last the victims of the atrocities which they have committed. A contemporary journalist has preserved a striking account of the universal transports at the closing of this terrible Club, which with its affiliated societies had so long covered all France with mourning. 'It was a truly touching spectacle to behold the joy of the people at the extinction of the Jacobins. All hearts were opened at the news of the salutary decree of the Convention. In the evening the streets and public places resounded with cries of joy, with almost childish mirth, with games and dances. Every one pressed his friend's hand without mentioning why; all understood what was meant.'"

But though the closing of the Club was received by the people with such evident pleasure, its members were by no means inclined to abandon the field without another struggle; and as they were not allowed to enter their hall, they took refuge in a society of the Faubourg St. Antoine, to which the name of Jacobin was a sufficient passport. But the most prominent of them were arrested a few days afterwards, and from that time forward no mention is made of a meeting of the Jacobins of Paris as a club; and the affiliated societies, branches of the same great tree, soon died a natural death. As a party, however, the Jacobins continued to exist in greater or less numbers throughout the Revolutionary era, and they even established one or two clubs under various names, but they were of brief duration. They are interesting only as forming the last of the true clubs, which led naturally, and almost necessarily, to those secret societies that have played so important a part in the political affairs of Europe during the present century.

We cannot leave this subject without remarking that the Jacobins have usually been too harshly judged as a body. All have been made to suffer for the atrocities of a part, and due attention has not always been paid to the motives by which they were governed. As Alison will hardly be suspected of sympathy with them, or indeed with any democratic movement, we readily quote a passage from his History: —

"Even the Jacobins of Paris were not destitute of good qualities; history would deviate equally from its first duty and its chief usefulness if it did not bring them prominently forward. With the exception of some atrocious men, such as Collot d'Herbois, Fouché, Carrier, and a few others, who were villains as base as they were inhuman, almost entirely guided by selfish motives, they were for the most part possessed of some qualities in which the seeds of a noble character are to be found. In moral courage, energy of mind, and decision of conduct, they yielded to no one in ancient or modern times; their heroic resolution to maintain amidst unexampled perils the independence of their country, was worthy of the best days of Roman patriotism. . . . . Some of them, doubtless, were selfish or rapacious, and used their powers for the purposes of individual lust or private emolument. But others, among whom we must number Robespierre and St. Just, were entirely free from this degrading contamination, and in the atrocities they committed

were governed, if not by public principle, at least by private ambition. Even the blood which they shed was often the result, in their estimation, not so much of terror or danger as of overbearing necessity. They deemed it essential to the success of freedom, and regarded the victims who perished under the guillotine as the melancholy sacrifice which was required to be laid on its altar."

The Jacobin Club was the product of the most extraordinary and terrible political derangement that ever existed. As such complete powerlessness of the government, and so complete an annihilation of all conservative influences and elements, are no longer conceivable, it must ever remain an isolated phenomenon without a parallel in the world's history, for nothing but these could have converted the modest union of forty-four deputies from Brittany, which assembled at Versailles in May, 1789, into that revolutionary power, whose terrible sway for years bade defiance to every other power, and filled the world with horror. And yet the essence of Jacobinism consisted only in its destructive energy. It could destroy, it could not create; and from its very origin there rested upon it the curse of self-annihilation, which brought ruin upon all who endeavored, by its aid, to raise themselves to authority and influence.

After the closing of the Jacobin Club, the convent was declared national property. On the 17th of May, 1795, the Convention ordered the construction upon its site of a market, under the name of *Marché du Neuf Thermidor;* and on June 24 following, the sale of all the buildings of the former convent was decreed. They were soon removed, and the new sheds erected. At a later period, the market was for a long time called the *Marché des Jacobins*, but it is now known as the *Marché St. Honoré.* Though few or no traces of the original building remain, it is worth the traveller's while, if he be in Paris, to make a pilgrimage to the spot where the Jacobin Club once met; and, if his curiosity should lead him thither early in the morning, he will be tempted to think that the confused Babel around him is no unfit emblem of the Club, while the strong-voiced market-women cannot fail to suggest the *dames des halles*, and the heroines who so constantly crowded its galleries.

That the spirit of Jacobinism still exists in Europe, and that it finds many adherents, is a truth which every year's history brings home to the world, and especially to the despots of Europe. But it is not so well known that the race of original Jacobins is not yet entirely extinct. Yet so it is. Mr. Zinkeisen narrates an interview that he had in Paris with one of the "furies of the guillotine," a woman filled with the most profound contempt for all that the world has since experienced, and an equally profound admiration for Robespierre. He went one morning with a friend to a low *café* near the famous *abbaye*, where they had scarcely seated themselves when an old woman of very peculiar appearance entered and took a seat at a table which by common consent seemed left for her. The stuff and fashion of her clothes were of the last century, and in her hand she had a large bag containing her provisions for the day, which she had doubtless just purchased in the Marché St. Germain. Her face, which was covered by a projecting bonnet, was wrinkled, browned, and hollow-cheeked, but still expressive, and not without traces of the fire of her earlier passions. She had been one of the most daring, furious heroines of the galleries of the Jacobin Club during "the reign of terror," a fact which was generally known, and which she by no means denied, for she would still have sworn to die at her post for Robespierre. She was reserved, absent-minded, and monosyllabic. "Ah, the divine Marat! The incorruptible Robespierre! The infamous Cabarrus, the jade! They assassinated him, these Thermidorists"; — this was all that could be got out of her. She seemed to wander in another world. That some of her companions, and indeed some of the Jacobins themselves, may still survive, is by no means impossible; for their opponents, surviving royalists of the same generation, may still occasionally be seen in Paris.

ART. VII. — *Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris.* Par le DR. J. VÉRON. *Comprenant la Fin de l'Empire, la Restauration, la Monarchie de Juillet, et la République jusqu'au Rétablissement de l'Empire.* Paris. 1853 – 55.

IN the first place, this title, like most titles, is inexact. Dr. Véron does not give you any notion of the times which either precede or follow his own. We mean by "his own," those in which he was an actor, — the eighteen years during which the much or little that was in him developed itself to the utmost extent whereof it was capable, and caused him to be, according to his own phrase, "somebody." This very expression is applied by him to his position in the year 1829, on the eve of the Revolution, which was to bring him, with so many others of his moral class and stamp, forward into a kind of relative importance. "One must, in the world, as quickly as possible take his measures to be somewhere and with some one; it is a way to become somebody." This theory, however, never helped our learned Doctor beyond the government of the *Académie Royale de Musique*, and even his influence as proprietor of the *Constitutionnel* is powerless to make a "personage" of him, when compared with the *éclat* by which he is surrounded as autocrat of the Grand Opera. As Joseph de Maistre was perfectly exact in affirming that "no nation ever had any but the government it deserved," so it is true that (with the exception of a very few isolated cases) men do not arrive at the position they desire, but at that for which they are fit. Observe, we are not speaking of those who, as Shakespeare says, are "born great," or, as the French express it, *naissent tout arrivés;* neither do we say that all men fill the places for which they are fit. We have to do with those who "achieve greatness," and start from a point far beneath that to which they tend; being, therefore, when they reach the latter, essentially in the condition of men who have, as we term it, arrived at a destination, not of those who have been there all their lives. We repeat it, such men do not "arrive" at what they hope for, or dream of, or pass their whole existence in attempting to take by storm

or by cunning, but simply at that for which they are fit. The whole career of the once famous subject of this article will supply us with the proof of what we have said. From the hour when he first entered upon his studies as a medical practitioner to the present day, when he has attained, however far below his aim it may be, the destiny for which he was formed, Dr. Véron has never ceased sighing for the exercise of what his countrymen would call "serious" public functions, and has under no power, however friendly, by the aid of no intrigue, however unscrupulous, been able to achieve that end. The best and most perfect *directeur d'opera*, France or the world ever saw, the type, so to speak, of all directors to come, — that was M. Véron, and that development of his activity he reached under the reign of the citizen king. Connected with his attainment to this position, with his discharge of its duties, with his ardent wish to exchange them for others, is a series of circumstances which undoubtedly makes of this individual's career one of the completest commentaries extant upon the political and philosophical history of Louis Philippe's reign. Before going any further, to exemplify this, we will give a brief sketch of Dr. Véron's "birth, parentage, and education," in order that our readers may be familiar with the leading actor of the curious comedy entitled *Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris.*

Born on the 5th of April, 1798, M. Véron is, at the present day, aged nearly fifty-eight years. Now a man's age has always this importance, that it shows you at what particular period of his life certain events occurred, and produced certain impressions upon him, modifying his character and influencing his career. The fall of the Empire found him a mere boy, and its glories had shone only during his infancy and childhood; consequently, whatever he could know of that period of his country's history came from hearsay. At the *Concours* of 1821, he was admitted to hospital practice, and in 1823 received the diploma of *Docteur en Médecine.* He was then twenty-five years of age, having attained the ripe maturity of what was still youth at the time when the government of Louis XVIII. was affording to France the full measure of that intellectual development and material pros-

perity which his short reign alone procured for her, and to which, in the same degree, she was a stranger before and has been ever since.

Dr. Véron's first hospital practice took him to the establishment of the *Enfans Trouvés* under Baron, the physician to the "children of France," as the Duc de Bordeaux and Mademoiselle were then termed. He does not perceive, what every reader sees at a glance, that, notwithstanding all his political pretensions, he naturally, and as it were instinctively, judges everything from the point of view of his real capacity, and of the one position to which he was inevitably destined, that of Director of the Grand Opera. Thus, when alluding to his studies at the Foundling Hospital, "Every morning," observes he, "I regularly submitted at least a dozen and a half of new-born babies to the action of a vapor bath, which, from humanity and conscience, I also undertook myself to support with them. The poor little wretches and I used to come out of these ovens red as boiled lobsters, and I confess that the voices of Nourrit and Duprez, and the *points d'orgue* of Madame Damoreau herself, have never been able to banish from my ears the cries and yells of these miserable abortions of the human form." And later, our Æsculapius says: "I certainly, in a twelvemonth, used to dissect more than a hundred and fifty new-born babies; I have studied the nutritive capacities of more than two hundred nurses, and presided over their departure with their nurslings for their various homes. There was a vast difference, no doubt, between these morning occupations of mine in the amphitheatres and hospitals and my evening employments in the *coulisses* of the opera!"

A difference, no doubt, yet to appreciate it thoroughly it requires to have seen the individual himself. This advantage many of our countrymen and countrywomen have had, and we dare say, Boston or New York, Philadelphia or Washington, could produce more than one eyewitness of the full-blown splendors of a man who, in our century, not inaptly represented the celebrated *traitans* and *fermiers généraux* of the two centuries preceding. Who is there, who, having visited Paris between the years 1835 and 1847, has forgotten the famous

proscenium-boxes of the Grand Opera,—so large, so luxurious-looking, so perpetually filled with the same faces? Royal boxes are nothing to them, or rather these are the boxes of the royalty of that time, of the rich, fat, lazy, ostentatious *Bourgeoisie.* There are the famous *Loge blanche*, and the *Loge rouge*, the boxes of the Jockey Club, and the so-called *Gants jaunes*,—the comfortable, soft-cushioned, spacious abodes, where night after night lounge and loll the capricious masters of the mode, the "potent," but neither "grave" nor "reverend seigniors," against whose decrees not even the public seeks to rebel, and to fall into whose displeasure is a misfortune not to be retrieved, either by merit or the might of the press. Jules Janin himself is powerless against the *Gants jaunes;* what they are resolved to put down, even he cannot raise, and what they systematically protect, finds favor in directorial eyes. But in their neighborhood is one superior even to themselves,—"among them, though not of them,"—one who holds sway over them with an unseen sceptre, and whose nod in matters operatic is the nod of the Olympian Jove. Look at the roomy box, quilted and padded in blue damask, with large glasses reflecting alternately the spectators and the stage, and handsome *lorgnettes*, waiting for their owners, on the ledge. With his back turned to the stage, sits a tall, dark, unpleasant-looking man, called at that time, by courtesy, "young," and remarkable for the large white or red camellia at his button-hole;—that is M. de L—— M——. He is so well aware that a man had better not be, than not be talked of, that, finding in himself no possible qualification wherewith to make a noise, he depends on the flower upon his coat for that result, and does wisely. He spends his income in a greenhouse, and people talk of it; the huge decoration at his button-hole fixes public attention; women begin to speculate upon the means of obtaining a whole bouquet of such flowers;—and the man's reputation is made. We can testify to the truth of the fact, that long before Alexandre Dumas, *fils*, invented the *Dame aux Camélias*, the *homme aux camélias* was an existing and famous type. Next to this personage comes a short, fair, curly-headed, well-dressed individual, whose renown is attached to the circumstance of

his being utterly ruined, and yet continuing to lead the life of men who spend money by the handful. This is Charles de B——, who, when all was positively "up," took to writing *feuilletons*, and ended by marrying a fair compatriot of our own, with whom he is now living most happily, but in retirement. The other frequenters of the box are, from time to time, Morny (Louis Napoleon's half-brother), and Felix Lavalette (at present a senator, late ambassador from France to Constantinople), whose intimate community of interests with a celebrated dancer induces him to neglect no opportunity of improving her success; Walewski, famous solely for having perpetrated a mortally stupid comedy, which, as poor Madame de Girardin remarked, "it would have been so easy not to write"; the ex-husband of Taglioni, Gilbert des Voisins, and the friend of Madamoiselle Nan, Ferdinand de M——. These are the usual occupants of that much-talked-of box, which, on opera nights, is one of the first curiosities pointed out to a foreigner. But there is a planet of which these men we have named are but the satellites, a fixed star, of which all their lustre is but a reflection. This is Véron himself; and those who surround him are something only because they gravitate in his sphere, and can obtain an invitation to the Lucullus-like magnificences of his table, or the *entrée* of gorgeous saloons, where, under the auspices of his presiding hospitality, you may make the acquaintance of Rachel or Elssler, or lose half your fortune at play in one night. Now mark the "great man" himself, as he sits opposite the stage, calm and composed in the consciousness of his satrap sway, — not stiff, yet not impressible; moved, on the contrary, by nothing, and, as the extremest sign of his favor, vouchsafing a bland smile, or the laziest possible approach to applause by the slow bringing together of his two fat hands, which are too dense to occasion by their meeting any sound. Lablache is a very little more remarkable for his rotundity of body than our hero, but in rotundity of face the latter quite eclipses the illustrious Neapolitan. A human face so round, so flat, so rubicund, was perhaps never before seen; yet, strange to say, it has none of the usual attributes of such faces. It beams not, nor is there any jollity

about it. It resembles to the life the caricatures of it, which may be seen in every print-shop, and which are uniformly created by the process of planting in the middle of a huge melon or gourd a short snubby something that does duty for a nose. This type has become so current, that the very *Gamin de Paris*, with a piece of charcoal and any plain superficies to operate upon, will in two strokes *faire un Véron*, as he calls it.

The true orbit of this planet is, as we have shown, the Opera. Director, or not director, there is his home. Those two splendid dark-brown "steppers" of his, the finest pair of horses in all Paris, and that pompous, well-appointed coachman, may sometimes be put in requisition to convey their master's Falstaff-like individuality to this or that part of the city, one of whose ornaments he is. But they must transport him three nights in every week to the Grand Opera. This they know, and he knows, and the public know it too; and we cannot conceive of an opera night without Véron. As well might one think of it without the *chef d'orchestra*, or the ballet-master, or the prompter, or any other indispensable functionary. If at one single representation that most magnificent potentate were to fail, the representation itself would also inevitably fail; the singers and dancers being at a loss for whom to exhibit their talents. "The public!" exclaimed once Théophile Gautier, apropos to this very question, — "the public! *Bah! le public c'est Véron!*"

Now having tried to represent or recall to our readers what the social position of our self-styled *Bourgeois de Paris* became under the reign of the Orleans dynasty, we ask them to cast a retrospective glance upon his beginning, and to see whether they find it easy to recognize, in the solemnly triumphant "three-tailed Bashaw" of the blue opera-box, the raw medical student whose first stage in life led through a double file of wet-nurses to the hospital of the *Enfans Trouvés*, and to that perpetual vapor-bath in which he is doomed to plunge squalling babies without end! We request our readers' pardon for this digression, but it really was indispensable in order to make them duly appreciate whatever concerns the individual we have undertaken to portray.

It will, however, very naturally be inquired how, from his hospital practice in 1825, Dr. Véron rose, in a few short years, to the artistic throne he held so absolutely and so long, — how he ascended from what was barely an Æsculapian drudgery to the very highest, completest intimacy with Apollo and the Muses. The answer is easy. He rose by what has been the stepping-stone of so many of his countrymen, — by the press. But here we will recur to himself for information. One night, as he tells us, he was called up in a hurry to attend a portress in the neighborhood, whose nose had been bleeding for six hours. All the old women had, one after the other, administered their specifics, and all in vain ; the portress's nose went on obstinately pouring forth its crimson tide, and when the young practitioner arrived, the patient's pulse was so low as to be almost imperceptible. Stimulated by the solemnity of the occasion, — (" All the portresses of the *quartier* were standing round," he observes, and a true Parisian knows the gravity of that ordeal!) — he attempts an operation which he has heard of, but neither practised himself nor seen others practise. It succeeds completely, and the operator himself is, of all, the most astonished at its success. From this hour his fame spreads, and from porter's lodge to porter's lodge in all the neighborhood no professor of the healing art is in such vogue as he whose nocturnal exploit upon the proboscis of one of the loquacious sisterhood has won for him the sounding suffrages of all their tongues. Patients come in, and Doctor Véron has a *clientèle!* Among his patients is a rich lady of a certain age, unfortunately more " fat " even than she is either " fair " or " forty," and this gentle dame insists on being bled. " I hear on all hands of nothing but your skill," commences she. " I am told your learning is prodigious, and I am quitting my own physician in order to put myself under the care of a man already so famous as you are. All my friends will assuredly follow my example, and in a very short time your *clientèle* will be the most distinguished in all Paris." The situation was an embarrassing one. Bled the lady would be, and her medical attendant had as to the use of the lancet the same apprehensions which have often assailed the oldest and most experienced hands, and from which, for instance, the

world-famous surgeon, Pont, was so little free, that to the latest hour of his practice he confessed that he had never bled any one without anxiety. Whether he liked it or not, however, our hero was now obliged (putting all attempts at a pun aside) to "come to the scratch." But here lay the very difficulty. In the comely fat arm that is offered to him where is the vein? Its possessor holds it out without fear, and keeps up a running commentary of anticipatory praise. The unfortunate operator grasps the steel, turns up his sleeves, makes ready for action, and at length plunges the lancet into the "too, too solid flesh." Alas! of the first and of the second plunge nothing comes; the well-covered vein is not attained. And then the whole aspect of the scene undergoes a change, and the praises of the comely dame are transformed into angry complaints. "You a man of talent!" exclaimed she at the top of her voice; — "why, the commonest apothecary would know better how to bleed one than you. Ah, well! I truly commiserate the unlucky creatures who fall into your care! Bind up my arm, if you are capable even of that, and begone as quickly as you can! Who knows whether I am not disabled for the rest of my days!" *

Probably M. Véron had no vocation for the career to which his parents had devoted him; for this incident sufficed to disgust him with it altogether, and on his return from his unsuccessful experiment in phlebotomy he told his porter, should any one in future ask for a medical practitioner there, to answer that none lived in the house.

Here then was the end of M. Véron's career as a professor of medicine. From that time forward, and for a year or two, he supported himself by writing articles in the *Quotidienne*, and giving paid lectures upon Physiology at the *Société des Bonnes Lettres*. What a wide gulf opens still between this precarious and more than modest situation, and the splendors to come, but yet unforeseen, of that wondrous blue opera-box, the hotel in the Rue Taitbout, the brown horses and demure coachman, and the obsequious satellites who are now ministers, ambassadors, and senators! Aladdin's lamp is not

* *Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris*, Vol. I. p. 11.

yet found, but it will be soon. During these few years of toil, the remuneration of which was so very disproportioned to the luxurious tastes and instincts of the person remunerated, M. Véron was more than once tempted to try if he could not obtain some employment that should insure to him, if not a more ample, at all events a more fixed revenue. But every door he knocked at refused to open, or, if just set ajar, was soon closed again with the words: "Why, you have your profession, what can you want more?" The same opposition to all entrance upon what are termed "public functions," in later years founded upon the fact of his having directed the Opera, now met him under the pretext of his having been and being still a doctor. "Discouraged in all my hopes," says he himself,* "by that continual reproach and sentence of exclusion, contained in the words, '*Mais vous êtes médecin!*' I really for an instant dreamt of resigning myself to the hard and laborious life of a country doctor. In no matter what village, the necessaries of existence would have been secured by the patrimony I should one day inherit, and I should increase my income by vaccinating all the department, drawing the teeth of all the male peasants, and becoming the *accoucheur* of all the female ones. I tried to poetize this prospect of a *médecin de campagne*, and imagined the delights of a father of a family surrounded by a good housewife and merry children. Perhaps a spice of ambition too was mixed up with my ideal. I believe I already saw myself invested with the dignity of *Maire* of the village!"

There is the secret of the whole of M. Véron's entire career, and of Louis Philippe's reign. Read Balzac's inimitable character of *l'Epicier*, written in 1842 or 1843, and descriptive of the reigning class of that epoch, of the *Bourgeois*. "The *épicier*," says he, "is of necessity, or aspires to be, a juror, a *garde national*, and an elector"; and he might add, that, when the *épicier* retires into the country, his infallible aim is the mayorship of his locality. It is this thirsting after public functionarism through life, (a thirst assuaged by neither one *régime* nor the other,) which makes M. Véron so

* *Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris*, Vol. III. p. 93.

complete a type of the *Bourgeois de Paris*, and renders the very fact of his existence and development a commentary in itself upon the society of Louis Philippe's time.

But in 1828, when he was just about completing his thirtieth year, the prospects of our aspirant as to civic honors and avocations were modified by his succession to his patrimony, on the demise of his last parent. The very first use he makes of this accession of fortune is, we are bound to say, that which is most commonly made of inheritances; he encroaches upon his capital. No very vast extravagance, however, characterized his expenditure at this juncture, and the amount of his imprudence was a journey to Switzerland and Italy (which he neither enjoyed nor profited by), in company with Mazères, the author of *Le Jeune Mari*, and some other pieces popular even now on the French stage. The whole time while the journey lasted, one of the travellers was absorbed by a solitary, all-engrossing preconception; neither nature nor antiquity, the glories of art nor the splendors of the Alps, Rome nor Mont Blanc, the galleries of Florence nor the Simplon grandeurs, had any power to lure him from his one perpetual subject of reflection. This was, how upon returning home to cast his skin, — *faire peau neuve*, — and achieve complete, entire oblivion of his Æsculapian state. He bethought himself at last (perhaps an impression caught from his travelling companion) of turning dramatic author, that seeming to him the most perfect of all metamorphoses. Accordingly, whilst Mazères, during their six weeks' tour was meditating, and did compose the plan of a five-act comedy in prose, which on their return was played with success at the Théatre Français, his companion perpetrated a three-act comedy in verse (!), which was never played anywhere, and the following is M. Véron's own account of his indifferent luck as a dramatist (for, to do him justice, it is impossible to be more candid than he is touching his disappointments in life). "My work was exposed neither to the votes of a reading committee, nor to the sentence of the public. I merely invited to dine with me M. Michelot, a *sociétaire* and actor of the Théatre Français, and my friend Farian de Saint Ange, to whom I had confided my rhymes." The play, it seems, was read before dinner was served, and met with that

sort of politely-protecting reception which is the — feather-bed of productions fated to fall. Michelot praised a verse here and there, — (Parisian opera-goers of our age, fancy Véron, your Véron, a poet!) — pointed out a scene or two as not bad, advised a little more dramatic interest to be infused throughout the whole, and finally pronounced that, with many alterations, the play might appear on the Théatre Français. This is the kind of reception which *naïve* young authors, tenacious to the death, style "encouraging"; but our hero, being anything but *naïve*, escaped the misfortune of being "encouraged." His final enlightenment came from a Rhenish carp: but this part of the anecdote he shall tell our readers himself. "After the reading of the piece," says he, "I was fortunate enough to offer to my judges, who were my guests, the most memorable Rhenish carp *à la Chambord* that ever came forth from the kitchens of Chevet. Michelot, who was a renowned *gourmet*, broke out in honor of this fish into transports of praise so very different from what my comedy in verse had been able to elicit, that I began to reflect, and, instructed by the tribute of enthusiasm so spontaneously paid to Chevet's *chef d'œuvre*, attained to the conviction that what had been awarded to me was a mere conventional compliment, nothing more. I quickly enough made up my mind, and having had the audacity to string together some six hundred rhymes, had the wisdom at least to throw the whole concern into the fire."

As with medicine, so with the drama; neither was propitious to M. Véron, and he began to think actively of some other way of coaxing fortune. In 1829, he had written political articles (quite unrecognized) in the *Quotidienne*. In that year, during M. de Martignac's ministry, he left the above-mentioned journal, with his friends Messrs. Capefique and Malitourne, and entered upon the collaboration of the *Messager des Chambres*, as writer of the Monday's theatrical *feuilleton*. Whilst following up this occupation, the idea of founding a review entered our hero's head, and would not dislodge itself. With this idea dawned the luck that, in many respects, was never more to abandon him. Eighty thousand francs was, in the commencement, the capital des-

tined by M. Véron to the requirements of his new enterprise, twenty thousand to be furnished by himself, and the rest to depend upon shares of one thousand francs each, taken by separate individuals. The sum was soon made up, and in a few months from the first conception of the plan the *Revue de Paris* appeared, and inaugurated a literary existence of no inconsiderable *éclat*.*

The moment was a happy one, no doubt, for any undertaking of the kind, and a review, properly so called, did not then exist in France, whilst, at the same time, men more than usually adapted to review or essay writing had already attained to fame, and were by their talents raising the nineteenth century to a level with the seventeenth, and soliciting a comparison between the age of the Restoration and that of Louis XIV. Villemain, Cousin, Guizot, Thierry, Nodier, Lamartine, Hugo, Vigny, and a host of others, are all men of this time; and it is certain that at the period alluded to there was but a very circumscribed market for their works, unless, indeed, they chose to produce, unceasingly, plays or books. The creation of the *Revue de Paris* is, in this respect, more important than may have been generally perceived; and the great extension which the art of criticism in France has since reached, the wide-spreading influence which has, little by little, made *la haute critique* of France the supreme judge of all things artistic and literary on the European continent, may be traced, in a great measure, to the establishment of this work. The first man who invented the æsthetic art in France, who opened the eyes of Frenchmen to its grandeur, and showed the high calling of a true critic, was the illustrious Villemain. Until those world-famous lessons of his, which, under the Restoration (between 1822 and 1829), drew all France in eager crowds to the Sorbonne, criticism, whether literary or artistic, had moved in France in a very narrow sphere. To prove this, it would suffice to read Laharpe and

* This *recueil*, which was afterwards bought and edited by the very clever proprietor and director of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, may, in some degree, claim the honor of having inspired him with the idea of the latter famous periodical. At the present day, the *Revue des Deux Mondes* may be said to hold undivided sway over the world of high and serious art and literature in France.

Voltaire, and to mark the almost incredible narrowness of vision which characterizes all their productions. We are not judging now the individual talent displayed, but the miserably narrow limits in which it was allowed to move. Diderot and Rousseau, indeed, followed another system, but they were, till within the last forty years, looked upon rather as singularities (eccentrics, in the classical acceptation of the term) than as men whose doctrines could possibly become the basis of a school. Germany was far ahead of France, but her great men, who from 1795 to 1820 formed, and were worthy to form, the objects of the admiration of the students and scholars of the whole world, were comparatively unknown in France, or only partially revealed by the cautious eulogiums or piecemeal translations of Benjamin Constant and Madame de Stael. The French — in whose eyes liberty (in spite of all their excesses committed in its name) is not a lovely thing, or a thing desirable in the abstract, however they may, by a combination of their own hot-headedness and eminently unpolitical sense with external circumstances, have been hurried on into the conquest of a political freedom they are unfit to use when they have got it — continue to take out in small slaveries the full change of the big coin of despotism they have got rid of. They are slaves, beyond what we can believe possible, to antiquated notions upon all sorts of subjects, and to customs dating from the days of Noah. It would take volumes to enumerate the million ways in which French people, in social and intellectual life, positively cripple themselves with chains, harder than those they believed themselves so happy to shake off, in religion and politics. In no respect were they longer or more closely fettered than in matters literary and artistic. A man was ready to lay his own head on the block, in order to disfranchise himself from submission to God Almighty and the king; but he would assuredly have had yours, if you had attempted to prove to him the genius of Shakespeare, — "A madman," he would argue, "who had no notion of classic art, despised rule, and dared to outrage the three unities." You would easily have induced him to take his part in any ceremony of real life, however cruel, or ludicrous, or savage, or extravagant;

but for no consideration or price would you get him to sit by and see Hamlet acted, unless *arrangé* by Ducis! It was in this state of darkness that Villemain found the youth of France, when, in the early years of the Restoration, he ventured to proclaim to them the excellence of those great masters whose works they voluntarily ignored. He alone, perhaps, was capable of the enterprise, from the fact of his allying the largest and most elevated views possible with a correct beauty of diction, and an eloquence whose peculiar characteristics recalled above all the pure classic splendors of the great writers of the age of Louis XIV. More than Cousin or Guizot, more than any of his contemporaries, Villemain was calculated to influence the studies of his day; first, from the subject of his lessons, which were purely æsthetic, and next, from the distinctive individuality, as we may call it, of his talent.

We dwell upon this point, because it is an important one in the contemporary literary history of France. We request our readers to remember, that the period whereof we are speaking was the one during which the famous struggle began and endured between the so-called *Classiques* and *Romantiques*. The "master" *par excellence*, we repeat, was Villemain. *Romantique*, that is, liberal in tendencies, he was supremely, undeniably classic in form, and consequently presented to the rising generations of France the image of the progress in things literary and artistic which was indispensable, and of that intellectual development to attain which the idea of the beautiful was never sacrificed. From the lessons of Villemain there sprang a vast number of young and talented writers, and the professors of the æsthetic art in France have, we repeat it, no other origin. But the talent once granted, the manifestation of it was not so easy. Critics of real value, who felt themselves such, had no alternative save a volume, or the *feuilleton* of a newspaper; men who had "something in them," and whose brains were big with something to say upon every variety of form affected by the beautiful, had, in fact, no place open to them where their thought could produce itself under its proper and normal conditions. The heads of the schools, Villemain, Cousin,

Guizot, were professors, and had their tribune at the Sorbonne; but their disciples, — where were they to enter into communication with the public? No periodical like the Edinburgh or Quarterly in England existed in France. The prospect of a volume to publish complete scared many a man, who, in an article of thirty or forty pages, would, upon the questions he might have studied, have proved his aptitude and superiority. On the other hand, a *feuilleton* was wanting in gravity, and its limits too were prescribed.

Several attempts were made before any one succeeded. *La Muse Française* and *Le Globe* were the two that promised best, and the latter has even to this day been able to attach its name to some of the early writers in its columns, of whom people still say, as of Messrs. de Remusat, Ampère, Vitet, and a few others, *C'était un homme du Globe.* But this was not yet the form that lent itself to the entire development of the talents we have since admired in France. Fancy, for instance, Gustave Planche, the hierarch of the genus, recording his judgments, distributing his capital sentences, anywhere save in the dignified, handsome pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes.* This high level, however, was not attained at once. As in most cases, a precursor made its appearance, and the *recueil*, which was to win definitively and enchain public favor for a space of twenty-five years, and be the aim and end of every man of any talent in France, was heralded in on the arena by a periodical less brilliant in every respect than its illustrious follower, but conceived in the same spirit.

The opportuneness of the *Revue de Paris* was evinced by the ease with which it was founded, by the support instantly received from nearly every writer of any name and of any pretensions to distinction, and by the pecuniary advantages it procured almost at once to those who established it. In its very first number was an article by Sainte Beuve, one of those charming *portraits littéraires* to the exquisite perfection whereof the elegant critic was to attain some ten years later in the *Revue des Deux Mondes;* in its next numbers were published some of those famous *nouvelles* of Mérimée's, to the creation of which he was, as it were, to bid adieu in the pub-

lication of the cleverest of them all, *Colomba*, in that identical *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in the year 1841.

We repeat it, the one was but the sketch, the outline, of what the other was to be. But the same qualities which, four or five years later, so eminently distinguished M. Véron as director of the Opera, already contributed to insure his success as editor of a periodical. Liberal in the extreme, but full of order, we find M. Véron attentive above everything to what may flatter and attach to him the persons upon whose talents he counts. He never on any occasion spares his trouble, — according to the French expression, *il paie de la personne*, without reserve, — and we have him running about from one end of Paris to the other, indefatigable in his endeavors to secure whatever is most likely to benefit his enterprise. "I was never tired or discouraged," says he; "I used to go from the Arsenal, where lived Charles Nodier, to Mérimée's abode, at the *Beaux Arts;* from Saint-Marc Girardin, in the Quartier Saint Jacques, to the Rue Bergère, where lodged Casimir Delavigne, or to the Rue Olivier, to hunt up Scribe. About once a week, I used thus, in the course of a morning, to give to myself a lecture on comparative literature. Sometimes I popped in on Victor Hugo, breakfasting between his wife and young children, with his throat wrapped round in furs, and his whole body hotly swathed up, like a man who is afraid of catching cold, after having passed the night in composing the fine verses of the *Orientales*, or of *Marion Delorme*."

Here we have, by anticipation, the personage, whole and entire, who is to eclipse all theatrical directors, past, present, and to come, unless, indeed, it may be, Barbaja; but the celebrated Neopolitan *impresario* was stingy, and always began by trying how he could at the least cost get the most out of those he was destined to employ; whereas our *Bourgeois de Paris*, on the contrary, was for ever busied with the desire to make his advantage the interest of his associates, and to stimulate their zeal in his service by the prospect of gain to themselves. In his character of editor of the *Revue de Paris*, he treats his authors as he will treat his singers and *corps de ballet* when he shall rule over the destinies of the Grand

Opera. He is attentive to them, takes care of them, humors them, habituates them to himself, and insinuates himself into their confidence. He speaks of them involuntarily as "his," as belonging to him. They are "his" writers, as Nourrit and Mademoiselle Falcon and Fanny Elssler and Taglioni will also one day be "his." These protective instincts were the occasion, in after times, of Véron's nickname of *Paterne*. When, during his proprietorship of the *Constitutionnel*, (in 1850,) the law was passed for the signature of all newspaper articles, the leaders in the above journal appeared with the signature of "Dr. L. Véron"; and — see what are the caprices of notoriety! — the very man who had labored for ten or a dozen years to efface from people's minds the doctoral title which he said hindered him from being anything else, found himself treated as an impostor, when, twenty years later, he re-assumed that same title, in order to take a graver air. "Véron a doctor!" cried the generation which could behold in him nothing save the incarnation of the Opera, the model director, the sultan of the Blue Box, — "where, in Heaven's name, did he come by that?" And, to prove he had not usurped a style that was not his own, the author of the *Premiers-Paris* in the *Constitutionnel* had to spend more time, trouble, and ink, than it had cost him previously to disguise the same fact. But this by the way. The scope of these articles (not wholly without merit) was, as it were, to answer to his *abonnés* for the honesty of the prince-president; and in defending Louis Napoleon, in assuring his readers that it was impossible he should ever be false to honor and to his oath, or that he should ever perjure himself, the learned Doctor assumed the tone he would have taken to screen Duprez or Madame Stoltz from any unjust suspicion on the part of the public. The president was "his" president, and he would not have him abused!

The absurdity of the position struck at once the ridicule-loving Parisians, and Véron was universally alluded to under the name of *Paterne*. But to return to the *Revue de Paris*. For nearly two years before the Revolution of July, this periodical went on increasing in fame and pecuniary value; but after the change of dynasty had taken place, it could not pro-

gress any further, but, on the contrary, could only recede from its position, on account, in the first place, of the general absorption in public and political life of many of its leading collaborators, and, in the next, of the superior part played on the theatre of literature and art by a recently created rival. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* was established in the year 1830, almost immediately upon the accession of Louis Philippe to power.

These combined circumstances sufficed to make Véron comprehend that another sphere must be opened to his activity. The old temptation of public functionarism was still there, strong as ever, and if he could have been a deputy, or a *Sous-Préfet*, or a clerk in some government office, or a mayor, or no matter what that dovetailed into the regular hierarchy of administration, he would for that purpose have made any amount of sacrifice that could be conceived; but the thing was impossible, and, without abandoning this one perpetual aim, he began to devise another and more roundabout way of reaching it. So soon as the Orleans family was established at the head of the state, it was foreseen by most people that the ruling influence was likely to be wealth; and those who had any far sight into the probabilities of the political and social future, perceived already in the distance the growing phantom of a golden aristocracy (to use the German phrase), which in a few years was to be nearly as omnipotent as the aristocracy of Great Britain, and to cast around it nearly as "cold a shade" as that ancient body has latterly been accused of doing. Money, it was imagined, would be the universal key to everything, and our *Bourgeois*, among others, consoled himself with the conviction that, if he had money enough, he should easily command the "place," which (as with the majority of the men of his time and standing) formed the one great object of his ambition and desire. The desideratum of the present hour therefore was money. That must be got, and all the rest would follow. An occasion soon presented itself. Precisely a year after his nomination to the throne (August, 1831), Louis Philippe radically changed the constitution of the Opera. But this necessitates some explanations which may not be altogether uninteresting.

The first Napoleon, as is well known, had no taste for music, (little enough indeed for any of the fine arts,) but he was imbued with a strong idea of the utility of theatrical representations, and willingly agreed to any expenditure destined to keep up or augment the splendor of the national spectacles, but especially of the Académie Impériale de Musique. In order to meet the enormous expense of this theatre, he issued on the 13th of August, 1811, a decree, the substance whereof is not very generally known. By this decree, all theatres, of no matter what kind, in Paris were forced to pay, some a fifth, the others a twentieth, of their receipts to the treasury of the Grand Opera, which thus, in fact, as we see, lived by the sweat of others' brows. The terms of the decree are as follows: — "Are obliged to pay a tribute (*redevance*) to our Académie Impériale de Musique, all theatres of the second class, all little theatres, and shows of every sort, whether of machinery, figures, animals, or what not; all games, and in general all spectacles, of no matter what description, and all enterprises of masked balls, concerts, etc. . . . . The panoramas, cosmoramas, and establishments of the like species, are also obliged thereto, and the Cirque Olympique, as a stage on which pantomimes are played. Our theatres of the Opera Comique, Français, and Odéon are alone excepted from this tax."

This tribute, it was calculated, gave to the Opera about 25,000 francs a month, whereof 15,000 were paid by the second-class theatres, and 10,000 by the various other establishments. The revenue furnished to the Opera from this source was therefore, it will be seen, about 300,000 francs per annum. This law maintained its validity during the whole time of the Restoration, and in the reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. the following was somewhere near the amount of the sums placed at the disposal of the administration of the Opera: — 300,000 francs (and more) furnished by the *redevance*, 600,000 francs given by the Minister of the Interior out of the 1,300,000 francs voted by the Chambers for the royal theatres, and, added to this, the funds contributed by the sovereign from his civil list. The last budget of the civil list, verified by the Court of Accounts in 1829, proves that

the *théatres royaux* cost Charles X. for that year 966,923 francs! Now, it must be said that the taste for excess of splendor in the accessories of representation (always a sort of tradition of the Opera) began under the last years of the Restoration, at the precise period when, of all others, there were diminished means of satisfying it! This for several causes. After the successive *bouleversements* of the Revolution and the Empire, and before industrial speculations had begun to sow money about upon the surface of the political soil, fortunes were comparatively small, and strict economy was the necessity of most families. To this, if you add that the king's household disposed of a very large number of boxes, and that in high society it was a sort of received notion that the performances of the Académie Royale ought to be attended free of cost, you will easily understand how impossible it was for any administration to make "both ends meet."

The consequence was that these two fabulous "ends," which we seriously believe never did "meet" in reality since the creation of the world, did not come together at the Grand Opera any more than in any other case. Many ways of evading the difficulty had been thought of, and none had answered. The Revolution of July happened, and a double necessity existed, on the one hand for making the Opera attractive, and on the other for bringing its cost within the measure of what the government could afford. One of this very government's first acts was to separate the Opera from the charge of the crown, and the Minister of the Interior in February, 1831, signed and presented for the royal signature a law for "giving over the administration of the Académie Royale to a private director, who shall during six years manage it for his own advantage and at his own risk." To this step M. de Montalivet, then minister, had been advised by a special commission composed of the Duc de Choiseul, Royer-Collard (the younger), M. d'Heuneville, Edouard Blanc, Cané, and Armand Bertin of the *Journal des Débats*.

In the month of August following, the decree of 1811, concerning the *redevance* of the lesser theatres, was abolished, and in fact the Grand Opera remained abandoned to its own resources, that is, to the subsidies awarded by the Chamber of

Deputies; for Louis Philippe was little disposed to make up any deficiencies from his own already diminished civil list. In the beginning a director was not so easy to be found, and Véron, presented to M. de Montalivet by the commission, was accepted at once, and requested to submit his plans to the minister. But he himself had now some hours of hesitation, and nearly a fortnight of indecision went by. The arguments which at last determined his acceptance were sensible enough, and show a clear comprehension of the society of his time,—of that society whereof in many respects he is himself so complete a personification. "The Revolution of July," says he, recounting his cogitations at the conjuncture we mention, "is the triumph of the *Bourgeoisie*. Victorious, this same *Bourgeoisie* will hold to enthroning itself in its amusements; the Opera will necessarily become its Versailles, and its crowds will rush forward to take the places of the exiled *grands seigneurs* of the court." His calculation was a right one, as the event sufficiently proved, and the fortune M. Véron contrived to make during his career at the Académie Royale shows how justly he divined when he expounded to the Minister of the Interior his theory of "opposing the high receipts of the Grand Opera to the general alarm professed at ever-recurring *émeutes* by the society of Paris and the Continent generally."

The caution-money required for the enterprise was £10,000 (250,000 francs); out of this his co-surety consented to deposit *inscriptions de rentes* of 10,000 a year at five per cent (or a value of 200,000 francs), and the sapient Doctor himself provided 50,000 francs from his own pocket. Speaking of this, M. Véron remarks that it was no easy thing in 1831 to find an individual ready and able to assume the risk of a similar enterprise, and in a position to furnish 250,000 francs wherewith to guarantee it.

We confess we do not agree with our *Bourgeois de Paris*, or think that here lay his chief advantage. He had a chance that has through life stood him in good stead; he was lucky, and of this he, in the following words, gives the assurance himself. "I have," he says, adverting to his various occupations and enterprises, "passed by I know not how many different emotions, in my existence. I have had those, full of anxiety,

of the physician at the dying man's pillow, — the feverish ones of a manager in the direst embarrassment; I have felt the emotions (serious, grave ones, those) of politics in times of danger and of crisis; those, no less so perhaps, of a newspaper editor who waits for a manuscript in vain. In every social situation imaginable, there are good and bad days, but evil fortune is perpetually followed by unexpectedly happy events. Whilst director of the *Revue de Paris*, I have often waited whole months for articles which in the end never came, and more than once, on the other hand, perfect *chefs d'œuvre*, little gems I had never counted on, such as Auguste Barbier's *Curée*, or Mérimée's *Vase Etrusque*, would fall in upon me without my being prepared for them. Let a man be doctor, newspaper editor, theatrical manager, or general-in-chief of an army, — no matter what, — the first quality, the first merit, he must have, the one that is indispensable to him from the practical point of view of success, is this one, only one, — luck."

There is the true word! M. Véron, as we have said, was lucky. Because he was so, he triumphed over the various intrigues set on foot to prevent him from obtaining the direction of the Opera, and equally because he was so, when he had secured that direction, he made his fortune. His luck it was which delivered over to him the score of *Robert le Diable* almost in the first days of his administration, though it must be confessed there was something more than mere luck in the sharp-sightedness with which, against the advice of every one around him, he recognized not alone the talent, but the capacity of success of the work, which has since then been a part of the stock in trade of every theatre in the whole world. Our readers may naturally exclaim, "What can possibly be the merit of that? Recognize the worth of *Robert le Diable!* I should think so indeed." But this is a complete mistake. *Robert le Diable* marked an entire revolution in the sphere of musical and dramatic art; nothing which had preceded it had by any means prepared the way for it. It was an innovation, — an attempt the issue of which seemed anything but certain. The *Muette*, given two years before, in no way furnished assurance; for the *Muette* was an opera more or less in the style of other works of the same kind,

though with greater extension. It was a collection of separate airs and concerted pieces, bound together by recitative, and with dances introduced. There were more soldiers, more masses of people upon the stage, than had been usual, but that was a mere extension of an admitted principle, and that six choristers or six hundred should figure on the stage made no alteration in the fundamental bases of operatic art. But Meyerbeer's work, — good heavens! what was that? Was it symphony, or ballet, or oratorio, or "mystery"? There was as much depending on the dancers as on the singers, on the scenery as on the organ, and more on the orchestra than on all. Five acts too! and long ones, — how would the public bear it? And then the orchestra, — solos of twenty-five minutes long and an empty stage, and the trios without any orchestra at all! and the Devil and High Mass, and the Nuns, and the voices from Hell! There were undoubtedly, for those who know the strange, incalculable susceptibilities of a Parisian public, ten reasons to one for the prediction of a *fiasco* colossal as the work that would produce it. M. Véron on entering upon his new functions asked almost immediately for the *libretto* of this opera, already variously spoken of in the different circles of Paris, and left by his predecessor among those works of art which he was enchanted to be released from the responsibility of bringing forth.

After reading Scribe's *libretto*, the new manager saw at a glance all that rendered it both so perilous and so capable of succeeding beyond all previous example. He at once, indeed, decided that the chances for were much greater than those against success, and he set to work in good earnest to prepare for it. Months and months went by, however, and the twelve had nearly elapsed by the time that the giant opera was ready to meet the public eye. When it appeared at length, every one knows the immense sensation produced. The *bouleversement* was complete, and the day after the first representation of *Robert*, a revolution in the world of musical art was accomplished, as sudden, and far more radical, than that which in politics had been made by the three days of July.

There is rarely any adequacy of proportion between the talent of an innovator in any branch of art, and the responsi-

bility of harm to art itself which he incurs. Take the heads of different schools, for instance, — in painting, Delacroix, in poetry, Victor Hugo, in music, Meyerbeer, — and see in the three specialties whereof they are all such indisputable masters, what an amount of false taste, what a vast proportion of the inartistic element, they have called to life, — what a disposition toward confusion and noise they have provoked. Nay, take even Walter Scott, so admirable himself, so true, and you cannot avoid admitting the inferiority, the falseness, of the *genre* he has inaugurated. And so with Meyerbeer: from the hour when *Robert* was enacted, and carried away the public in spite of its defects, those defects were adopted as conditions of excellence and success. Because five acts of fine music were found not to have worn out the audience, no opera was thenceforward held to be presentable that was not spun out to five acts. Because Meyerbeer's subject necessarily called for a vast luxury of costume and accessories, these were thought quite indispensable to the proper bringing forth of any musical work. Hence all the processions, and triumphs, and solemn entries, and pageants, that thenceforward dragged their gorgeous length over the boards of the Académie Royale, accompanied by a noise in the orchestra that was no longer music, and that rose up under the feet of the bedizened crowd upon the stage, vain, ugly, and disagreeable as the clatter of horse-hoofs and clouds of dust which alone were wanting to the absolute reality of the representation. However, let that be as it may, the management had good reason to applaud itself for venturing on the production of Meyerbeer's *Robert*, and the sums it quickly brought into M. Véron's pocket might lead him to suppose that his cherished idea of public functionarism was of likely accomplishment, and that money alone being needful to this end, the close of his theatrical enterprise would coincide with his easy induction into political existence. But this was not the case, and the history of his delusions in this respect, and the impossibility of his success, was the history of a whole class of society, and of an entire phasis of Louis Philippe's reign.*

* M. Véron left the direction of the Opera in 1835, before the complete expiration

Whilst director of the Opera, M. Véron is of less importance to us than he becomes when he has retired from his post as manager of the Académie Royale. He may have more or less merit, more or less success, but his existence in itself proves — helps to elucidate — nothing. On the contrary, after he has abandoned his directorial functions, his influence is curious matter for study, and the fact of what he is and of what he cannot be are both of them social problems equally interesting. First, what is he, when no longer head and chief of the Opera, *Padishah* of the *coulisses?* Is he simply and solely a *Bourgeois de Paris*, and influential as such? No! he personifies the dull, unintelligent, meaningless materialism of twenty years ago in France; he is the incarnation of the sensuality of that period, and he reigns because he is the completest of the *viveurs* of that time, — the archetype of that useless caste against which mainly the barricaders of 1848 revolted. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, there was something not altogether fleshly in the materialism of France, and her very vices were carried off with *esprit.* The age of the so-called "philosophers," which heralded in the Revolution, was an age of eminent intellectuality, of anxiety and research, and a longing spiritual curiosity was at the bottom of its disbelief. The very *roués de la régence* were gallant, witty, generous, high-spirited fellows, thinking, it is true, marvellously little of what we term morality, but utterly incapable of meanness or dishonesty, and in their very excesses seeking something they did not find, not making the excess itself their end and aim. The materialism of Louis Philippe's day (for it must be so characterized) was the reverse. To it might be applied Byron's address to Alphonso d'Este: —

"Thou, formed to eat and be despised!"

It was a gross materialism; one which in the heaviest pleasures found its contentment, which ate and drank for feeding's sake, and dulled itself in whatever most excluded intel-

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of the six years. M. Thiers flatly refused to renew his privilege, not venturing to appear in the eyes of the suspicious French public as the accomplice of the Doctor's enormous gains.

lect from sense. These were the *viveurs* of the government of July, over whom ruled the ex-satrap of the Grand Opera, whose throne was the far-famed blue box. But why, when the very principle of that government was held to be the recognition of every capacity and every influence, — why could not this influence gain the object it coveted? Was he not a *Bourgeois de Paris*, — one of those very men to further whose advancement, whose preponderance, indeed, in the state, the throne of July had been raised? True; but when he applied for place, a change had come over the spirit of Louis Philippe's dream, and he was now, in turn, beginning to hanker after the power of exclusion, to destroy which for ever had been one of the aims in his elevation. The old ideas and tendencies of official bureaucratic France — which is the most retrograde thing imaginable — were budding forth anew on every administrative branch, and the possessors of offices were every whit as tenacious of its privileges, and as resolved to keep all, save themselves, out of them, as ever were the "governing classes" under the exiled Bourbons. The level had been lowered, that was all, — the spirit was precisely the same. The commencement of the July government granted, — the opinion duly recognized, that thenceforward merit alone, independently of every other consideration, was to attain to power, — it becomes amusing to watch the gradual retrogression towards the old principles, to mark the short time it took to reach from this starting-point the goal of entire exclusionism, and to witness the joy with which those who were on the right side of the door locked and barred it against those who were on the wrong side. We are not making ourselves the champions of Véron in this case; for we see no harm whatever in the circumstance of his inability to climb higher than he did. But it is the reason of the inability that is worth examining; the sudden turn taken in favor of conservatism by the power that is based upon insurrection, — the sudden worship of "respectability" by the rulers who owe their elevation to their long and unconcealed alliance with whatever affected scorn for things respectable, — this is the point of historical philosophy which attracts us, and here the events in the career of our *Bourgeois* are typical, and repre-

sent the illusions and disappointments of an entire portion of the body social in France.

He had left the direction of the Opera; he had realized a large fortune; he was not inferior in capacity to those around him, — quite the reverse; he had influence, a vast *clientèle*, — friends amongst all those of the *jeunesse dorée* whom he had fed, or to whom he had lent money. Besides this, he was essentially a *Bourgeois de Paris*, — a big wig too of the press, — a man uniting all, or nearly all, the qualifications for office under the existing order of things. Therefore, he logically reasoned, office must be his, — he had everything required to obtain it. He applies, — and so consistent would be his success with the preconceived ideas of his class, that he positively does not see the determined resistance he encounters, till the crosses are put on all the *t*'s, and the dots on all the *i*'s. Even then he cannot believe it, and he goes on knocking at every door, till evidence comes again to him in the matter of public functionarism, as in the case of medicine and dramatic authorship. What Chevet's *carpe à la Chambord*, and the fat lady he could not bleed, were to him in the two former cases, that to him in the latter was one of the wittiest ministers Louis Philippe ever had, — M. de Rémusat.

Shortly after his retirement from the Opera, Véron purchased the *Constitutionnel*, and during four or five years so constantly supported the government, that it had got from him all it needed. But at the end of that period, the men he thought his patrons came into power, and all the desire of our *Bourgeois* for civic activity burst into bloom. He hurried off to M. Thiers, then just entering upon his short-lived ministry called the "Ministry of the 1st of March." He found the new minister all kindness and protestations. A place in the finances was immediately proposed. As Receiver-General, suggested M. Thiers, his worthy friend of the *Constitutionnel* would be perfect; the only obstacle was, that no place was vacant! *N'importe!* a plan is devised; the receiver-generalship of Alençon is held by a man of eighty, M. Décrès. "Go to him," says the minister, — "obtain his resignation, which, at that age, cannot be difficult, and, spite of the unwillingness of M. Pelet de la Logère, (who

will make difficulties thereto,) you shall be named in his stead." Off flies M. Véron with his *fidus Achates*, M. de Lautour Mézeray (the man of the camellias in the blue box); down they go to Alençon, and there they find out that they are forestalled, — M. Décrès's *survivance* is sold already to a deputy, who has never yet been able to secure the nomination he has bought! Nothing is to be done there, and our hero comes back. Soon, however, the *Conseil d'Etat* has charms for him, and he imparts his wish to M. Thiers, who again agrees with him, and promises to do his best. A few days after, the minister tells him he finds it wholly impossible to do anything at all, the fact of the matter being, that the "respectable" councillors of state would not consent on any condition to admit as their colleague an ex-director of the Académie Royale de Musique. Here, his very suzerainship over *la jeunesse dorée* was his obstacle and his bane. Probably not an individual councillor of state but would have most kindly eaten his dinners, and not even refused his suppers, or his whist-table, or — or no matter what other attractions his agreeable home afforded; but this was personal affability on their part; as a body, the Council of State was strictly virtuous, prudish even in its aggregate behavior, and its aggregate respectability was offended at what the respectability personal of each of its members might perhaps have been brought to endure. The *Conseil d'Etat* was a "sealed Paradise" to our *Bourgeois*, and all his gold even could not buy admission to its grave mysteries. This time M. Véron not only altered, but also considerably lowered, his pretensions. He had demanded too much at once, suggested his friends; he must enter upon the duties of administration hierarchically, "begin at the beginning"; in short, do like other people, etc. No end of good advice was offered him in this strain, and he so readily profited by it, that he decided upon accepting the very first post usually granted to youthful aspirants, and contenting himself with what is the reward of "rising" merit at one or two and twenty, — a subprefecture. Fully resolved upon this modest course, he again confided his plans to M. Thiers, who, quite agreeing therein, referred him to his colleague of the *Intérieur*, M. de Rémusat,

railleur et dédaigneux, as our Doctor not unaptly describes him. "The Minister of the Interior," remarks the aspirant himself, "held in no way to counting me amongst his subordinates, and consequently put little grace into the whole business." When receiving the new candidate for sub-prefectorial honors, "So," said he, with that kind of smile which may pass for something else, "you want to superintend the balls of Sceaux?"* "Let us speak seriously, *Monsieur le Ministre*," was the reply; "I can only accept a sub-prefecture with the assurance of becoming prefect." At this, the grandson of Lafayette started back in amazement. "Heyday! what is this?" was the exclamation pictured in his looks, and from his lips fell the observation: "Why, it has cost us trouble enough to get for you this sub-prefecture of Sceaux, and, for my part, I protest I will never name you prefect." Here was a tolerably clear declaration. Our author says he answered in the following terms: "I thank you for your frankness; I was about to make a mistake; I was about to exchange my position of a journalist much solicited, for that of a sub-prefect much soliciting; I rejoice at your ill-nature, and am grateful for your ingratitude." †

Perhaps this really was M. Véron's reply; at all events, there is no doubt that from this period he remained, during all Louis Philippe's reign, enlightened as to what were his chances of attaining to public functions. M. de Rémusat's reception had shaken his faith in the attainableness of office, as on two former occasions that faith had been destroyed in the prospects afforded by the healing art and the drama.

From 1840, therefore, until the Revolution of 1848, our *Bourgeois de Paris* remained director of the *Constitutionnel*, but, above and beyond all else, ex-director of the Opera, the character as inseparable from him as sovereignty from the once anointed, — that to which he easily attained, for which he seemed created, and upon which every circumstance forced him back. Now, far more than when he actually ruled over

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* Sceaux is a village near Paris where rustic fêtes and balls have been given from time immemorial. Sceaux or St. Denis is generally the first sub-prefecture accorded, and they are not the least desired from their vicinity to Paris.

† *Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris*, Vol. IV. p. 263.

the *coulisses*, does his authority over the world of wealth and pleasure manifest itself supreme. He had, as we said in our first pages, achieved the greatness for which he was fitted, and his influence was to outlive official functions; for his influence represented a combination of things real, an entire aspect of the social constitution of his hour or moment, we will not say his age. He stood now for years (till Louis Philippe's downfall) alone, or rather aloof. No longer trying to "go to others," as the French phrase runs, others came to him, and his abode, surrounded as it was with a species of mysterious fame, became a refuge for those who bore official dulness with impatience, — a world whither to escape when the world of business and state was found too tiresome. All manner of stories were current about that luxurious habitation, penetrable only to the chosen, and within whose walls were believed to be perpetually celebrated what he himself, speaking of his operatic realm, entitled "the gay and decent Saturnalia of behind the scenes." His wealth was supposed inexhaustible, and his prodigality unbounded, whereas neither was quite what it was represented, and the persistent plenitude of the purse was owing in fact to the strict and incessant economy with which it was managed. But then no one ever did know like our *Bourgeois* how to spend his money advisedly. Every crown-piece he expended purchased the centuple of its worth in notoriety, and no one so well understood how to invest gold so as to make it render more than its natural interest in every respect, whilst to all appearance, instead of being "placed," it was simply squandered away.

A picture was talked of as being a treasure of art; its price was haggled over by the directors of the Louvre; — Véron bought it. A counterpane of Indian workmanship was shown to the newly married Duchesse de Montpensier, and £ 500 fixed as the cost. The young prince was appealed to by his bride; he shook his head and smiled: "Such things are too dear for me, but take it to M. Véron!" And the princely advice was followed, and such persons as had admittance to the sanctum of the *Bourgeois de Paris* might see upon his bed spread out a coverlet, the magnificence whereof was such that they could not choose but note it; when the owner would modestly tell

the tale, while beholders were in no degree surprised at the circumstance of his possessing it, and of a king's son being unable to own it.

This epoch — the eight years between 1840 and the February Revolution — was the epoch of his importance, the period when the fact of that very importance was one of the "signs of the times." It was a period of lull, if not of stagnation; one of those dead calms on the political ocean, when such huge whales and walruses float upwards and lie on the still surface, basking and inert, happy in repletion, and imposing upon simple mariners, who, viewing them from afar, take their smooth, shining, gluey platitudes for islands.

Shortly before February, 1848, our potentate changed his throne, and, instead of the blue audience-chamber of the proscenium-box, established it in the far more stirring centre of the Rue de Rivoli. After all was overthrown, — kings, parliaments, constitutions, — and France was the prize given over to be won either by incapable legality or by lawless daring, our *Bourgeois* condescended to mix somewhat more with what was going on, and judged the actors of the vast drama on the French political stage as he had heretofore judged those of the theatre in the Rue Lepelletier. His balcony at the corner of the Rue de Castiglione, looking over the gardens of the Tuileries, across the Place Louis XV., to the Legislative Chamber, was now what the blue box had been in days of yore. There he sat or stood, as formerly in the *avant scène* of the Opera, lorgnette in hand, as ever, surrounded by the same men and graciously distributing the same applause. The position of his acolytes was somewhat altered, and changed too were the subjects of his disapproval or his praise. Of the former, all were older, which was a double disadvantage to them, seeing they were mostly men best excused in their deficiencies by youth; some were richer, but not more esteemed; others were more utterly ruined than they had been, or, like M. de Morny, more uncertain, more perplexed, as to whom to serve and whom to betray; but all were, as before, the satellites of the same planet, the clients, in fact, of the same patron. As to the actors on the stage, they were various. Each came in turn. It was now the Prince-President driving his phaeton

from the Elysée, and bowing with grateful *empressement* to the confederate of days to come, or Changarnier, at the head of his legions, who, returning from some review, offered the sword salute in military style to the presumed monarchist of all times.

As the year 1851 grew in age, as its end approached, our hero began to guess who was likely to play the first part in the political drama, and took to vaunting the President whose ambition, far from alarming, seemed to him full of promise, as he had vaunted *Robert le Diable* years before, in the tone, style, and phraseology of an *impresario* who is guaranteeing his *primo tenore*. This time, at all events, thought he, his official career must be insured. None of the obstacles of other days could be obstacles now; he should hear of no "respectability" adverse to his hopes; for all those whom he was serving, and who were to seat themselves fast in authority and power, were by so much less "respectable" than himself, that they were less rich. They were men held as adventurers, and persons not to be trusted by the governments he had had any knowledge of; and such as he was, he was evidently in his own mind their superior. The reconstituted empire could do no less than make a Senator of "Doctor" Véron, and call him into the intimacy of its counsels! and in the firm persuasion of this forthcoming fact, our *Bourgeois de Paris* proceeded to exhaust every form of praise upon the *régime* inaugurated by the *coup d'état* of December, 1851. But the very name we have just mentioned, the style by which we have again alluded to our author, was now the one perhaps of all others which precluded him from any active part in the political administration of France as reorganized by Louis Napoleon. The time for the *Bourgeoisie* was gone by. The good qualities, as well as defects, of the middle classes, kept them aloof from any association with a government whose chief virtue was its extreme audacity, and whose ruling vice was its disregard of honesty and truth. Boldness was the thing the new government required; desperate men were those it prized most, men whose fortunes were as desperate as their characters, men who had nothing to lose and everything to gain. "Sterner stuff" was required than our Doctor was made of. He was too fat, too rich, too much accustomed to

the ideas of former times, too *arrivé*, to be of any use, and, after having been nicknamed *Paterne* by the public, he was crammed into the depths of the Legislative Chamber, that being the surest of all ways of putting a man on the shelf. In this period of inaction Dr. Véron has bethought him of giving his memoirs to the world, and he has on the whole done not unwisely, for they accurately represent a phasis of contemporary French history.

As a literary work, the six thick volumes before us have positively no value at all. They are utterly barren of any merit whatever; ill composed, or rather wanting in composition altogether; destitute, we need scarcely say, of sharpness and delicacy of judgment, and elevation of thought; and, besides this, wholly devoid of any talent in the mere writing; — but, these defects largely allowed for, we repeat, that we know of hardly a more exact picture of Louis Philippe's eighteen years of sovereignty than the *Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris*. A very simple reason is to be assigned for this: the author, although not possessed of what can be called talent, is by no means deficient in observing faculties. He has through all his life known how to see, and this is not vouchsafed to every one; and being luckily devoid of anything approaching to imagination, he has merely recounted what he has seen, has even more reflected than told his own life, and leaves the reader to judge men and things as if he saw them pass before him in a mirror. His own view of the subjects he recalls does not therefore sufficiently engross Dr. Véron to make him distort them in any degree, and the very inadequacy of his talent guarantees to us the fidelity of his recitals. "The rule best proved by its exception" stands good again in this case; for once, and once only, our author ceases to be a mere "reflector," or to present his readers simply, like the looking-glass, with what he has retained. Once, personal enmity moves him, and his vision is no longer clear, and his testimony is comparatively of no value. This effect is produced in the case of M. Thiers, whose flat refusal to continue to M. Véron the privilege of the Directorship of the Grand Opera was never forgiven or forgotten by the latter. From the beginning to the end, whenever the name of the clever

author of *Le Consulat et l'Empire* falls under the pen of our *Bourgeois*, you instantly perceive the influence of the personal grudge. But with this one exception, (which, we repeat, "proves the rule,") we recommend Dr. Véron's book conscientiously as the truest possible description of Louis Philippe's reign.

The *Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris* are not only interesting, from the fact of their being so faithful a reflection of the times they treat of; they contain also certain documents of undoubted interest relating to those times. These were, for the most part, we believe, procured from the sack of the Tuileries in 1848, and some were contributed by persons of celebrity themselves. We are, above all, introduced by Dr. Véron to the intimate acquaintance of notabilities in the world of art, whom more than most people he had the opportunity of studying. Amongst these are sketches of Mademoiselle Rachel, of Delacroix and Décamps, the painters, of Mademoiselle Mars, of Fanny Elssler, and of several others equally well known.

Before speaking of Mademoiselle Rachel, in respect to whom M. Véron's opinion is not without weight, we cannot resist the following *résumé* of an anecdote relative to the simple *Bourgeois*-like habits of the then court of the Tuileries, and of the young princes of the house of Orleans. The scene is the porter's lodge of M. Décamps's residence. The *concierge* has pulled the string, and a tall, good-looking young man has come in. Touching his hat, he politely inquires, "Does M. Décamps live here?" "Yes, sir," is the reply. "Is he at home?" is then rejoined. "He is." "On what floor does he lodge?" is the new inquiry. The answer is, "On the fifth"; and the visitor, thanking his informant, is proceeding to pass on. But the janitor stops him: "Is *Monsieur* by chance going to call on Décamps?" and this time there is a certain wistfulness in the demander's air and tone. "Certainly." "Well, then," resumes the porter, "Monsieur ought to do me the good turn of carrying up to him this pair of trousers." However, as he was handing the above-mentioned inexpressibles to his interlocutor, the elegance and *distingué* look of the latter struck him anew,

and he hesitated. "Give me the trousers, by all means," said the young dandy, laughingly; — "*enchanté* to be useful to M. Décamps and to you." And so saying, up stairs he lightly bounded to the famous painter's studio. At the door he halts, then rings. Who opens the door but Décamps in person, who starts back in amazement, exclaiming, "*Monseigneur?*" At which the Duc d'Orleans (for it was no other than he) laughs, and says, "*Ma foi!* it is at your *concierge's* request that I have brought you this vestment!"

Our author relates, that on the 12th of June, 1838, not knowing precisely where to pass his evening, chance took him to the *Théatre Français.* The orchestra stalls were tenanted by four spectators; he made the fifth. It was not astonishing, — the king's comedians had the honor that evening to represent before the public, who were usually absent on such occasions, the tragedy of *Les Horaces* by an obsolete author, a poet of the old school, a *classique*, — one of those to excuse whose deficiencies Alexandre Dumas had said, "*Que voulez vous?* if we had lived in their times, we should perhaps have been no better worth than they," — in a word, Pierre Corneille. A *débutante* played *Camille*, and the ex-Director of the Grand Opera suddenly recognized in her a strange-looking girl whom some time before he had seen at the *Gymnase* playing a part in *La Vendéenne.* He was not long in appreciating the new actress. "When the twelve or fifteen hundred connoisseurs who form public opinion in Paris have heard that girl, and discovered her worth," pro nounced he, "she will be the glory and the fortune of the Théatre Français." The whole world by this time knows how true the prediction was.

Perhaps, to reflect accurately the circumstances of his times, a man must be in himself analogous to, sympathetic with, those times. This is proved in the case of M. Véron. So long as he recounts the days of Louis Philippe's reign, his recital is, as we have said, a reflection, — it is strictly accurate. When he describes (and he does so minutely, as an eyewitness) the events of the presidency of Louis Napoleon, he, on the contrary, gives an idea of them that is not true. They are not reflected as they are, but shown through a col-

ored glass. They are *bourgeoisement* told, and, instead of being even terrible, they are miserably little; and the feeling of reprobation is changed to contempt. This would evidently not be the case if a man *en rapport* with the outward incidents, with the temper of the times, had made the narration. Supposing Fleury, or Saint Arnaud, or any of the desperate men who on the 2d of December, 1851, laid hands on all the best patriots of France, — on all her most intelligent, all her most honest sons, — supposing any of these were to write sincerely the history of the Napoleonic era, there would be probably quite as little mere talent as in the *Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris*, and there might be some pages that would make us shudder. But of a certainty we should find other details than those which reduce the entire combination to the dimensions of a successful "trick," and represent M. Mocquard walking up and down with Marshal Saint Arnaud in the room of the latter, they holding their sides with laughter at the figure that would be cut the next morning by the delegates of the French nation arrested in their beds.*

In closing our review of this work, we again advise our readers to peruse it. Those of our countrymen who remember the author's position and influence in Paris years ago, will find amusement in recalling to their memory those times, and those to whom the author is unknown will find interest and instruction in the study of a type now perhaps for ever gone by in France, — of the luxury-loving, selfish, unelevated, though not unintelligent, prudent, and, upon the whole, as far as the interests of the government he preferred were concerned, perfectly useless, yet unfortunately too influential *Bourgeois de Paris.*

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* *Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris*, Vol. VI. p. 176.

ART. VIII. — 1. *Report of the Secretary of War, on the several Pacific Railroad Explorations, and accompanying Documents, consisting of,* — I. *Examination by Captain A. A. Humphreys, Topographical Engineers, of the Reports of the Explorations to determine the most practicable and economical Route for a Railroad from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean.* — II. *Memoranda by Captain George B. McClellan, Corps of Engineers, upon some practical Points connected with the Construction and Working of Railways.* — III. *Letter of Major General Jesup, Quartermaster-General U. S. A., upon the Cost of transporting Troops and Supplies to California, Oregon, New Mexico, &c.* — IV. *Report of Governor I. I. Stevens upon the Route near the 47th Parallel.* — V. *Report of Lieutenant E. G. Beckwith, 3d Regiment of Artillery, upon the Routes near the 41st and 38th Parallels.* — VI. *Report of Lieutenant A. W. Whipple, Topographical Engineers, upon the Route near the 35th Parallel.* — VII. *Report of Captain John Pope, Topographical Engineers, upon that Portion of the Route near the 32d Parallel from Preston to the Rio Grande.* — VIII. *Report of Lieutenant John G. Parke, Topographical Engineers, upon that Portion of the Route near the 32d Parallel from the Rio Grande to the Gila.* — IX. *Extract from the Report of Major W. H. Emory, Topographical Engineers, of a Military Reconnoissance made in* 1846 *and* 1847. — X. *Report of Lieutenant R. S. Williamson, Topographical Engineers, of Explorations in California in Connection with the Routes near the 35th and 32d Parallels.* Washington. 1855.

2. *A Bill to provide for the Establishment of Railroad and Telegraphic Communication between the Atlantic States and the Pacific Ocean, and for other Purposes. Reported by* MR. MCDOUGAL *from the Select Committee of the House of Representatives, March* 13, 1854.

BEFORE the accession of California, the western possessions of the United States were looked upon as a sort of fairy land basking under the influences of a most delightful climate, and enriched by the choicest gifts of Nature. Gigantic herds of

buffaloes, and troops of wild horses of comely proportions and unsurpassed fleetness, roaming at large over pastures whose verdure never paled, were said to meet the eye of the traveller at every turn. Plains of immense extent and unparalleled fatness lay at his feet, while ever and anon rich clumps of woodland, and gently flowing rivulets, invited him to shelter and repose. Farther on these became interspersed with hills and ravines, highly picturesque in effect, terminated in the remote distance by the snow-clad elevations of the Rocky Mountains, which were again succeeded by gentle slopes of arable land, whose western limits were washed by the waves of the Pacific.

Such were the descriptions brought back by the Santa Fe traders who made their annual commercial pilgrimages from the western confines of Missouri, to New Mexico, and by the more adventurous travellers who, from love of novelty or fondness for a roving life, left behind them the haunts of men to roam at pleasure over these unreclaimed and uncultivated regions. The individuals composing these expeditions were the very last to furnish sober and reliable accounts of the country they had recently seen. The spirit of daring adventure or recklessness which induced them to undertake the journey, or at least accompanied them on it, the heightened glow of youthful imaginations, and, more than all, the entire transition from the usual current of their ordinary lives at home, seemed to gild with unreal lustre every object they beheld, and to enhance the pleasure of every recollection. To the hunters and trappers who accompanied these expeditions as guides, this life in the wilderness was scarcely less a second nature than a holiday. All their exploits had been here performed, and if it bore witness to their privation and peril, it testified no less of their deeds of courage and daring. They were really attached to it, and never so happy as when sitting over the camp-fire, at the conclusion of the day's journey, narrating to willing ears the part which they had personally enacted in the romance of border-life, doubtless in most instances highly colored by the vividness of their own fancies. What more natural than that the descriptions of a country obtained from such sources should be tinged with the rich hues imparted by the autumn sunset to a distant landscape?

The recent exploring expeditions, sent out under the auspices of the government, have enriched us with a more accurate knowledge of this country, and unfortunately, perhaps, have dispelled many illusions hitherto entertained respecting it. The vast plains indeed exist, but in many instances the salubrity of their climate and the fertility of their soil are more than called into question. Herds of buffaloes are yet encountered, but they are frequently seen scouring an arid waste for miles, amid dense clouds of dust, in search of a short buffalo-grass. Clumps of woodland and running streams there are, but the traveller must look long and well, and man himself to undergo severe fatigue, before he leaves the grateful protection or refreshment of one for the shelter of the next. The immense chain of mountains which divides the waters of the valley of the Mississippi from those of the Pacific, and which appears so beautiful and picturesque in the distance, is found, on a near approach, to be both grand and dangerous. With a base stretching for hundreds of miles, and peaks whose lofty summits are wreathed in the snows of eternal winter, the traveller who has hitherto endured fatigue and privation has now to encounter in crossing it perils of no ordinary character, and such as might well appall a strong arm and a firm will.

The plain to which we have alluded as intervening between the Rocky Mountains and the borders of the Western States is, strictly speaking, a broad plateau rising from east to west by a pretty regular ascent to 5,200, and in some places to 10,000 feet, varying according to the point of approach. It recedes from this altitude towards the Pacific, not by a regular descent, as on the Mississippi slope, but by a series of basins from 1,000 to 3,000 feet below one another, and interspersed by mountain ranges, pursuing different directions. From this crest, which divides the country between the Mississippi and the Pacific into two unequal portions, the loftier peaks of the Rocky Mountains rise, oftentimes abruptly, to an enormous height.

From the western border of Missouri and Arkansas, this plateau presents the same features recognizable within their limits, for a distance of from two to four hundred miles. After-

wards its character very materially changes. The entire plain, for six hundred miles, is a gentle, undulating prairie, rising towards the Rocky Mountains. The soil, however, which for two or three hundred miles has the same rich and fertile appearance with that within the States, gradually becomes sandy, dry, and less fertile. The long, waving grass of the east is supplanted by short, thick tufts, known as buffalo-grass; clumps of timber are met with at rarer intervals, water becomes scarce, and the soil, composed of hard clay, intermixed with sand, with but an inch or two of vegetable mould, is seldom moistened by refreshing showers. As the plain approaches the mountains, the traces of vegetation become still more rare, timber almost entirely disappears, the buffalo-grass, which has supplanted the richer herbage of the more fruitful land lying contiguous to the settlements, is in its turn succeeded by a growth of wild sage, almost the only plant which flourishes in this sterile region, and water away from the water-courses is so scarce, that it becomes a serious question with the traveller, in setting out upon his day's journey, where he can find the next supply.

These are the chief features presented by the Mississippi slope, and these do not appear to differ materially in any latitude in which they have been examined, but stretch with tolerable regularity from Mexico on the south to the limits of the territory of the United States on the north. It consists, in fine, of a belt of extremely fertile land of from two to three hundred miles in width, succeeded by nearly double that width of what may not inaptly be termed a desert, possessing neither the means of inviting, nor the power of sustaining, any considerable population. Occasionally fertile spots, watered by streams, or hidden in secluded valleys, burst upon the eye of the traveller, deriving an additional beauty from the universal sterility which surrounds them. These, however, form too inconsiderable a portion to enter into an estimate of the general character of the country.

On entering the mountain region which succeeds the Mississippi slope, the scene is changed. The country is broken and uneven, it rises with greater rapidity, and valleys covered with a luxuriant growth of grass are here and there inter-

spersed among the uneven surfaces. These valleys are usually small, but are sometimes found of considerable extent, and of a very variable character, as to fertility. Indeed, like the plateau which we have just described, this mountain-region may be classed as one of extreme sterility, composed, in some instances, of sandstone, upheaved, broken, and rent asunder in every direction, forming chasms and deep ravines, which occasionally become the beds of streams, and in others of trap, porphyry, and basalt, the latter frequently rising in the form of huge turrets and pinnacles to an enormous height. Ever and anon the traveller is both surprised and delighted to find in his rugged and toilsome pathway a lake studded with small islands, and encompassed upon every side by tall precipices, presenting a scene of the wildest and most picturesque beauty. These lakes are of such frequent occurrence, that they have been found by every exploring party which has crossed the mountains, and are always spoken of in their notes with the utmost enthusiasm. Such scenes of intramural beauty, or even the more magnificent and extended views the traveller is occasionally enabled to obtain from commanding points, furnish but slight remunerations for the daily toil he is obliged to undergo in threading these rugged mountain passes, or in traversing the equally inhospitable plains which lie enclosed within them.

Beginning at the elevated latitude of 49°, the first of these great plains is that enclosed between the Cœur d'Alene and Bitter Root spurs of the Rocky Mountains on the east, and the Cascade Mountains upon the west, known as the great plain of the Columbia. This is a table-land whose width is about two hundred miles, and whose surface, with rare exceptions, is entirely destitute of trees. The soil, a part of which lies upon the trap formation, is rocky, sandy, and sterile. Save those parts which lie in immediate contiguity with the mountains, it is entirely uncultivated. Even in those localities so circumstanced as to be enriched by the *débris* of the mountains, and irrigated by the streams which flow from them after occasional showers, it is more than questionable whether the capacity for agriculture is not limited to a mere growth of grass.

Passing southward to latitude 42°, we enter the great basin of Salt Lake, extending from the Rocky Mountains on the east to the Sierra Nevada on the west, a distance of more than five hundred miles. The whole of this vast territory may be described as offering but few inducements to the emigrant, either in climate or in adaptation to agricultural pursuits. It is estimated that not more than one tenth of its whole extent is susceptible of cultivation, and this is almost entirely in the occupancy of the Mormons. With this reservation, the whole basin is so exceedingly sterile, that it is either wholly bare of vegetation, or scantily covered with wild sage.

Southeast from the basin just described, and separated from it by the Wahsatch range of mountains, is another even more sterile, reaching to the Sierra San Juan. This is a dreary desert almost entirely overlaid by sand, and, with the exception of a few isolated spots, utterly unsuited for the abode of man. The general appearance of the surface, where it is not broken, rocky, or mountainous, is dry and light, like an ash-heap in friability, and entirely denuded of vegetation, except that a little bunch-grass is found scattered over the hills, and sometimes the streams are bordered by a growth of wild sage. The soil in this valley, as well as in those we have already described, is strongly impregnated with an alkali which is in the highest degree destructive to vegetation; and yet, by a strange anomaly, the party who traversed it under the command of Lieutenant Beckwith found in their marches small spots of pasture-ground surpassing any they had seen in the mountain regions.

Following the course of the Colorado River, which pursues a southwesterly direction, one enters the Colorado desert. This extends from the base of Mount San Bernardino to the Gulf of California, a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles. Its width from east to west is variable, but is in some places seventy miles. Of the general character of this desert, Professor Blake remarks: —

"Before I reached the surface of the desert, I had been accustomed to regard it as a vast plain of gravel and sand, and supposed that the latter was so abundant and deep as to impede the progress of animals and wagons. This, I believe, corresponds with the general impression

regarding the desert. Instead, however, of the whole plain being composed of loose and sandy materials, we have already seen, by the description previously given, that its basis is a compact blue clay, that, in many cases, has a smooth, floor-like surface, so hard that the passing of mules and wagons scarcely leaves tracks upon it. This clay is alluvial, and forms the delta of the Colorado. It extends northwardly from the head of the Gulf of California as far as the base of the mountain of San Bernardino. The evidence which this alluvial formation affords of the geologically recent submergence of the desert will be subsequently considered.

"There are extensive portions of the desert-surface that are paved with drift-bowlders and fine gravel and pebbles. These materials are principally confined to the slopes from the mountains bordering the desert, and to the upper plain, lying to the northward of the emigrant road. This gravelly surface is not loose and porous, but appears to be impacted and condensed, so that it makes a good road for wagons." — *Preliminary Geological Report*, p. 42.

The foregoing brief topographical description embraces within its scope the greater part of the territory lying between the States and the Pacific. With the exception of a few limited tracts of fertile land, it is shown to consist of mountain precipices and barren plains, unsuited alike to agricultural pursuits and to dense occupation. Through a country at present uninhabited, and thus restricted in its capacity to sustain a population, it is proposed to construct a railway which shall connect the waters of the Pacific with those of the Atlantic. It is not too much to say, that, even in our age of bold enterprises, this project is the boldest, its aims are the most comprehensive, and the means required for its completion the most gigantic, of any yet contemplated.

While the government explorations, on the one hand, have sadly disappointed us as to the character and agricultural value of our Western possessions, they have, on the other, clearly demonstrated the feasibility of constructing a railroad across the ranges of mountains which intervene between the Mississippi River and the Pacific, with no more serious obstacles than were encountered, and successfully overcome, in the construction of similar works across the Alleghany Mountains.

These explorations embrace five distinct routes, and cover

a section of country extending from the 32d to the 49th parallels of north latitude. Governor Stevens was intrusted with the examination of the most northerly route, running from St. Paul to Vancouver, near the 47th and 49th parallels. He was peculiarly fitted for this duty. Prior to his appointment to the governorship of Washington Territory, he had, as assistant to the chief of the Coast Survey, the entire administrative charge of this complex corps; and it is no mean praise to say, that his methodical arrangement and admirable discipline were so complete, as to insure the greatest amount of uniformity in their labors, and to call forth from his superior the highest encomiums in that important department of philosophical and practical research. He was known to possess high intellectual attainments, excellent powers of observation, and an admirable faculty for discipline. Much, therefore, was expected of him, and, as a substantial contribution to our knowledge of the general features of a new and imperfectly explored section of country, his ponderous volume of six hundred pages has not disappointed the public expectation; but it has signally failed to point out inducements sufficiently weighty to cause the route reconnoitred by him to be seriously considered for one moment. This result, however, is due to the character of the country rather than to the party who took cognizance of it, who, in all departments of inquiry, exercised a zeal worthy of high commendation. It is true, that, in minuteness and exact observation, the joint labors reported in this volume fall far short of the admirable observations made under the superintendence of M. Nicolet. In instituting a comparison between the labors of Stevens and Nicolet, it must, however, be remembered, that those of the former were, from their very nature, hurried and desultory, embraced a wider field of observation, and were more limited in time, than those of the latter. The route explored by Governor Stevens is one whose geographical position would have precluded its adoption except in the absence of other practicable routes. Apart from its inherent difficulties, the cost of construction, high northern latitude, cold climate, and inhospitable territory, its termination on the Pacific is so far removed from the centre of trade upon

that ocean, as to constitute not only a serious, but an insurmountable, objection to its adoption.

The next route in geographical order is that pursuing a line near the 41st and 42d parallels of north latitude, and which, like all the routes except the one already noticed, it is proposed to terminate at San Francisco. The portion of country lying between the Missouri River and Fort Bridger has never been explored with special reference to a railroad. The information we possess of this portion of the route is derived from the reports of Colonel Fremont and Captain Stansbury. Lieutenant Beckwith, who was charged with the duty of making the explorations between Fort Bridger and the Pacific, conducted his labors with judgment and zeal, and terminated them with satisfactory results. This route possesses many advantages, and its examination somewhat in detail may not be out of place.

Two different starting-points are proposed, one at Council Bluffs on the Missouri River, in latitude 40°, the other at Westport, which is situated at the confluence of the Kansas and Missouri Rivers, in latitude 39°. The more northerly starting-point would, if a continuous railroad were contemplated, connect with a line terminating at Chicago. The more southerly would follow the course of the Missouri eastward to St. Louis. Pursuing a westerly direction from either of these starting-points, the surveys would connect on the Platte River near Fort Kearney, in longitude 99°. From this point, the route would ascend the Platte and pass through the Black Hills, or the eastern chain of the Rocky Mountains, either by the North Fork of the Platte and its tributary, the Sweet-Water, or the South Fork of the Platte. Both of these contemplated surveys would again meet at Fort Bridger, and thence follow the line indicated by Lieutenant Beckwith, by the Great Salt Lake, the valley of the Humboldt River and Fort Reading, to San Francisco.

The agricultural character of this route has, for the most part, been anticipated in the general statement already given. One word in relation to its geological character. Westward from the confluence of the Kansas and Missouri, the prevailing rock for three hundred miles is limestone, often rich in

organic remains. The limestone formation in the neighborhood of Westport is blue and hard. This is followed by a limestone of a soft character and yellow color, and this again by a gray, hard sub-crystalline limestone. In longitude 100°, and near the junction of the Republican Fork with the Kansas, a range of low hills is found (also of limestone), which appear to have been the limits of a former bed of water, most probably an ancient lake of considerable extent. The lines which mark the banks of this lake do not always conform to the curvatures of the hills, which extend as far south as the North Fork of the Red River, and perhaps still farther. The gravelly and sterile soil which succeeds the fertile land of the limestone formation is imposed upon a sandstone abounding in organic remains, which shows itself at numerous points where creeks and rivers have cut their channels through it. Beneath the sandstone is a hard, fine-grained rock of a yellow color, which, like the sandstone, is often found disintegrated by atmospheric agency.

The first cascades on entering the mountain region fall over a ridge of granite. The principal rock, however, is a fine-grained sandstone, firmer than that of the plain, and white. Plutonic action has rent this asunder, scattered its huge masses in all directions, and upheaved the great body of it nearly to a vertical direction. At the base of the higher mountains, drifts of quartz and porphyry occur. The peculiar character of the more lofty mountain-peaks is imparted to them by trachytic porphyry. This porphyry is of a dark gray color, interspersed, particularly at the base of the mountains, with crystals of felspar and black mica. Some of the specimens collected by the expedition are very beautiful, and contain crystals of felspar, from one to two tenths of an inch in size. As the mountain range is penetrated still farther, the porphyry continues, but the crystals of felspar become more rare, and the mica seems to be transformed into tourmaline. Granite, gneiss, sandstone, and blue limestone also present themselves, not regularly, but often in confused masses, as if torn from their original connections by intense Plutonic agency, forming a chaotic mass, always rugged and wild in appearance, and sometimes affording views of peculiar grandeur.

The entrance into some of the valleys, whose sides are of the true trap formation, is beautiful in the extreme. As it presents itself in these situations, the trap is usually abrupt, steep, and frequently vertical. Portions of the least exposed sides are covered with vegetation, which presents a charming contrast to the rugged walls, of red trap porphyry, which not unfrequently rise in majestic grandeur to the height of three or four thousand feet. Immediately west of the valley of the Great Salt Lake, the mountains consist of a limestone of the coal formation. Above this, a conglomerate furnishes the base upon which rest irregular peaks of porphyry and granite. In a westerly direction, this limestone not unfrequently presents itself, and in the Humboldt Mountains it constitutes one of the main features of the chain, showing itself on the summits of the highest peaks in all those irregular and fantastic shapes which, when exposed in lofty elevations to a warfare with the elements, it is known to assume.

After crossing the Humboldt Mountains, granite, sienite, and quartz constitute the principal rocks; but the closer the approach to the Sierra Nevada, the more do the volcanic rocks take the place of others, until at last they prevail almost exclusively. One of the most remarkable rocks found in the vicinity of the Humboldt Mountains consists of a mixture of agate, chalcedony, and jasper, fused together by volcanic action. This occurs in abundance, in a gorge named by Dr. Schiel, from the circumstance of its presence, Agate Cañon. This rock possesses both beauty and hardness. It is susceptible of a high degree of polish, and under such circumstances reveals rich and variegated tints, admirably adapting it to the purposes of the lapidary. It is highly probable that it may yet subserve some useful, or at least ornamental, purpose in the arts.

The formation of the Sierra Nevada is almost entirely composed of rocks of the newer series, as basalt, phonolite, and trachyte. The latter occurs in greatest abundance, and, with its associates, entirely displaces the granite, gneiss, and even the sandstone which we have traced from our first entrance into the mountains up to this point, although farther south this chain is rich in those formations. On every side,

evidences of volcanic action are met with, which give not only character to the rock, but form and peculiarity to the mountain peaks.

"The highly interesting scenery around the so-called 'Black Butte,' bears, of all the parts of the Sierra Nevada we passed over, most strikingly the character of a volcanic country. Surrounded by elevated peaks and high cliffs, and quite isolated, stands a mountain, from eight hundred to a thousand feet high, of conical shape, and formed of black lava, apparently a monument of the latest disturbing forces in these regions. The lava is in some degree decomposed at the surface, and the butte, as well as the soil around, is covered with volcanic sand, and blocks or small pieces of that lava. In the cliffs on the west side of the butte, the lava passes gradually into trachyte. The summit of this mountain butte is rounded, and no opening in it is perceptible from below." — *Schiel's Report*, p. 131.

This geological sketch of the country traversed by the middle railway route will serve the twofold purpose of informing the reader what particular strata occur on the line and may be made subservient to railway construction, and of enabling him, without further detail, to arrive at tolerably correct conclusions as to the mineral character of the country north and south of this section. It is true that each district of slope or mountain is stamped by its own peculiarities, requiring separate examination and description for accurate detail; but notwithstanding this diversity of structure in particular localities, the main features of the whole country will be found to bear so marked an identity as to render the deductions made from such a vast and comprehensive generalization as is here attempted somewhat reliable, at least sufficiently so for a cursory view. The duty of making a general geological survey of the whole country lying between the Mississippi River and the Pacific, has been assigned to Professor Blake, who has already distinguished himself by his geological observations on the great desert and the surrounding mountain country. The field is both rich and comprehensive, and with the zeal which has hitherto characterized his labors, we have reason to hope that he may add largely to his present reputation and to geological science.

In addition to the geographical notice already given, it

may be proper to state, that, after passing the 99th meridian, the only extensive body of cultivable land on the whole route is that embraced in the Great Basin, and in the possession of the Mormons. The entire area of soil susceptible of cultivation is one thousand one hundred and eight square miles. About one tenth of this can be cultivated either without irrigation or with unexpensive works; the remainder would require costly works to develop it. The Mormons have congregated in these rocky fastnesses to the number of twenty-seven thousand, and have appropriated to themselves every acre of arable land in the whole basin. It is hardly to be supposed that, with the peculiar views entertained by them in regard to the possession of territory, which rendered them so unpleasant neighbors in Illinois and Missouri, they would quietly submit to any inroads on their territorial rights. Were this region capable of sustaining a large population, a curious problem in political economy would soon need to be solved. As it is, there is every probability of their being left in undisturbed possession of their present home, until such time as they determine this question for themselves.

The distance by this route from Council Bluffs to Benicia, the western terminus near San Francisco, is 2,032 miles, its sum of ascents and descents 29,120 feet, and its estimated cost $116,095,000. From Council Bluffs or Fort Leavenworth to the entrance into the Black Hills, a distance of about 600 miles, the ascent would average about 40 feet to the mile, and the route would not vary materially from any of the others between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains. This part of the route may be considered as possessing great advantages for the construction of a railroad. Its chief disadvantage consists in the inadequate supply of timber along the whole line, and the almost entire absence of it in the desolate region west of longitude 99°. After entering the Black Hills, this route has peculiarities and difficulties of its own. From the first gorge in these mountains until the summit of the pass is attained, a distance of 291 miles, the work resembles that of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in its passage through the Alleghanies, and would be both difficult and expensive. From the pass to Fort Bridger, the work would be

somewhat less expensive, yet similar in character. The elevation at Fort Bridger is 7,490 feet. The distance from Council Bluffs is 942 miles ; from Fort Leavenworth, 1,072 miles.

From Fort Bridger the route ascends the water-shed between the waters of Green River and those of the Great Salt Lake, with grades of from 40 to 60 feet per mile, and, after following the White Clay Creek to its junction with Weber River, proceeds with this latter stream, through a wild and precipitous gorge in the Wahsatch Mountains, into the valley of the Great Salt Lake. This gorge, which is extremely narrow and rugged, furnishes one of the chief obstacles to the construction of a railroad, but the difficulties, although great, are not insurmountable.

The route from this point to the Humboldt Mountains, a distance of 600 miles, lies across the Great Salt Lake valley, and may be easily pursued. The Humboldt Mountains are entered by a pass, which extends nine miles, and opens upon the Humboldt River. The steepest grade in this pass is 89 feet to the mile, for eight miles. A descent is made thence into the valley of the Humboldt River. This stream is followed for 190 miles, and is then left to pursue a line to Madelin Pass in the Sierra Nevada chain, a distance of 119 miles. From this pass the plateau of the Sierra Nevada, a plain about 40 miles from east to west, covered with isolated peaks and irregular ridges, and about 5,200 feet above the level of the sea, is reached. After crossing this plain another descent is made into the valley watered by the Sacramento River, whose course is followed, between the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Mountains, to Benicia, the terminus of the road.

So far as mere location is concerned, this route possesses advantages far above all others. The possibility of constructing a railroad 2,000 miles in length, across a mountainous country torn asunder and upheaved by volcanic agency, bristling with lofty summits, and cut up by deep and apparently impassable chasms, without a single tunnel or a grade above 100 feet in the mile, seems scarcely credible. Yet such is the result of Lieutenant Beckwith's explorations, a result in which those who know him best repose entire confidence.

From the description already given of the agricultural capabilities of this route, it may readily be imagined that timber is extremely rare, and difficult of attainment. Fuel for the use of the working parties may possibly be procured in most places along the line. Timber for cross-ties and lumber is found only at intervals from two to seven hundred miles apart. No reliance whatever can be placed on fuel for the use of locomotives at any part of the route. Indeed, the propriety of planting young forests for future consumption is a matter which has gravely entered into the consideration of those whose attention has been called to the subject.

The route near the 38th and 39th parallels of latitude, which is wholly impracticable, was prosecuted from the mouth of the Kansas to Sevier River in the Great Basin, where the explorations were suddenly terminated by the murder of Captain Gunnison and several of his associates by the Indians, toward whom he had manifested great kindness, and with whom he supposed himself on the best of terms. Captain Gunnison, with Messrs. R. H. Kern, F. Creutzfeldt, William Potter, and John Bellows, and an escort of a corporal and six men, left the camp for the purpose of exploring the vicinity of Sevier Lake, thought to be some 18 miles distant. On the morning of the following day, the corporal of the escort came reeling into the camp, weak and exhausted, scarcely able to communicate, except in a few broken sentences, the sad news that Captain Gunnison and his party had been surprised by the Indians in their camp, and that those who were unable to escape were all butchered.

The details of this sad catastrophe are given in the words of Lieutenant Beckwith, his second in command.

"Captain Gunnison had encamped early in the afternoon, while the wind and storm were yet fresh, and doubtless feeling the security which men come to indulge after passing long periods of time surrounded by savages without actually encountering them. The abundant grass and fuel of a little nook in the river-bottom, sheltered by the high second bank of the river on one side, and thick willows, distant scarcely thirty yards, on two of the others, with the river in front, offering a tempting place of comfort and utility, which was perhaps accepted without even a thought of danger. It was known to the party that a band of Indians

was near them, for we had seen their fires daily since entering the valley; but an unusual feeling of security against them was felt, as Captain Gunnison had learned that a recent quarrel, resulting in several deaths, which they had had with the emigrants, had terminated, and that, notwithstanding this difficulty, they had remained at peace with the neighboring settlers, which had been confirmed and guaranteed for the future in a 'talk' held with some of the Indians of this band, by an agent of the Governor of the Territory, during our stay near Fillmore. This information, Captain Gunnison told me before leaving, relieved him of any apprehension he might otherwise have felt regarding this band, and which was the reason for having asked for so small an escort to accompany him, which his guide, an experienced citizen of the Territory, deemed sufficient.

"The usual precaution of a camp guard had been taken, each of the party (including the commander) in turn having performed that duty during the night. At the break of day all arose, and at once engaged in the usual duties of a camp preparatory to an early start, to reach that day the most distant point of exploration for the present season. The sun had not yet risen, most of the party being at breakfast, when the surrounding quietness and silence of this vast plain was broken by the discharge of a volley of rifles and a shower of arrows through that devoted camp, mingled with the savage yells of a large band of Pah-Utah Indians, almost in the midst of the camp; for, under cover of the thick bushes, they had approached undiscovered to within twenty-five yards of the camp-fires. The surprise was complete. At the first discharge, the call to 'seize your arms' had little effect. All was confusion. Captain Gunnison, stepping from his tent, called to his savage murderers that he was their friend; but this had no effect. They rushed into camp, and only those escaped who succeeded in mounting on horseback, and even then they were pursued for many miles. The horse of one fell near camp, tumbling his rider under a bush, where he lay for six or seven hours, while the Indians were passing him on every side, until finally he could no longer hear them near him or in the camp, when he left, and was met soon afterwards by Captain Morris's party, which reached the fatal spot just before night. Two Indians were seen near camp by Lieutenant Baker and Mr. Potter, brother of the guide, but they were not able to come up with them before darkness enabled them to escape. The bodies of the slain were not all found at dark, and hope still lingered, as a bright fire was built to assure any survivor of safety. But the long weary night, rendered hideous by the howling of wolves, wore away, as this little band of armed men, barely larger than that which had already been sacrificed, lay near the fatal spot, and

day dawned only to discover the mutilated remains of their recent comrades, none of them being scalped, — a barbarity which some of the tribes on this part of the continent seldom indulge. Some of their arms were, however, cut off at the elbow, and their entrails cut open; and, the wolves having had access to them during the day and to those exposed during the night, their bodies were in such a condition that it was not deemed possible to bring them away, — not even that of Captain Gunnison, who had fallen pierced with fifteen arrows." — *Beckwith's Report*, p. 82.

The route near the 35th parallel, explored by Lieutenant Whipple, is found to be quite practicable. The reports of this officer and his associates, which are so brief as to be embraced in a volume of forty-three pages, show that the same advantages are found, and the same difficulties met with, as have been delineated in the description of the route near the 41st parallel. The steepest grade upon this route is 100 feet to the mile; many occur of from 40 to 70 feet, and one tunnel three and a half miles in length is required. Timber is scarce, and is met with at intervals of from 100 to 500 miles. The country, after passing the 99th meridian, is generally sterile, and unsuited for dense population at any point. It is at present for the most part uninhabited, and from all appearances is likely to continue for ages an unreclaimed, and in many parts a desert waste. The estimated cost of the work and appointments on this route is $ 169,000,000.

The last route to be noticed is that near the 32d parallel of north latitude. The examination of different parts of this route was confided to several different parties. That portion of it from Preston on the Red River to the Rio Grande was assigned to Captain Pope; from the Rio Grande to the Pimas villages on the Gila, to Lieutenant Parke; from the Pimas villages, along the Gila to its mouth, to Major Emory; and from the mouth of the Gila to San Francisco, to Lieutenant Williamson. All of these gentlemen belong to the corps of Topographical Engineers, and great confidence is placed in their respective reports by the chief of the War Department. Indeed, with the exception of the extreme northern route, examined by Governor Stevens, the explorations on this seem to have been conducted with greater care and minuteness than on any of the others.

That portion of the route examined by Captain Pope, from Red River to the Rio Grande, a distance of 646 miles, is naturally divided into three distinct belts. The first belt, from the Red River to the Staked Plain, 352 miles, is described by him as one of great fertility. The Staked Plain, which constitutes the second belt, is 125 miles wide, and has an elevation of 4,500 feet. It is a barren plain, at certain seasons entirely destitute of water and vegetation, and without trees. Between this plain and the Rio Grande, 163 miles, the country is divided by ridges of mountains into three valleys, or rather plains; for the mountains in this section of the country are not succeeded, as is usual, by corresponding valleys. These table-lands, although destitute of wood and water, are covered by a rich growth of luxuriant grass, which adapts them for pasturage. It is questionable whether any part can be relied on for cultivation.

"The space between the eastern base of the Staked Plain and the Red River, at the parallel of 34°, is occupied by that portion of Northern Texas drained by the tributaries of the Colorado, the Brazos, the Trinity, and the Red Rivers. With rapidly increasing advantages as you proceed eastward from the Llano Estacado, this region is well timbered, well watered, and possessed of a soil of extreme fertility, capable of sustaining a dense population. The entire country is so gently undulating in its surface, and presents such an abundant and well-distributed supply of wood and water, that it can be traversed in any direction with trains of wagons, and is of so genial a climate that little choice of the seasons is considered desirable in undertaking an expedition through it. A great portion of the timber of the region intersected by the Colorado and its tributaries along this route is the mezquite, which, about thirty feet in height, and from six to ten inches in diameter, divides about equally with the prairie lands this entire district of country. The Brazos and its tributaries are better supplied with oak timber of a larger size; the country is more undulating, and the water more abundant. Immense coal-beds, of good quality, crop out along the valley of the river, and every natural advantage of soil and climate is offered to the emigrant. A military post (Fort Belknap) has been established upon this stream, near the 33d parallel. But by far the richest and most beautiful district of country I have ever seen, in Texas or elsewhere, is that watered by the Trinity and its tributaries. Occupying east and west a belt of one hundred miles in width, with about equal

quantities of prairie and timber, intersected by numerous clear, fresh streams and countless springs, with a gently undulating surface of prairie and oak openings, it presents the most charming views, as of a country in the highest state of cultivation; and you are startled at the summit of each swell of the prairie with a prospect of groves, parks, and forests, with intervening plains of luxuriant grass, over which the eye in vain wanders in search of the white village or the stately house, which seem alone wanting to the scene.

"The delusion was so perfect, and the recurrence of these charming views so constant, that every swell of the ground elicited from the party renewed expressions of surprise and admiration.

"It may seem strange that a region suggestive of such florid description should still remain so nearly uninhabited; but it must be remembered that this part of Texas is yet but partially explored, that it is far from the markets, and that it is still infested by bands of hostile Indians. A full knowledge of its startling beauty, and of its amazing fertility, and the construction of facilities of communication with a market, will soon convert this charming region into a reality, of which nature has exhibited so beautiful a presentment.

"Over a very gentle dividing ridge we descended upon the tributaries of the Red River, and a great increase in quantity and size of timber was immediately apparent. At least four fifths of the country drained by the tributaries of Red River are covered with timber, and of a size and quality to be favorably compared with any timbered region on this continent.

"The immediate valley of Red River is from two to five miles in width, without prairie in its whole extent in the neighborhood of Preston, covered with large timber of every description, and possessed of a soil of amazing fertility. At some points the surface is covered with a white or red sand, about three inches in depth, below which is a fat, dark, vegetable mould, from three to six feet thick, and of the most astonishing richness.

"The valley is being rapidly settled by cotton-planters from Tennessee and Mississippi; and although the immediate bottom-lands along the river are exceedingly difficult of settlement and culture, from the immense size and quantity of the timber, they are nevertheless preferred to the prairie lands in the vicinity, in consequence of the exceeding fertility of the soil. The river, at the 34th parallel, is about eight hundred yards wide, and is susceptible of steamboat navigation for five or six months of the year.

"Proceeding from this point to the eastward, over a country well watered, well timbered, and of great fertility, and inhabited by whites

and partially civilized Indians, who cultivate the soil, we reach, at a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, the western frontier of Arkansas.

"Of the seven hundred and eighty miles of distance from the western line of Arkansas to the valley of the Rio Grande, at El Paso, nearly five hundred miles traverse a fertile, well-watered, and abundantly timbered region; and of the remaining two hundred and eighty, one hundred and sixty are through a country which, although of little agricultural value, except in the immediate valley of the Pecos, is nevertheless admirably adapted to the raising of stock, and offers every desirable facility for travel, at any season of the year." — *Pope's Report*, pp. 15, 16.

That part of the route examined by Lieutenant Parke, between the waters of the Rio Grande, which find their way into the Gulf of Mexico, and those of the Rio Gila, which flow into the Gulf of California, is an elevated and barren plain, whose continuity of surface is here and there interrupted by rugged, isolated mountains, having apparently no connection with any other chain or system. These mountains, like the plain from which they spring, are bleak and bare, and are denominated, from their isolated position, the Lost Mountains. To the eye the plain appears level, but the profile shows that it has in fact an undulating surface, constantly rising and falling, so as to form a series of basins, seven in number. The most elevated point of these basins is generally 400 feet above the most depressed point, although in one instance an altitude of 850 feet is reached, and in another 1,200 feet. The mean elevation of this plain above the level of the sea is 4,700 feet; the highest point, which is in the Chiricahui range, is 5,180 feet.

The survey by Lieutenant Williamson, from the Rio Gila to the Pacific, indicates the pass of San Gorgonio as that best adapted for the purpose, and San Diego and San Pedro as the points on the Pacific most easily reached. San Diego is the more southerly point, and has the best harbor; that of San Pedro being an open roadstead, and exposed to the full force of the northwest winds, which on the Pacific are the most violent. From this point it is possible, and entirely practicable, to construct a road to San Francisco. Explorations and

estimates were made by Lieutenant Williamson for such an extension.

The agricultural character of the route from the Rio Grande to San Diego may be deduced from the following summary by Lieutenant-Colonel Emory.

"The country from the Arkansas to this point, more than twelve hundred miles, in its adaptation to agriculture, has peculiarities which must for ever stamp themselves upon the population which inhabits it. All of North Mexico, embracing New Mexico, Chihuahua, Sonora, and the Californias, as far north as the Sacramento, is, as far as the best information goes, the same in the physical character of its surface, and differs but little in climate or products.

"In no part of this vast tract can the rains from heaven be relied upon, to any extent, for the cultivation of the soil. The earth is destitute of trees, and in great part also of any vegetation whatever.

"A few feeble streams flow in different directions from the great mountains, which in many places traverse this region. These streams are separated, sometimes by plains and sometimes by mountains, without water and without vegetation, and may be called deserts, so far as they perform any useful part in the sustenance of animal life.

"The cultivation of the earth is therefore confined to those narrow strips of land which are within the level of the waters of the streams, and wherever practised in a community with any success, or to any extent, involves a degree of subordination and absolute obedience to a chief, repugnant to the habits of our people.

"The chief who directs the time and the quantity of the precious irrigating water must be implicitly obeyed by the whole community. A departure from his orders, by the waste of water or unjust distribution of it, or neglect to make the proper embankments, may endanger the means of subsistence of many people. He must, therefore, be armed with power to punish promptly and immediately.

"I made many inquiries as to the character of the vast region of country embraced in the triangle formed by the Colorado of the West, the Del Norte, and the Gila; and the information collected will, at some future time, be thrown into notes for the benefit of future explorers, but are not given in this work, as I profess to write only of what I saw.

"From all that I learn, the country does not differ materially in its physical character from New Mexico, except, perhaps, being less denuded of soil and vegetation. The sources of the Salinas, the San Francisco, Azul, San Carlos, and Prieto, tributaries of the Gila, take

their rise in it. About their head-waters, and occasionally along their courses, are presented sections of land capable of irrigation.

"The whole extent, except on the margin of streams, is said to be destitute of forest-trees. The Apaches, a very numerous race, and the Navajoes, are the chief occupants; but there are many minor bands, who, unlike the Apaches and Navajoes, are not nomadic, but have fixed habitations. Among the most remarkable of these are the Soones, most of whom are said to be *albinos*. The latter cultivate the soil, and live in peace with their more numerous and savage neighbors.

"Departing from the ford of the Colorado in the direction of Sonora, there is a fearful desert to encounter. Alter, a small town, with a Mexican garrison, is the nearest settlement.

"All accounts concur in representing the journey as one of extreme hardship, and even peril. The distance is not exactly known, but it is variously represented at from four to seven days' journey. Persons bound for Sonora from California, who do not mind a circuitous route, should ascend the Gila as far as the Pimos village, and thence penetrate the province by way of Tucson."

In the construction of a railway by either of the routes indicated, the means of procuring a supply of fuel and water for the use of the road when completed becomes a very important inquiry. In the sketch of the country already given, it is pretty clearly demonstrated that no reliance whatever can be placed upon any part of it for a permanent supply of wood for fuel. Barren and dreary wastes without a sign of vegetation beyond a few stinted bushes, and entirely devoid of the presence of a single tree, are encountered upon every route, and form a principal feature in the scenery. The most that can be expected of these is a precarious supply of fuel for those engaged in the construction of the road, the timber for the work being drawn from the mountain-sides, which here and there, in favored locations, present a forest of respectable size, but which are wholly inadequate to furnish the road with any considerable amount of fuel. Besides, when it is considered that these patches of woodland are separated from one another by hundreds of miles, it becomes obvious that the transportation of wood for fuel from station to station, at such remote distances, must increase its cost to an amount so enormous, as to preclude the possibility of its use for locomotive purposes.

Indeed, so well assured are those who have examined the subject, of the impossibility of procuring a sufficient supply of wood for fuel, that all calculations of running expenses are based upon the theory that coal will be used for locomotive purposes. This must be procured from Puget's Sound on the Pacific, and from the mines of Missouri and Texas on the Mississippi slope. A deposit of coal is said to exist on Green River, but to what extent is unknown. The rocks in which this deposit is found are such as to give a coal of the tertiary formation. As a general rule, the coal of this period is inferior in quality, and could come into general use only in the absence of a better article. The steamers on the Lake of Geneva in Switzerland, however, are supplied with this description of coal, and use it in preference to wood. No examination has yet been made of the Green River coal deposit, to determine the thickness of the seams and the quality of coal. The mere fact that a coal deposit exists on that river is of less importance than at the first view may be imagined. In regard to the American coal-fields, it may be assumed that the deposit is not only greatest in quantity, but best in quality, in the Alleghany Mountains, and that as it recedes westward it becomes earthy and in all other respects inferior. The State of Iowa is said to contain twenty-five thousand square miles underlaid by the coal formation, and yet not a single seam in the whole of this vast deposit is known to exist over three and a half feet in thickness, or one which from its quantity and quality is likely to induce capitalists to embark any considerable sum in its development and working as a commercial operation. This single illustration is sufficient to show how little reliance is to be placed on the mere announcement that coal exists on Green River. When it is taken into consideration that one fifth of the entire working expense of a railroad is chargeable to the fuel account, it may be readily seen under what disadvantages a long line of railroad would be operated, which drew its supply of fuel from sources so remote as largely to enhance its price at either terminus, and which had no intermediate source of supply.

It is possible to procure fuel, at great expense, remote from

a railroad, but water cannot be so obtained. It must be found at fixed points, as it is needed along the line of the road, and hence the means of procuring an adequate amount of water becomes even a more important inquiry than that of fuel. This question has not yet been satisfactorily answered. The vast arid wastes over which the road must necessarily find its way, stretch for hundreds of miles without the presence of any considerable stream. Refreshing showers seldom fall in these elevated plains, and mountain streams are rapidly absorbed by the parched earth of the less elevated lands. The streams found in the basins enclosed by ranges of mountains on either side, frequently lose themselves or become subterranean. Soon after emerging from the rocky chasms in which they are collected, they commonly spread themselves over a large surface, and disappear in the broad belts of sand and gravel which they traverse. It sometimes occurs that they reappear after their subsidence into the earth, and alternately are lost and visible for several miles, until completely absorbed. This phenomenon has led Dr. Blake to the conclusion, that a considerable amount of water may be collected by sinking wells. The peculiar position of the strata, most of which have a decided inclination, together with the success met with at San Francisco and in its neighborhood, have inclined him to the opinion, that the necessary amount of water for the uses of the road, in case of the failure of ordinary wells, may be obtained from Artesian wells by boring.

This view of Dr. Blake coincides with that expressed by Dr. Parry, the geologist to the Mexican boundary survey.

"The natural supplies of fresh water for these open wastes are derived from uncertain accumulations of rain-products in small reservoirs, or occasional permanent springs, the latter generally occupying situations in close proximity to mountain ranges.

"All these basins not directly connected with the Rio Grande valley receive and absorb the drainage of their respective mountain boundaries, except in the higher elevations, rarely showing running water, unless as the temporary result of local rains.

"The above indications are favorable to the formation of aqueous substrata, which may be reached by sufficiently deep boring, and when

located at the lower depressions of these basin areas, the water would necessarily be brought to the surface."

Notwithstanding the opinions above expressed, the whole subject is involved in speculation, and can be satisfactorily determined only by submitting it to the test of actual experiment. A party under the command of Lieutenant Parke is understood to be engaged in making borings on the route surveyed by him, and may be able upon its return to present us with new facts. Whether the water of these desert regions will ever be used for railway purposes or not, the explorations under his charge, and the wells which may be constructed by him, will be of incalculable benefit to those whom fortune or choice may cast as travellers upon these dreary wastes.

Whatever may be the ultimate fate of the railroad, for whose construction these preliminary explorations have been undertaken, there can be no doubt as to the great advantages resulting from the explorations themselves. One of the most important of these is the general knowledge imparted of the vast tract of country subjected to the scrutiny of the various parties sent out under the auspices of the government. It is true that much of the romance which had attached itself to this part of the country in its unexplored state has been dissipated; but in its stead we have an accumulation of facts, which constitute a substantial contribution to our knowledge, and are of much greater importance in determining the course of the hardy pioneer, than any of the ideal descriptions upon which he was previously obliged to depend, — descriptions which but too frequently served to lure him on to certain disappointment, and perhaps to ruin.

Our rich possessions west of the 99th meridian have turned out to be worthless, so far as agriculture is concerned. They never can entice a rural population to inhabit them, nor sustain one if so enticed. We may as well acknowledge this, — and act upon it, — legislate upon it. We may as well admit that Kansas and Nebraska, with the exception of the small strip of land upon their eastern borders, are perfect deserts, with a soil whose constituents are of such a nature as for ever to unfit them for the purposes of agriculture, and are not

worth an expenditure of angry feeling as to who shall or who shall not inhabit them. We may as well admit that Washington Territory, and Oregon, and Utah, and New Mexico, are, with the exception of a few limited areas, composed of mountain chains and unfruitful plains; and that, whatever route is selected for a railroad to the Pacific, it must wind the greater part of its length through a country destined to remain for ever an uninhabited and dreary waste.

ART. IX. — 1. *The Poets and Poetry of America.* By RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD. Sixteenth Edition, carefully revised, much enlarged, and continued to the Present Time. With Portraits on Steel from Original Pictures. Philadelphia: Parry and McMillan. 1855. pp. 622.

2. *The Poetical Works of* AUGUSTINE DUGANNE. Philadelphia: Parry and McMillan. 1855. pp. 407.

DR. GRISWOLD'S well-known book appears, in the sixteenth edition, in a form greatly improved, whether we regard the richness of its materials or its mechanical elegance and beauty. It contains ten well-executed portraits, including that of the compiler. The earlier editions of the work included our female poets, whose writings have since been gathered into a separate volume, leaving void room which has been more than filled by their brethren of the gentle craft. Sixteen introductory pages are devoted to the ante-Revolutionary period, while about one and fifty candidates to the honors of Parnassus are brought before us in the residue of the volume. Of each of these we have a biographical sketch, — brief and skeleton-wise for the recent and still living, sufficiently minute to satisfy curiosity for the earlier names on the list. In these sketches we find reason to admire the author's impartiality and kindness. We have been unable to find a single instance in which he has suffered any of the usual grounds of prejudice to warp his judgment or to scant his eulogy, and where it has been his duty to refer to obliquities of temper and con-

duct, he has done so with singular delicacy and gentleness. Under each name he gives us specimens of the author's poetry, more or less numerous, we hardly know by what rule, but we suppose in the compound ratio of celebrity, copiousness, variety of subject and manner, and difficulty of access. Of the greater part of these writers, we thus have, in a compendious form, all that we need or care to know, and from others we cannot regret the paucity of the extracts, while their entire works, or the best of them, are within the easy reach of every reader.

Our colonial existence was by no means fruitful in poetry; or, if otherwise, few found voice through a press both costly and sluggish. The earliest book published in British America was, if not poetry, at least the *travestie* of poetry in verse, namely, "The Psalms, in Metre, faithfully Translated, for the Use, Edification, and Comfort of the Saints, in Public and Private, especially in New Eng'and." As afterward revised by President Dunster, with "special eye both to the gravity of the phrase of sacred writ and *sweetness of the verse*," this version became very popular both in America and in Scotland. The following stanza may serve as a specimen: —

> "The rivers on of Babilon
> There when we did sit downe,
> Yea, even then, wee mourned when
> Wee remembered Sion."

In the same year (1640) in which the original edition of this work was printed appeared the poems of Mrs. Bradstreet, wife of Governor Simon Bradstreet, a young matron of great loveliness and excellence, of whose verse Rev. Mr. Norton averred, that, "Were Maro to hear it, he would condemn his own works to the fire." Posterity has failed to confirm this glowing panegyric.

The longest original American poem of the seventeenth century was Rev. Michael Wigglesworth's "Day of Doom," written as a "diversion" for weary hours during a period of bodily infirmity, which disabled him for the discharge of professional duty. This work has passed through several American editions, (one quite recent,) and was republished more than once in England. The portion which has been most

frequently quoted is that in which those who died in infancy, remonstrating against the injustice of their fate, have "the easiest room in hell" assigned to them. Notwithstanding the sternness of his creed, the author was characterized by very great amenity and kindness, and among the most genial and tender of amatory documents which have fallen under our notice are the letters by which he wooed and won the Widow Avery to become the wife of his old age. The following passage may furnish a fair sample at once of his poetical merit and of the rhythm which found special favor with our fathers: —

"Still was the night, serene and bright,
When all men sleeping lay;
Calm was the season, and carnal reason
Thought so 't would last for aye.
Soul, take thine ease, let sorrow cease,
Much good thou hast in store;
This was their song, their cups among,
The evening before."

As we pass on through the period of the British domination, we trace indeed a larger variety of manner and a closer conformity to good models, yet little meets our eye which exceeds mediocrity, and there are few names which have not been superseded by better on the notoriously palimpsest scroll of fame. We doubt whether the last century produced in America a more genuine poet than the clerical punster, Mather Byles. One of his sacred lyrics, on the Last Judgment, commencing with the stanza,

"When wild confusion wrecks the air,
And tempests rend the skies;
Whilst blended ruin, clouds and fire,
In harsh disorder rise," —

seems to us unsurpassed in its kind. Our older readers will remember it as having had a place in some of our collections of hymns for public worship; — that it should have been dropped by recent compilers is, to say the least, as strange as that they should have admitted into the service of the church not a few compositions, sensible and religious, which are no more fit to be sung than the paragraphs of Butler's Analogy.

Until the spirit of resistance to the mother country was roused, little except devotional poetry was attempted in the Colonies. But with the earliest struggles for freedom, there was a sudden outcropping of the double vein of lyric patriotism and of political satire, the former atoning for faults of taste by leaping and stirring melody married to burning thought, the latter seldom free from offensive coarseness, and often shocking the sense alike of decency and of reverence.

But it is not our purpose to attempt a sketch of the history of American poetry. We would rather confine ourselves to a few general remarks on the catalogue of the post-Revolutionary poets given us by Mr. Griswold. The first thought which suggests itself is their multitude, which might probably have been doubled, (perhaps quadrupled by the admission of the other sex,) without essentially lowering the average poetical standard of the volume. More persons, we suppose, write verse in our country, than in the whole world besides. For this there are many reasons. An education sufficient to furnish the vocabulary and to confer the capacity of writing, is attainable by every child in the free States. The honors of the press, too, are within reach of all who can write. No first essay can be so humble, no rhythm so halting, no sentiment so jejune or trite, that it may not find a place and a welcome in some village newspaper, and its circle of admiring readers on or below its own intellectual plane. In this country too, hardly any person makes a *specialty* of his calling in life. In the proportion in which a man succeeds in doing one thing, he deems himself capable of doing everything. The most common training for statesmanship is some profession or avocation which would seem to lead away from it. Judges, physicians, and navigators are converted by vote of a corporation into master-manufacturers. The mechanic, tired of hand-labor, takes his place behind the counter, or seeks an office in the customs. The same tendency manifests itself in specially intellectual pursuits. He who earns a place in one guild deems himself free of all. Our college societies can procure fresh poets for every term, and the youth who can frame an oration disdains to confess his inability when asked to be a verse-wright. The school-girl has

her ambition fired by the examination-poems of her seniors, and would feel distanced and disgraced if she too could not make the tripping numbers flow in what to her own unpractised ear might seem euphony. Thus too, in later years, whatever may be the department or the quality of one's fame, if he has any reputation, he deems it essential to its freshness that he should not suffer any direct draft upon his pen to go unhonored, whether the draft be for attack, rejoinder, or diatribe, hymn, ode, or dirge. The very fact, therefore, that so many attempt poetry, renders the success of a considerable number antecedently probable. It is worthy of notice, that on Mr. Griswold's list the proportion is very large of those who are known to the public chiefly as divines, statesmen, or lawyers, and who have written little or no verse beyond the specimens attached to their names.

Moreover, while the genius to which song seems a native and spontaneous language is one of the rarest of endowments, we doubt whether the ability to compose short poems of high artistical merit is by any means rare. The ear for rhythm is more common than that for music. Ten persons can dance well to one that can sing well; and the placing of words in harmonious juxtaposition is a process nearly allied to the exercise of the ball-room. Our language too is affluent in rhymes, and so rich in synonymes as to facilitate in a marvellous degree the invention of rhymes. And there are very few writers of eloquent prose, who do not sometimes give birth to thoughts which need only measure and rhyme to render them genuine poetry. The true bird of song can indeed remain long on the wing without flagging; but for brief periods his aerial path may be tempted by those who, like the flying-fish, the moment their wings are dry, must fall back into their native element.

These considerations may account for the phenomenon happily enough described by Duganne, whose audacity in printing such verses, before he knows whether he is to rise in the public favor above the level of the multitude he commemorates, is worthy of emphatic note: —

> "O hapless land of mine! whose country-presses
> Labor with poets and with poetesses;

> Where Helicon is quaffed like beer at table,
> And Pegasus is 'hitched' in every stable;
> . . . . . .
> Where Gray might Miltons by the score compute—
> 'Inglorious' all, but, ah! by no means 'mute.'"

In this connection we cannot but remark the poverty of American literature in long poems worthy of the name. Our country has not yet produced a single epic of even moderate merit. The illustrious Connecticut trio, Trumbull, Dwight, and Barlow, led in this career, and, as they fell by the way, may have blocked up the path for their successors. Trumbull, who essayed the mock-heroic vein, was the most successful of the three. His "Progress of Dullness" is sprightly and harmonious. It had great popularity in its day, and perhaps has ceased to be read mainly because it satirizes follies which the age has outgrown. His "McFingal" owes its decadence, not to a deficiency in genuine wit and humor of the Hudibrastic school, but to the lack of picturesqueness in the story, and of all elements of permanent interest in its heroes. Dwight's "Conquest of Canaan" is smooth and faultless, but inane almost beyond example, and to read it through would be an intolerable penance. Barlow's "Columbiad" has, if possible, still less to recommend it, though its Sahara-like dryness and platitude are sometimes relieved by oases of living green, — too few and brief, however, to allure the traveller to the desert passage. Since Barlow's unfortunate essay, the strictly epic form has seldom been attempted by our poets, and indeed one of them has written a learned and eloquent dissertation to prove that the canon of epic poetry is irrevocably closed, the civilized world having outgrown the *machinery* on which it depends for its artistical completeness and effect. We doubt whether this is strictly true. To be sure, intelligent agencies higher than human and less than divine are no longer at the poet's command; but their place might be more than supplied by the alliance between man and his Creator of which Christianity is the charter. The fact, no doubt, is, that in these days, when all antecedent fable is exceeded in marvellousness by the realized successes of art and skill, exploits and adventures have declined as to their com-

parative magnitude, events have lost the old grandeur of their epic march, and once august personages have found their more than peers in the general admiration and reverence. The poetry of external life must therefore assume a less stately tone, as in the ballad and the metrical romance; while loftier strains must be reserved for nature, whose beauty and majesty are sempiternal, and for the soul's experiences, rendered always great by its mysterious source, its hidden being, and its immortal destiny.

Not only in the epic form, but equally in others, is it true that our poets have seldom done much for their fame by their longer pieces. The longer indeed generally owe much of their popularity to the indisputable merit of the shorter; and by these last chiefly will posterity know the authors, if they are to hold a place in the memory of man. The habits of American life are unfavorable to the production of poetical works of a more elaborate kind. Such works demand as much erudition as genius, and they require, too, a concentrated and prolonged attention, to the exclusion of all other aims, — else they are prone to lack continuity and symmetry. But our poets are generally busy men; not a few of those the most largely endowed by nature have had scanty opportunities of study, and a restricted range of reading; and those who have had the highest culture have made poetry their recreation, not their chief pursuit. Then, too, there has been on the part of many an unconscious adoption of Transatlantic sentiment and imagery, in consequence of their superior familiarity with and reverence for the literary master-works of the mother country. There has at the same time been a lack of courage or of enterprise, which has prevented the free use of our own indigenous materials for song, and has kept invention far below the standard of execution, so that much of our most highly finished verse bears few and slight marks of its birthplace, or of the writer's own individuality.

Our poetical literature is the most affluent in odes and hymns, in poems of sentiment, and in metrical descriptions, not of groups, but of single objects in the realm of nature and of art. The sonnet has been a favorite form with many

of our writers, seldom, however, in its original Italian structure, but with a large license in the adjustment of its parts and rhymes. Jones Very has written some of the best sonnets in our language. Dr. Griswold has given us several of very great beauty from our valued contributors, Henry T. Tuckerman and Henry W. Parker. The following, by William H. Burleigh, breathes the earnest spirit of the reformer; the versification, somewhat rough and rugged, has a solid ring; and the abrupt pauses admirably correspond to the closely compressed thought and the half-smothered vehemence of emotion which characterize the poem.

"THE TIMES.

"Inaction now is crime. The old earth reels
Inebriate with guilt; and Vice, grown bold,
Laughs Innocence to scorn. The thirst for gold
Hath made men demons, till the heart that feels
The impulse of impartial love, nor kneels
In worship foul to Mammon, is contemned.
He who hath kept his purer faith, and stemmed
Corruption's tide, and from the ruffian heels
Of impious tramplers rescued perilled right,
Is called fanatic, and with scoffs and jeers
Maliciously assailed. The poor man's tears
Are unregarded; the oppressor's might
Revered as law; and he whose righteous way
Departs from evil, makes himself a prey."

In point of exquisite finish, the few poems of the late Andrews Norton are unsurpassed, and almost unequalled. The most sagacious critic would find it hard to hint a fault or to propose an emendation. They indicate profound feeling, chastened, yet intensified by a severely fastidious taste, which held emotion in suspense, till it could find the very word which of all others answered to the thought. Their glow is therefore not that of the kindling fire, but that of burning coals on the heart-altar, manifesting the calmness of a sustained fervor, which never flashes or scintillates, and at the same time never wanes or flickers.

If there is any department in which we are ashamed of American verse, it is the burlesque, and especially the comic poetry of low life. Perhaps Hood may have his peers among our countrymen, but, if so, their materials are too near and familiar to be rendered otherwise than coarse and revolting. On the other hand, manners and habits, however homely and displeasing, with which we are conversant only through books or by transient travel, readily admit poetical associations, assume to our fancy graceful forms, and take on something of the romantic element, which alone can redeem grotesqueness from vulgarity.

We cannot go farther in our notice of Dr. Griswold's compilation, without doing ourselves even greater injustice by the omission of names, than we should render to the more eminent by our cursory mention of them, or to the hardly less gifted, but less known, by the impossibility of verifying within our present limits their title to our commendation. We therefore pass to a brief notice of the volume of Duganne, which has come into our hands since we commenced the preparation of this article.

The author satirizes Boston for its ignorance or non-recognition of American literature outside of its own charmed circle. We must plead guilty as regards him; for his name, not absolutely unknown, has not till now attracted our special attention. We ought to have known him better. We learn from Dr. Griswold, that he has been "a voluminous writer in prose," and that the principal pieces in the present collection have been long before the public. They are now gathered in a volume, which to our eye bears the palm of American typography. The preface and the headings of the pages are printed in an antique style of singular beauty, and even the ink has the intense and burnished jetty hue of the best English books a century old, while the paper of the entire work bears a slightly yellow tint, as of decorous age. As a mere specimen of art, the edition by its elegance attests the taste and liberality of the publishers, while its costliness bears witness to their practised sense of the intrinsic worth of its contents. We are inclined, in general terms, to indorse their verdict. We believe the poems, taken collectively, worthy of

the currency and the acceptance thus confidently solicited for them.

The longest of these poems suits our taste the least of all. It is "Parnassus in Pillory," — a bold and reckless satire on American poetry and poets in detail, in which hardly a name is omitted or a fair fame left unchallenged. It is, as regards versification, one of the best American poems of the kind, but seems to us the least kindly, the most malicious, of them all; and they all, in our judgment, while they have "The Dunciad" for their prototype, fail to justify their existence by even a tithe of its brilliant wit, or of its artistical symmetry and grace.

"The Mission of Intellect" is a complex poem, or rather series of poems, in a great variety of measures, and characterized at once by earnest, aspiring, hopeful thought, bold and intense imagery, and highly elaborate and euphonious metrical expression. The following "Apostrophe" is no more than an average specimen of its style and manner; an analysis of its "argument" would demand space which at this late day we are unable to afford.

"O Earth! O beautiful and wondrous Earth!
Jewelled with souls, and warmed with generous hearts!
The morning stars sang gladly at thy birth!
And all God's sons, through Heaven's unmeasured girth,
Shouted with joy! Lo! when thy life departs,
All things created shall surcease, and thou —
Girt with great Nature's wrecks — shalt proudly bow,
And with the crumbling stars bedeck thy dying brow.

"O bounteous Earth! Thy fresh and teeming breast
Hath nourishment for all the tribes of men!
God is still with thee, and thy womb is blest!
Still with abundant good thou travailest!
And thy dead Ages fructify again,
With a new increase! Yet, O Earth! behold, —
Millions are perishing with pangs untold!
Thy children faint, O Earth, for bread reluctant doled!

"Mysterious Earth! Thou hast within thy deeps
The boundless stores of science! The immense
Arcanum of all glorious knowledge sleeps
Within thine arms, and awful Nature keeps

Watch o'er the treasuries of Omnipotence!
O mother Earth! why are thy golden plains
Made fields of torture, and thine iron veins
O'erwrought for weary war, and forged to cruel chains?" — p. 22.

"The Iron Harp" is the name given to a collection of "reform" poems, dedicated to the needs, sufferings, virtues, capacities, and rights of the poor, the toiling and neglected. In these a prominent place, with a whole-souled advocacy, is given to the right of the laborer to free ownership of the soil. What sort of an agrarian law our poet would fain see enacted does not appear. So far as intrinsic fitness is concerned, we could cordially second the plea of his verse in our prose, and have, on a former occasion, expressed our strong conviction that the allotment of freehold estates without price to actual settlers would be the best possible disposal of our public domain, which seems destined to be the prey of unscrupulous speculators, in whatever form it is nominally disposed of by our national legislature. We sympathize with the earnest philanthropy, tender sympathy, and strong faith in man, which pervade, not only this portion, but almost every part of the volume before us. These emotions are evidently sincere and deep. They are a fountain of true poetical inspiration, give terseness and nerve to the verse, and quicken almost every form of versification on a very wide range of subjects into a lyric vivacity and vehemence. They verify their genuineness, also, by seeking expression, to an unusual degree, in the Saxon elements of our complex tongue; for Latinity glances from the reformer's lips and lyre, while the Saxon, as once the language of toil, comes spontaneously to those who would mitigate its burdens and exalt its destiny.

The volume contains not a few poems of a more quiet and gentle strain. Among these we have been impressed with the simple, natural beauty of the "Requiem for a Beloved Child," with which we are compelled to close our extracts and our paper.

"He lies in beauty with our griefs around him, —
So sweetly folded in his snowy shroud;
As if 't were but a gentle sleep that bound him, —
As if a dream alone our spirits bowed.

"Ah me! a sleep that knows no earthly waking, —
A dream that may not flee with morning hours;
Oh! blossom of the hearts that now are breaking! —
It blows no more among our household flowers.

"Alas! the Hope, that clung aroung his being!
The Faith, that traced in light his future years!
The Love, that all his virtues was foreseeing! —
Must these, alas! be dimmed with bitter tears?

"O no! the Hope looks upward still to heaven;
The Faith soars calmly to the realms above;
The Love, that to our earthly child was given,
Still mingles in his soul with angel love.

"And, oh! the years that now our babe has entered!
The virtues clustering round his seraph brow!
How weak our trust that late on earth was centred, —
How sure the promise that sustains us now!

"This offering, Jesus! to Thine arms we tender, —
Our child, our babe, our little one, we yield:
Its fragrance, Lord! to Thee we humbly render, —
Our choicest flower, — the lily of our field: —

"To bloom beneath thy smile, — to dwell beholding
The wondrous mystery of thy love divine;
Its beauteous petals evermore unfolding, —
Its opening heart, dear Lord! so near to Thine!

"O angel-child! — O earthly one immortal! —
Pure messenger from out this world of sin!
Our darling's form hath oped the heavenly portal,
And streams of glory bathe us from within."

pp. 342, 343.

ART. X.—1. *Geschichte und Zustände der Deutschen in Amerika.* Von FRANZ LÖHER. Cincinnati: Eggers und Wulkoss. Leipzig: K. F. Köhler. 1847.

2. *Aussichten für gebildete Deutsche in Nord-Amerika.* Von FRANZ LÖHER. Berlin: Julius Springer. 1853.

THESE works are not generally known to Americans. Their author has enjoyed unusual advantages for learning the history and condition of those of his countrymen, who have exchanged the Old World for the New. His "History" gives evidence of careful and extensive research. His prejudices against America are undisguised, and therefore comparatively harmless. His propensity to extol everything German, and to decry everything American, leads him sometimes to a ridiculous exaggeration of the errors of our nation, and the merits of his own. His statistics and statements of historical fact are generally correct, though his deductions from them are erroneous. But the work gives a more complete history of German emigration to this country than any other which we know. The second work consists of a few lectures which were delivered in Berlin before the Emigration Society. They excited much interest in Germany, and are really well adapted to the end which the author proposes, "to dispel illusions, and to make clearer to those who are obliged to emigrate what they have to expect in the New World." The struggles and trials of the emigrant are depicted with spirit and truth; and a clearer view of the condition and prospects of our German population may be gained from this book than from its predecessor.

A large fraction of our people to-day speak German as their vernacular. A much larger number, respectable for talent, education, and influence, are of German descent. More than a hundred newspapers are printed in their language. For more than two centuries emigrants from Germany have been landing on our coast, and for the last few years more than two hundred thousand have annually been added to our population. Their presence has given rise to exciting and troublous questions in politics, and has filled many a states-

man with the deepest anxiety. Some, however, believe that they have been guided to our land by a merciful Providence, as a blessing to us and the world. It is clear that the time has come when their movements, condition, and prospects should be carefully studied. So far as we are apprised, we now offer the first contribution which has ever been given in the English language towards the history of German emigration to America.

Certain German and Portuguese writers have contended that the American continent was discovered by a native of Nuremburg. It is affirmed that in 1483 Martin Behaim, a distinguished mathematician, astronomer, and navigator, who was in the service of John II., king of Portugal, reached the coast of Pernambuco, and took possession of it in the name of his sovereign. Löher does not hesitate to give full credence to this assertion, though Irving and other investigators have most clearly exposed its falsity.

It is true, however, that a colony of Germans were among the earliest settlers on our Western shores. One of those embarrassments, from which monarchs are no more exempted than subjects, occasioned their emigration. Charles V. found himself troubled on pay-day to meet the demands of his banker, Bartholomew Welser of Augsburg. He therefore bestowed on him Venezuela in South America. In 1526, Welser sent out from Spain three ships, and five hundred German adventurers, under the command of Ambrosius Alfinger, from Ulm. Nearly all the company perished in a search for gold mines. A trading-house was however established. Many Germans were attracted to the growing colony, and the Hanse towns were filled with glowing accounts of its brilliant prospects. But the torch of civil war was kindled in Germany, and the princely merchants of Augsburg became so straitened by adversity, that they were compelled to surrender their American possessions to the Spaniards. So perished the first purely German colony in America. But Germans came in great numbers with the Spanish, Dutch, and Portuguese adventurers in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The names of many ancient families in the West Indies, and in the Northern states of South America, point distinctly to a German ancestry.

The disasters consequent upon the Thirty Years' War gave the first great impulse to emigration from Germany. Families were severed by religious dissensions, crushed by the loss of property, and robbed of husbands and fathers. Towns were ravaged, cities were razed to the ground, and the land was a scene of utter desolation. The homeless sufferers were compelled to wander in every direction. They fled to Poland, Hungary, Russia, Norway, Sweden, France, Spain, England, and Holland. Their industry and mechanical skill insured them a cordial reception in every country of Europe. Holland, the shelter of the Puritans, was, in the seventeenth century, the asylum of the oppressed of every land. For thirty-five years previous to the peace of Münster, the Dutch had been settling at New Amsterdam, and upon the banks of the Hudson. It was natural that the houseless Germans, who flocked to Holland, should be allured by the brilliant hopes which our Western world then presented to the exiled and suffering. The Dutch encouraged emigration. They furnished the settlers with clothing, provisions, and seed-corn, which were to be paid for by future harvests. They promised also freedom of conscience. Many Germans were thus attracted to our shores. They settled on Long Island and on the banks of the Hudson. Although the Dutch had promised a most catholic toleration of every faith, it seems that the Lutherans were compelled to worship in their private houses, until New Amsterdam became New York. These settlers made vigorous but unsuccessful efforts to cultivate the vine.

As early as 1638, we find the Swedes on their way to America, accompanied by many Germans. They settled together on the most friendly terms on the banks of the Delaware. High German was the language of educated Swedes; and German pastors were often settled over Swedish churches in these new colonies.

In 1681 William Penn landed in America, and founded his peaceful colony. During the three following years, his settlement was increased by thousands of English, Irish, Welsh, Dutch, and Germans. Among the latter were the remnants of a persecuted sect, whose tenets and sufferings

might well entitle them to the warmest sympathy of the followers of Penn. They were the disciples of Menno Simon. He was a monk from Friesland, who, after many an inward struggle, had become an Evangelical preacher, and had gathered about him a loyal band, attached to his peaceful and innocent faith. They maintained that a change of heart should precede baptism, and that Christ had forbidden the use of weapons and of oaths. These inoffensive doctrines were stamped as heterodox, and there was no rest on the soil of Germany for their unfortunate recipients. They took refuge in the Netherlands and in Switzerland. But in 1671 Bern and Zürich imprisoned, whipped, and branded their preachers, and several hundred families fled to Alsace and the Palatinate. Here, in 1677, Penn visited and cheered them; and doubtless, after the maturing of his plans for settlement in America, he invited them to follow him thither.

In the August subsequent to the arrival of the Mennonites, there landed on the bank of the Delaware about twenty German families, under the guidance of Franz Daniel Pastorius, of whom Penn speaks as "an honest, upright, wise, and pious man." They came from Frankfort on the Main. They purchased of Penn a large tract of land, and founded Germantown. Its government was in every respect on the model of the towns in their native land, with a burgomaster, magistracy, and council. The good Pastorius held at once its highest civil and its highest spiritual office. The town soon lost its German form of government; but it has ever retained the character for order and thrift which it acquired through its earnest and high-minded founders.

The stream of emigration, which was now flowing steadily to the mouth of the Delaware and of the Hudson, soon received a fresh impulse from devastating wars in the Palatinate. Twice did the French entirely lay waste that lovely land. The penniless fugitives eagerly sought comfort and peace on our inviting shores. In 1709 came that awful winter, when hundreds of strong men lay down to die of hunger and cold in the fruitful valley of the Rhine. A report was circulated among the sufferers that Queen Anne of England would furnish all applicants with a free passage to

America, and there give them land to cultivate. The famishing multitudes caught at this last hope for life, and opening spring saw their crowded vessels floating up the Thames. More than thirty thousand of these Germans encamped in the suburbs of London. The inhabitants were in dismay at the sight of this multitude, destitute of money, food, and comfortable clothing, and unable to speak or understand English. The German preachers, the Quakers, and other benevolent citizens, endeavored to minister to their wants. But to many an Englishman the name of German was synonymous with that of Roman Catholic, and that of Roman Catholic with all that was odious and contemptible. Insults were therefore heaped on the sufferers more plentifully than charities. The summer wore away, and still nothing was done for them. As winter drew nigh, their condition attracted the attention of Parliament. About thirty-five hundred Roman Catholics were sent back to Holland and the Hanse towns. Sixteen hundred of the remainder were carried to the Scilly Isles, but were driven away by the inhabitants, for whom these barren rocks afforded but a scanty subsistence. These, with two thousand others, were returned to Germany. About four thousand are said to have been sent to Limerick County in Ireland, where they distinguished themselves by the excellence of their agriculture. Of the rest of this ill-fated company, some were scattered through Great Britain, others found their way to their homes, and others still to their original destination in America. About five thousand came to New York with Governor Hunter, in 1710, and settled in the city, and on the banks of the Hudson. They alleged that they suffered from Hunter's extortions, and several families purchased lands from the Indians on the Scoharie. Their title to these lands was soon contested, and they were obliged once more to seek new homes. Many of the towns near the Hudson and the Mohawk owed their existence to these wandering immigrants. Newburg, Luneburg, Germantown, Wurtemburg, Minden, Bern, Brunswick, and others, betray by their names a German origin.

Some of those who were aggrieved by Hunter's course accepted the invitation of Governor Keith of Pennsylvania

to settle on the Swatara. It has been suspected that Keith had thought of founding an independent German-Irish state in the interior of his province. However that may have been, he offered every facility for the removal of these disaffected emigrants. They and their descendants have ever maintained a high reputation for probity and industry.

Companies of Germans from the Palatinate found their way to Virginia and the Carolinas. One of them established a town called Germanna on the site of Fredericksburg. Others occupied the lands on the Roanoke, Neuse, and Trent rivers. Newbern and the circumjacent country were filled with Germans, who were chiefly from Switzerland.

In the year 1710 began another emigration of the persecuted Mennonites of Switzerland. Nearly all who had previously arrived had settled in Germantown and the vicinity. But in 1707 the Swiss sent a deputation to purchase lands in their name. They secured ten thousand acres on the stream called the Pequea. In 1711, 1717, 1727, and 1728 the families came in great numbers. The valley of the Conestoga was soon required and purchased, and Lancaster County became the home of the Mennonites in America. They were generally possessed of some wealth and of a respectable education.

The Mennonites were followed by the Tunkers.* This sect had been driven from their home in Southern Germany to Holland and Friesland, whence a part of them came with Beissel in 1719, and the remainder with Mack in 1729, and settled near Germantown and Lancaster. Many of their descendants are now found in Virginia.

In 1734 about one hundred families came from Silesia by the way of Altona and Holland to Pennsylvania. Persecution had banished them from their homes. They were the

* This sect dates its existence from 1708. Five men and three women, in a little village of the Palatinate, conceived it to be their duty to retire to a cloister, and devote their lives to prayer and the study of the Scriptures. One of the first fruits of their retirement was the conviction of the necessity of immersion as the only true baptism. They were called Tunkers or Dunkards, because they required the candidate for baptism to kneel, and then they thrust his head and body forward into the water. The German word *tunken* means to dip or thrust in. They soon added to their creed the doctrine that Saturday is the true Sabbath.

followers of Caspar Schwenckfeld, an earnest man, who boldly opposed certain doctrines of the Lutherans, which he maintained that they had erroneously transferred from the Roman Catholic creed. These doctrines pertain to the humanity of Christ, the Lord's supper, and the inner light.

So early as 1732, a few Herrnhutters were found in Pennsylvania. Count Zinzendorf had in their behalf agreed with General Oglethorpe that they should join the company which first went to Georgia. They arrived in England just after its departure, and therefore resolved to settle in the colony of Penn. But in the winter of 1735 – 6 one hundred and seventy Moravians were conveyed to Savannah in the same vessel with Oglethorpe, Wesley, and Whitefield. Above Savannah these Germans built a town, which they called Ebenezer. Their memory deserves to be cherished for their humane treatment of the Indians, and for their persistent and earnest opposition to slavery. They were subjected to continual annoyances from their neighbors, and they at last decided to turn their steps to a home where they could hope for the peaceful enjoyment of their faith. In 1738 they removed to Pennsylvania, and founded near Easton a school for negroes, which was the first, and for a long time the only one, in America. They were disturbed by the Indians, and in 1740 they withdrew still further into the wilderness, and commenced the towns of Bethlehem and Nazareth, which were so long known in the Old World and the New as their centre and strong-hold.

The great body of these earlier emigrants had come from the valley of the Rhine, from Switzerland, and from Swabia,* and had settled in New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Pennsylvania, and Northern Maryland. Those of kindred sympathies and pursuits had naturally gathered together. The town of Reading in Pennsylvania was almost exclusively composed of Lutherans, and Lancaster of Mennonites. The members of the Reformed Church found a congenial home in New York with their brethren from Holland. The Roman Catho-

* The old proverb runs: —

"Schwaben und bös Geld
Führt der Teufel in alle Welt."

lics were attracted to Baltimore, though many chose Berks County as their home. The types of religious character in these several places have not been essentially changed, and many of the peculiarities of the original settlers are plainly perceptible in their descendants at this day. But many a poor German had not the good fortune to secure a home in the genial climate and on the fertile soil of the Middle States. The simple Alsatians and Swabians were too unsuspecting to distrust the promises of Law, the great speculator in Mississippi lands. About two thousand were enticed by his agents to Biloxi near Mobile, and to the marshes near the mouth of the Mississippi, where they soon fell a prey to devouring fevers. Nearly as many were planted in St. Charles Parish, above New Orleans. They gave the names to the Lac Allemand and the Bayou Allemand.

In 1729 a band of mountaineers, who since the Reformation had preserved a faith of comparative purity in the secluded valleys of the Tyrolese Alps, were driven from their homes by the Jesuits. After various wanderings, they landed at Savannah in the spring of 1734, and were settled by Oglethorpe himself in the deserted home of the Herrnhutters in Effingham County. They had good success in raising indigo and manufacturing silk. Like the Moravians, they opposed negro slavery with their whole power, and gave a practical proof that free labor could compete with the labor of slaves in that sultry climate.

In 1733 Colonel Peter Pury purchased forty thousand acres of land in Beaufort County, South Carolina, and with three hundred and seventy Swiss founded the town of Purisburg. In 1765 six hundred men from South Germany arrived and settled on the Santee, Congaree, and Savannah rivers. In North Carolina, Stokes, Lincoln, and Mecklenburg Counties received many Germans, some of whom had removed from Pennsylvania. In 1751 the Moravians purchased one hundred thousand acres of land, and laid out Wachau. In the following year they founded Bethabara, and many of them chose Salem and Bethany as their homes. Between 1730 and 1740 the fertile lands in the great valley of Virginia and in Northern Maryland were taken by Germans, and the pres-

ent population of that beautiful region is almost entirely composed of their descendants.

In New England we find traces of only a single early German settlement. In 1739 a party purchased land of General Waldo in Waldoborough, Maine, and in 1751 their numbers were strengthened by the arrival of fifteen hundred of their countrymen. After the death of Waldo, their title to their land was contested. They abandoned their homes, and went to Orangeburg, South Carolina. Ninety families afterwards returned. It is said that their pastor preached in German as late as the beginning of this century.

The most northern settlement of Germans was in Nova Scotia. These emigrants were from Westphalia and Lower Saxony. They came in 1769, and chose Halifax, Annapolis, and Lunenburg for their residence. They landed during the Indian summer, "and," says one of them, "as they saw the forests clad in their autumnal glory, and the outlines of the distant hills softened by the drapery of mist, they flattered themselves that they had reached an earthly paradise."

Such was the course of German emigration prior to the Revolution. It is impossible to determine the number of our German citizens at the commencement of the war. But we know the general features of their character. Many of them had come hither "for conscience' sake." They were peaceful and industrious, and sought only a quiet home for themselves and their children. It is true that they waged prolix and verbose sectarian wars, as fiercely as did our New England ancestors. But they readily conformed to the requirements of the provincial governments, and added to the wealth, prosperity, and virtue of the infant colonies. Not a few were men of eminent intelligence, piety, and usefulness. Between 1745 and 1770 no less than twenty-two Lutheran preachers, who had received their training at German universities, came to Pennsylvania alone. That State rivalled New England in the excellence, though not in the number, of its schools. Pupils flocked from distant parts of the land to Ephratah, Lancaster, and Philadelphia. The labors of the Herrnhutters among the negroes in Georgia and the Indians in Pennsylvania, at once recall to our memory the pious and self-denying work of Eliot

and Edwards. The Germans in Pennsylvania have, from the earliest times, protested against slavery; and the Moravians and Salzburgers, who deserted their homes near Savannah, are fairly entitled to be honored as the first Abolitionists who showed their faith by their works. In some branches of industry the Germans excelled all the other colonists. In agriculture, in raising cattle, in forging iron, in the manufacture of linen, and in every kind of labor where patience and care were required, they were especially successful.

But some of their number were rough and unscrupulous adventurers, who were steeped in all the vices of a soldier's life in Europe. Others were simple-minded peasants, who had been enticed to America by organized bands of villains. The agents of these companies contrived to strip them of their property, and then bound them out to service for a term of years to pay for their passage.* It is not strange that these poor victims of fraud were often regardless of all law in seeking to alleviate their condition. At an early date we find the clergy of the older churches and grave and thoughtful statesmen alike complaining of the turbulence and presumption of many of the German settlers. But it is probable that most of their excesses arose from that natural tendency to license which is always observed in the subjects of a despotic government when they first escape from restraint.

In the war of the Revolution the Germans were, with great unanimity, attached to the republican party. They were bound by no ties to England. They had there no kindred or friends. As early as 1748, an acute Swedish traveller, Kalm, had observed that the indifference or dislike of the Germans, Dutch, and French towards England was one of the sure signs of a coming day of American independence. It is true that, in some sections, the mutual hatred of the English and the German colonists seemed at first to threaten the stability of a hearty union for any purpose. The rivalry

* "So usual was this manner of dealing in Englishmen, that not the Scots only, who were taken in the field of Dunbar, were sent into involuntary servitude in New England, but the royalist prisoners of the battle of Worcester, and the leaders in the insurrection of Penruddoc, in spite of the remonstrances of Haselrig and Harry Vane, were shipped to America." (Bancroft, Vol. I. pp. 175, 176.) Thus it appears that a kind of white slavery was not unknown in America.

between them in Pennsylvania led to the formation of parties, which contended hotly for the mastery in the government of the Province. So early as 1729 a newspaper called the *Pennsylvanisch-deutsche Berichter* was issued at Germantown, which declared the policy of the government illiberal and unjust, and attacked its measures with earnestness and bitterness. The war was carried on with acrimony and varied success for many years, and the prejudices which prevailed at that day are not yet entirely extinct. In no other part of the country were the Germans so numerous, and their relations to the English so unfriendly. But even there all differences were at last forgotten in devotion to the common cause, and the troops from that State and Virginia were true in the darkest days of our national struggle. That famous band, the Sharp-Shooters of Morgan, had many Germans in its ranks. Muhlenberg and his German regiment from the valley of Virginia are never to be forgotten in the annals of our Revolution. The Freiherr von Glassbeek played a conspicuous part in the Southern campaign; and the names of Kalb and Steuben are ever associated with those of Washington and Greene. The valor and fidelity which the Germans displayed throughout our long and arduous conflict entitle them to a place in our memory by the side of our purest and noblest patriots. It is a singular fact, that hundreds of the Hessians who fought in the English ranks became American citizens. Those who were taken prisoners were kindly treated, and invited to settle. Nearly sixteen hundred, who were glad to escape from the rigorous discipline of the British army, found for themselves homes in the valley of Virginia. Those who were captured at Saratoga were ordered to Charlottesville, and thence they were scattered through the State.

The earnest opposition of Americans to foreign influence, the stringent naturalization laws of 1798, and the continual wars which were devastating Europe, checked emigration for several years. While Germany was under French rule, but few emigrants from the Continent reached our shores. Many who were here followed in the train of the more adventurous New-Englanders, and sought a new home in the forests of Ohio and the prairies of Indiana. But in 1815, after the

power of Napoleon was crushed, the poor and suffering followed in the steps of those who had found relief in our provinces at the close of the Thirty Years' War. In 1816, the ports of Holland were filled with Germans, who were waiting for a passage. In 1817, it seemed as if Southern Germany was soon to be depopulated. In a single fortnight, four thousand persons left the little state of Baden. Wurtemberg lost in that year sixteen thousand of her inhabitants by emigration. The sufferings of many were extreme. Thousands who reached the sea-shore, ignorant and friendless, had not the means to secure their transportation to America. Sick with disappointment, and wasted by hnnger, they were obliged to turn back and look to charity for a scanty subsistence, till they reached their desolate homes. In 1818, the number who passed through Holland was greater than had ever been known. In the year 1825 happened the great overflow of the Rhine, which was succeeded by a scanty harvest, and a winter of intense severity. This combination of calamities forced multitudes to seek a new home. In vain did several states throw obstacles in their way, and others forbid their departure. More than ten thousand landed in New York in one year (1827–28), and quite as many more in Philadelphia and Baltimore. But all did not sail for the United States. Small parties went to Canada, Brazil, Buenos Ayres, Colombia, Mexico, and even to St. Domingo.

Meanwhile the facilities for emigration were continually increasing. Vessels were constructed to serve expressly as passenger ships. Books, newspapers, and letters from America furnished more accurate information about the land, of which very little had really been known even by the most intelligent Germans. Emigration societies were formed. Every one knew but too well, that at home the best years of one's life were spent in the barracks, that taxation and oppression were consuming his lifeblood, that all were doomed to hopeless poverty. Every one heard that in America no one was obliged to serve as a soldier for more than a week in a year, that the tax-gatherer seldom visited the cabin of the settler, and that a competence might be attained by all. These were simple facts, whose bearing could be seen by the hum-

blest peasant, and they were more convincing than elaborate expositions of the theoretical beauty of republican government. Posters announcing the departure of vessels from Bremen, Holland, and Havre were placed on the walls of every village and town. The family circle and the beer-house resounded with discussions on the great topic of the day. Hundreds were often seen in a single day making their way down the Rhine. One could read in their manly faces, that the eager expectation of youth, and the buoyant hope of maturer manhood, were tempered and softened by that ardent love of home which is never found wanting in the breast of the roughest German.

According to Löher's statistics, more than two hundred and sixteen thousand sailed from Bremen between the years 1832 and 1846; and during the same time, nearly two hundred and ten thousand Germans from all ports landed in New York alone. About ninety-five per cent of all who left Germany came to the United States. Since 1846, the emigration has greatly increased. The revolution and reaction of 1848 sent forth a large number of political exiles and refugees. The arrivals between 1846 and 1855 averaged at least one hundred thousand annually. The Eastern war and the Know-Nothing excitement have materially checked the flow of emigration to our shores for the present. No one can predict what will be its movement in the unseen future. Most of those who have come in later years have gone to the Western and Northwestern States. Many have settled in Texas, and some of them are there proving the feasibility of employing free labor alone, as did the Moravians in Georgia.

Ardent and enthusiastic Germans in our country have but lately relinquished the idea of establishing here a "Junges Deutschland," or, in other words, of forming a free German state. Many thought, before the Revolution, that they might gain the mastery in Pennsylvania, and mould her institutions in accordance with their will. Again and again did they strive to introduce their language into the schools, the courts of law, and the legislature of that State. Societies have even been formed in Germany for founding a state on our western frontiers. The most famous of these came from

Giessen. So fully were its plans prepared, that it brought a large bell for the *Stadt Haus*, and a telescope for the observatory. Scarcely had it reached its destination, when it was suddenly dissolved. The bell was left to grace a barn, and the telescope a log-cabin. *Ex uno disce omnes.* A society in New York, called "Germania," was for some time the most active agent in arousing the national feeling of our Germans. The avowed object of its formation was to furnish relief to suffering exiles, and to send expressions of sympathy and "material aid" to revolutionists in Germany. As no revolution occurred, the exuberant enthusiasm of the members was naturally turned in another direction. They resolved to become the founders of a state. Associations were formed in several cities to aid in accomplishing their magnificent undertaking. The newspaper at Pittsburg, the *Adler des Westens*, duly set forth the greatness and worth of the enterprise. The New York *Staats Zeitung* was soon started expressly for the purpose of Germanizing the Americanized Germans. Everything seemed bright with promise. But, alas! the birth of the expected state is not yet chronicled. The rulers of the unborn sovereignty could not agree where it ought to be situated. Some wished it to be near the Great Lakes; others, in Texas; others still, in Oregon. Congress settled their dispute by refusing them lands for it anywhere. At this juncture, the *Staats Zeitung* caught the American passion for politics, and exerted its strength in securing the election of a Democratic President, instead of aiding to create a state over which a German President might rule at some future day. Those who were indignant at its course protested against its treachery, and established the *Allgemeine Deutsche Zeitung* to represent the pure Germanic interests. But it perished in the violent conflicts which exploded the "Germania," and so ended the great effort in New York.

Meantime the Pennsylvanians were pursuing a different course. They decided that it was expedient to turn a flood of emigration into some one of the Western States, acquire a majority of votes, and then introduce German institutions, and, above all, the German language. For this end the Philadelphia journal, *Die Alte und Neue Welt*, labored most

untiringly. But the measure proved impracticable. The next step was to repeat the attempt to gain added power in Pennsylvania. By associations, appeals, contributions, and petitions, they sought to place their language on the same footing with the English. In October, 1837, in accordance with invitations which were issued from Philadelphia, forty delegates from six States met in Pittsburg to devise some plan of action. But when did forty German legislators ever agree? They proposed magnificent schemes, which were wholly impracticable. They made bombastic speeches on the great importance of entire unanimity, and then dissolved in a quarrel. Their most important act was the adoption of a resolution, which declared that the German language ought to be admitted in the courts, and that the laws ought to be published in German, whenever it was necessary and compatible with the interests of the country. A fruitless meeting was held in the same place in 1838. Twenty-eight delegates afterwards assembled at Philadelphia, and resolved that the national spirit could be preserved only by the proper education of the youth. They therefore founded an institution of learning, which was to expand into the full proportions of a German university. But alas! Minerva gave way to Bacchus. The temple of learning was soon sold to a brewer. "German science moved out, and German beer moved in." Such was the result of the last systematic attempt to perpetuate the nationality of the Germans in America. The most sanguine are forced to believe that it is utterly impossible; the prudent and sagacious are fully aware that it is entirely undesirable.

It is a striking peculiarity of German emigration, that it has never added territory to Germany. Her sons are found in every land, but her flag waves only over her original soil. Sweden, Holland, and England have invited the Germans to join their colonists, and have profited by their industry and skill. The land which bore them alone has received nothing from their lives. It drove them out by wars and oppression. It did not follow them with protecting care to distant and desolate shores. Its maternal love did not come to their aid in their arduous struggles in the wilderness, and they never

brought to its bosom the fruits of their labors and conquests. History seems to confirm the truth of the proverb, that the German is the servant of all, and the master of none.

We believe that the condition of the great mass of emigrants is essentially improved by removal to America. They are, for the most part, farmers, mechanics, and laborers. The cheapness and fertility of our Western lands insure a good home to the tiller of the soil, and the high wages of the last two classes soon raise them above the destitution to which they are subjected in Germany. But the advantage to which all of them look is the hopeful career which is opened to their children in American life. So long is the novitiate which every boy in Germany must pass to attain any post of influence or promise, so many are his competitors, and so numerous are the obstacles which government throws in his path, that the fairest years of his life are lost in drudgery and obscurity. But here the boy blooms at once into manhood. The highest prizes are within his reach. Every impulse is stirred. His only obstacles are in himself; and if he but faithfully strive, success must crown him with her fairest garlands. These visions hover over the poor wanderers on their long and dreary voyage, and color every hardship with their bright and radiant hues. The German merchants who are found in our cities accumulate fortunes with rapidity. He who was the wealthiest man in America was born on the soil of Germany. German physicians of sterling worth receive the consideration which they merit, and the numerous quacks and impostors, who substitute unpronounceable names for solid attainments, reap a richer harvest than they ever dreamed of at home. Those alone really suffer who are too lazy or too proud to do the work for which they are suited. They complain that America offers no inducements to educated men; that it is too utilitarian for their æsthetic and speculative natures; that muscle and sinew may live, but genius must inevitably starve in our money-getting nation. Many a professor of the humanities drags out a few months of miserable existence on our shores, and then returns to add another to the list of books in which malecontents pour out their vials of wrath on our innocent heads.

We should hardly notice these charges, if they were not generally believed by intelligent men in Germany. We venture to assert, that no one was ever excluded from our country on account of his elegant learning or refined culture. Most of the unfortunate Germans who proclaim themselves martyrs to our stern utilitarianism have sought posts as lecturers or teachers in our institutions of learning. It is one of our wise regulations, (which is not always observed in Germany,) to require unexceptionable habits in the man who takes charge of any department of instruction. The standard by which habits are judged is of course our own. Now many a German of profound learning utterly ignores this fact, and retains all his peculiarities of life, which may have been uncriticised at home, but which are deemed censurable here. He consequently loses his place. Let such men conform to our customs, and they never will lack patronage. Others have great difficulty in acquiring our language, and while yet they can scarcely be comprehended, they set out for home, with many an imprecation, in unintelligible English, on the nation which thus suffers genius to pass away neglected. Let them master our tongue, let them prepare for the posts to which they aspire, and they shall have no cause for complaint. In fact, the demand for men of high culture is unlimited. In science, the arts, the learned professions, everywhere, we have room. But he who has not the good sense to adapt himself to our social habits and our modes of thought must certainly fail. He really demands that we shall become Germanized in order that he may live. The merchants and mechanics have seen the folly of such an idea. They are fully Americanized in their business relations. They are divided by the same political and religious questions which divide us all into various parties. They are Whigs or Democrats, Pro-Slavery or Anti-Slavery, Lutherans or Calvinists, Deists or Atheists. They gathered under our banners in the battles of the Revolution, and they helped to plant them victoriously in the capital of Mexico. They are joined by the dearest of all earthly ties to our brothers and sisters, and their blood and ours flow together in the veins of thousands of fair-haired boys and girls. The lines which divided the races in the first generation are

obliterated in the second, and the son of a poor emigrant from the Rhine surpasses in American enthusiasm the descendant of a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

It is painful to think that the measure of liberty which has proved so congenial to the industry and enterprise of the Germans, has also permitted the excessive development of some of the worst tendencies in their character. Errors which only germinated on the Continent, here bear the most poisonous fruit. License reaches the most daring recklessness and profanity. Vice swells into shameless crime. Democracy becomes lawlessness, and virtue but a name. The earnest and industrious mechanic of Nuremberg grows into the tumultuous haranguer and street-fighter of New York. The wayward boy of Stuttgart is the brawler and ruffian in Philadelphia. The free-thinker of Tübingen is here an editor, who regards none of the courtesies of our life, nor any of our most hallowed customs and beliefs. This is no exaggeration. Many a German is amazed and grieved at the great moral contrast between multitudes of immigrants and the quiet citizens of his ancient home. The cause is apparent. The tares are suffered to grow with the wheat. No hundred-handed police represses every budding vice. Even the reaction, which is natural after escape from governmental oppression, is not at all checked. Moreover, the wave of emigration always carries on its bosom many of the outcasts, who are bound by no ties to any place or institution. It is also well known that many of the workhouses and jails of Germany have cast their incorrigible and desperate inmates upon our shores. But the great cause of the apparent moral inferiority of many of our Germans to those in their native land is undoubtedly the unbounded liberty which is granted to all. Here thought becomes act; there it is locked in the breast. We fear that, if republican freedom were granted to Germany to-day, a part of her inhabitants would abandon themselves to a license which has never disgraced New York or Philadelphia.

There is a marked difference in the present condition of the emigrants who have come at different periods. Most of the descendants of those who arrived before 1815 are thoroughly Americanized, and are not to be distinguished in any respect

from other American citizens. A class called the Pennsylvania Germans form a remarkable exception. Most of them reside in some of the eastern counties of the State from which they take their name. They preserve the old Frankish dress and customs. Time seems to have advanced a century without bearing them onward. They know little of the world. Their knowledge of Germany is limited to the vague idea that wine is cheaper and life merrier there than in America. Their strongest passions are love of beer and hatred of the Irish. It is difficult to decide whether German, Dutch, or English is the predominant element in their language. It is almost unintelligible to a German. They seem to be anchored in the past, unmoved by the rapid stream of American life which rushes by them on every side.

The emigrants who came between 1815 and 1845 were comparatively uneducated. Only few men of culture and influence were comprised in their ranks. But the diffusion of political intelligence and the longing for republican government prompted many men of liberal and enlightened views to remove to America even before the Revolution of 1848; and after the close of that tragicomedy thousands were obliged to flee from their homes for safety. These were not alone the poor and helpless, but a large proportion of their number were possessed of moderate wealth, and of good education and talent. Among them were the most intellectual and accomplished of our German population. But among them were also too many of those turbulent and restless spirits, who are always evoked from obscurity by civil commotions. Representatives of every description of German society have been scattered by this last emigration throughout our large cities and the Western States. They are divided into classes that cherish the intensest hatred for one another. The Republicans have a deadly hostility to the Roman Catholics, and many of them dislike the Lutherans almost as bitterly. They regard the established churches of Germany as the greatest enemies to civil liberty, and they stamp kingcraft and priestcraft with a common brand of infamy. The Germans are almost unanimously opposed to slavery, and to any prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors. As a class, they have always been

attached to the Democratic party, though a respectable minority has ever been found in the opposite ranks. The great majority of the wealthy and educated are atheists or rationalists. They have the control of nearly half of the German newspapers in the land.

What will be the effect upon our institutions and character of the great influx of German immigrants, it is difficult to say. Our experience gives us almost unlimited confidence in our power to fuse heterogeneous elements into one harmonious whole. The Germans have thus far received our laws, our language, and most of our habits. We have been but slightly influenced by them. Our legislation cannot be materially moulded by their efforts. They have not the power to accomplish any great political undertaking. Besides, we confide in the sober sense of the thoughtful Germans. They see that conformity to the spirit and genius of our institutions is their highest duty and good. Their interests are identical with ours; therefore our language and customs are best suited to their needs. They may cherish the hallowed memories of their fatherland, they may study its sublime philosophy, they may enjoy its inimitable poesy, they may sing its thrilling songs, they may admire its learning and its arts, they may even speak its rich and expressive language, and still they may live in faithful allegiance to that Constitution which has so kindly sheltered them in their flight from tyranny, and in their struggles from poverty to opulence. They may labor for the maintenance of their genial life, but the idea of establishing a German republic within the limits of our country is exploded for ever. Such are the views of their ablest journals and their experienced men.

But the irreligious influence of thousands of German infidels must be perceptibly felt by the children who come after them. They grow up as Americans, and it is sad to think of the heavy cloud which will rest on their hearts. That is a grave subject of meditation for the Christian patriot.

If the Germans in America will only be true to the higher and more generous impulses of their nature, if they will cultivate those tastes and perpetuate those customs which lend so many charms to social life in Germany, they may prove of

essential advantage to the land which has ever extended to them the hand of friendship and hospitality. Already they are elevating our musical taste. If they will kindle within us an appreciating love of heaven-born Art, they will atone for many of the excesses by which they have awakened our solicitude. Well will it be, if we can unite to our resistless energy something of their unyielding and unfaltering patience. Well will it be, if we can temper our burning passion for the acquirement of wealth by something of that genial and refreshing spirit which stops in its hastiest flights after riches and honor to admire an image of the True and the Beautiful.

Art. XI. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *Indian Legends and other Poems.* By Mary Gardiner Horsford. New York: J. C. Derby. 1855.

The author of these poems has been for some time known as a contributor to various literary journals. Her compositions have attracted attention by their grace of style and flowing versification, as well as by the earnestness of tone and the purity of Christian sentiment which are their leading characteristics. If we were to sum up the merits of them in one word, that word would be *womanly*. We are pleased to see these pieces brought together in a handsome volume. The lovers of poetry will be glad to preserve them in so attractive a form; and we doubt not the reader of taste and sensibility will dwell upon these tender and musical outpourings of a graceful imagination and feeling heart, with deep and gratified interest.

The volume consists of two parts, "Indian Legends," and "Miscellaneous" pieces. Of the former, there are four poems, embodying striking traditions of the red race. The following lines close the piece called "The Laughing Water."

"And often when the night
Has drawn her shadowy veil,
And solemn stars look forth
Serenely pure and pale,
A spectre bark and form
May still be seen to glide,
In wondrous silence down
The Laughing Water's tide.

And mingling with the breath
Of low winds sweeping free,
The night-bird's fitful plaint,
And moaning forest-tree,
Amid the lulling chime
Of waters falling there,
The death-song floats again
Upon the laden air." — pp. 25, 26.

Of the "Miscellaneous" pieces, the poem entitled "My Native Isle" is a beautiful expression of the yearning of the heart towards the scenery and associations of the place of birth. The following stanzas are delicate and beautiful: —

"The spireless church stands, plain and brown,
The winding road beside;
The green graves rise in silence near,
With moss-grown tablets wide;
And early on the Sabbath morn,
Along the flowery sod,
Unfettered souls, with humble prayer,
Go up to worship God.

"And dearer far than sculptured fane
Is that gray church to me,
For in its shade my mother sleeps,
Beneath the willow-tree;
And often, when my heart is raised
By sermon and by song,
Her friendly smile appears to me
From the seraphic throng." — p. 55.

The last two of the following lines contain a remarkably poetic thought: —

"The skies for burdened hearts and faint
A code of Faith prepare;
What tempest ever left the Heaven
Without a blue spot there?" — p. 56.

The story of "The Vesper Chime" is very sweetly told. In one line there is a faulty accent: —

"I always found an *a*roma."

Aroma should be accented on the second syllable. "A Dream that was not all a Dream" is very delicately expressed. "The Judgment of the Dead" describes the Egyptian ceremonial with much imaginative power. "The Child's Appeal," "The Dying Year," and "I would

not live alway," are all fine poems, and marked by various excellences of thought and expression.

In general, the volume exhibits a fine sense of harmony and mastery of language. The words are delicately chosen, and woven together in forms of verse corresponding, by their quiet beauty, to the grace and refinement of the thought. We notice, however, here and there a fault of rhythmical construction, by which, as in the case we have already pointed out, a wrong accent is laid upon a word. This is a defect of execution, which a little more study and practice would have easily removed; and indeed, in all these cases, a slight change in the construction of a sentence or the form of a verse would have corrected the error.

From the poem called "Spring Lilies," we take a few lines of exquisite beauty.

> "God, in placing her beside me,
> Made my being most complete,
> *And my heart keeps time for ever*
> *With the music of her feet.*" —p. 146.

Since the above was prepared, we grieve to learn the sudden death of this amiable and accomplished lady, whose poems gave such rich promise of literary distinction. Several of the pieces, by this event, have acquired a new and melancholy significance. The following lines, from a poem we have already cited, express a wish, alas! too soon fulfilled.

> "I would no more of strife and tears
> Might on thee ever meet,
> But when against the tide of years
> This heart has ceased to beat,
> Where the green weeping-willows bend
> I fain would go to rest,
> Where waters chant, and winds may sweep
> Above my peaceful breast." — p. 57.

It is not for us to enter the sacred circle of private sorrow, nor to suggest the consolations which the memory and example of her virtues will afford to the bereaved members of the family to whom her daily life was a high and perpetual joy; but we may, without trespassing on the just reserve of the occasion, refer to the loss which our poetical literature has sustained by this sad and unlooked for event.

2. *Metrical Pieces, Translated and Original.* By N. L. Frothingham. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, and Company. 1855. 16mo. pp. 362.

Many and warm thanks will greet this volume; a gift of one who, retired from the regular labors of the ministerial profession, which has been for so many years his life and glory, yet finds time and disposition, with his industrious pen, to remind his former hearers and present friends of the preacher's welcome and familiar voice. He appears indeed in no new character, but in one he has worn from his youth up, when serving the cause of good literature. Of all that have borne among us the sacred office, we know of no one to whom more fitly belongs the honorable appellation of *Christian scholar*. Admirably has he combined the faithful discharge of all the duties of his holy calling with continual devotion to the entire breadth of liberal studies, ever uniting the stamp of learning with the seal of religious faith. This work, bringing together the genial tasks he has set himself at widely different periods and on diverse occasions, is like a collection of flowers arranged so that each lighter and more sober tint may contribute to the harmonious beauty of color in the whole. The translations add to the fidelity which the author's conscience requires, an exquisite ease and grace rarely blended with the true meaning of an original piece. For keeping to English ears the music of poetry from a foreign tongue, some of these selections seem to us never to have been surpassed. We wish our space allowed us to quote such a one as the "Song of the Parcæ" from Goethe, or the "Sioux Death-Song" from Schiller, by way of illustration. But Dr. Frothingham needs not to resort to a foreign tongue, or to any other writer, for first conceptions or completed poems. His own invention is ready and rich, and his thoughts are always clothed in beautiful and felicitous forms. One of the most uncommon of faculties is to write a good hymn. Such a composition, embalmed in the devotions of churches, and coming often on the breath of music, not only to the outer ear, but, with a sound in silence, to the listening soul, has immediate fame, while it lasts for ages, and is sure to witness the downfall of many a now notable reputation in the kingdom of letters. Such blessed fate, we doubt not, awaits some of his contributions to the sanctuary. Well do we remember how his hymn, beginning,

> "O Lord of life, and truth, and grace,
> Ere nature was begun,"

rang through the chambers of our mind amid some of the grandest scenes of the material world.

Throughout these pages we observe the same appearance of careful finish, of governed inspiration, of a laborious polish on the solid substance which the poet chooses, as the sculptor does the marble block for his statue. May the bright fancyings with which, in prose and verse, our friend cheers the advancing time, long continue to be multiplied; and may the lamp, fed with holy oil, which he carries lustrous over his own path, shed comfortable beamings on the way of many pilgrims, and thus the benedictions of his ministry, though not now formally spoken, yet never fail.

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3. — *The Song of Hiawatha.* By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1855. 16mo. pp. 316.

WHAT a mixed blessing is civilization! If, among these Dacotah or Ojibway tribes in which Hiawatha makes us all feel so much at home, a poet of the people muses for a year or two, goes a hunting and brings back no new song, goes a fighting and has no monody for the graves of the slain, until, at some high feast of victory, love, or old mystery, he breaks his long silence, and sings such a song as he has never sung to them before, — if he sings it too in such a strain that he compels them to listen, brings back old legends which are favorites, and starts new ones for those who fancy novelty, — when the song ceases, do not the simple people who sit round him thank the gods for the gift they have bestowed? Do they not grunt an "Ugh" of approbation at the same time that they fill his bowl with bear-hump? Or do they fall to wondering why he did not sing something else than what he did? or, given this, why he did not sing it in some other way? When we have civilized them, — when we have fulfilled the prophecy of which we display the type to the world, by hanging in the Capitol "The Baptism of Pocahontas," as a picture characteristic of our history, — when they have the arts and wit of Saxondom, which come with the knowledge of good and evil, — they will be chary of those "Ughs" of savage approbation.

The old favorite has sung us his new song. He has broken the silence of four years. He has compelled us to listen. He has lighted up the old legends, he has given zest and voice to them quite new. And as civilized men sit round, not on their heels, but in their easy chairs, — not under his roof, but under their own, — the closing of the song seems to be regarded simply as an occasion for one and another to tell what he would have done, or what Mr. Longfellow might have done, or should have done, or could have done. Then begins the questioning, "Where did this come from?" and "Where did that come

from?" And one says, "Edda," and another says, "Swedish," and another, "Goethe," as if it were our first business to forget that we have been fascinated by the song, whatever it is, and that the scanty literature of aboriginal life has at last one poem.

For ourselves, we confess that in this "North American" blood of ours there is enough of the native element to induce a thorough "Ugh" of satisfaction. We could not have written a better Indian poem, and we do not think Mr. Longfellow could, and we do not think anybody else could. We do not believe that a series of Indian legends should be written in the state or dignity of Paradise Lost; nor do we believe that they should have been wrought into an epic, because other countries and times have loved epics, nor into a string of rhymed ballads, because other countries and times have loved such. The explanation of the choice of rhythm, metre, and all external form, is made in the introduction, and is complete.

> "Ye who love a nation's legends,
> Love the ballads of a people,
> That, like voices from afar off,
> Call to us to pause and listen,
> Speak in tones so plain and childlike
> Scarcely can the ear distinguish
> Whether they are sung or spoken; —
> Listen to this Indian Legend,
> To this Song of Hiawatha!"

The essential characteristic of Indian life, and so of Indian literature, is that it is childlike. These "children of the forest" are truly always children. When we forget this in dealing with them; when we make treaties with their tribes, as with tribes of men, we work their ruin. When we forget it in writing about them, and try to explain their movements, wars, and truces as if they were men, we write nonsense. When we attempt their literature, and try to make them the heroes or heroines of our poems and romances, as if the same motives ruled them which rule our own race, we have the most hopeless farrago for the result. The Metamora of Forrest, the Tecumseh of Colton, the Frenchmen stained copper-color who are called Indians in Chateaubriand's romances, even Cooper's Last of the Mohicans, are the monsters which we have for a reward, when we attempt to make the North American Indian pace in the adornments of a literature which has been reared on classical, chivalrous, and Scandinavian bases. The North American Indian is a child, — and a child of his own race. There is nothing "Runic" about him. There is nothing of "Romance" about him. There is nothing "Classical" about him. He cannot graduate

at a classical college. He cannot fight in an English regiment. He cannot make his bow at a French court. And for all these reasons, he cannot be sung about in an epic poem.

Yet he has his legends, — he has his mythology, — has his unwritten literature. These are all so far removed from our apprehension, that the men who have most to do with him get at them with difficulty. It is strange, indeed, to see how little Eliot and Gookin, and the other fathers of New England, — who gave all their lives to the Indian, — learned and recorded of his traditions and the notions of his religion. To the peculiar position and tastes of Mr. Schoolcraft, who has devoted so much of his life to rescuing traces of these tribes from oblivion, we owe perhaps more of their legendary lore than to all other observers. At the time of the first publication of his Indian Tales, or "Algic Researches," we took occasion to express our gratification in examining them.* The government has since given Mr. Schoolcraft a sort of *carte-blanche* to publish and to preserve everything he chooses regarding the natives, and the results of this order are coming forth, from time to time, in elegantly printed volumes, issued at Washington at the public charge. We have no idea, however, that the community, even of literary men, have any general acquaintance with these fragments of the native mythology and legendary history. Every child reads the Arabian Nights, and has by heart the legends of the Black Forest; yet we hardly know the group of children, of pale face, who have ever read or heard the stories, equally wild, which are crowed over by the Indian story-tellers in the Western forest, the *dénouements* of which are so fresh and *naïve*, as their whole course indeed is quaint and unoriental.

These are the materials which Mr. Longfellow, with the happiest taste, has selected from. Of these legends, thanks to him, there are now a dozen or more, which will be known at every fireside of those who have driven the hunting-lodges that loved them farther to the westward. He tells the stories as those who told them first would be glad to have them told to pale faces. "Scarcely can the ear distinguish whether they are sung or spoken," more than the critic, who should leave Grub Street for a month among the Ogillalahs, could tell, as he listened to some native Nawadaha, whether they were poetry or prose, whether they ought to be sung or spoken.

In short, Hiawatha is the first permanent contribution to the world's *belles-lettres* made from Indian authorities. We have had a great many mock Indians, like the Indians of the stage. Here is the first poem which savors of the prairie or the mountain hunting-trail.

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* North American Review, Vol. XLIX. p. 354.

We envy the first reader of these verses to those red men of the frontier, who, without forgetting the forest, can understand the language of the towns.

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4. *Leaves of Grass.* Brooklyn. 1855.

Everything about the external arrangement of this book was odd and out of the way. The author printed it himself, and it seems to have been left to the winds of heaven to publish it. So it happened that we had not discovered it before our last number, although we believe the sheets had then passed the press. It bears no publisher's name, and, if the reader goes to a bookstore for it, he may expect to be told at first, as we were, that there is no such book, and has not been. Nevertheless, there is such a book, and it is well worth going twice to the bookstore to buy it. Walter Whitman, an American, — one of the roughs, — no sentimentalist, — no stander above men and women, or apart from them, — no more modest than immodest, — has tried to write down here, in a sort of prose poetry, a good deal of what he has seen, felt, and guessed at in a pilgrimage of some thirty-five years. He has a horror of conventional language of any kind. His theory of expression is, that, "to speak in literature with the perfect rectitude and *insouciance* of the movements of animals, is the flawless triumph of art." Now a great many men have said this before. But generally it is the introduction to something more artistic than ever, — more conventional and strained. Antony began by saying he was no orator, but none the less did an oration follow. In this book, however, the prophecy is fairly fulfilled in the accomplishment. "What I experience or portray shall go from my composition without a shred of my composition. You shall stand by my side and look in the mirror with me."

So truly accomplished is this promise, — which anywhere else would be a flourish of trumpets, — that this thin quarto deserves its name. That is to say, one reads and enjoys the freshness, simplicity, and reality of what he reads, just as the tired man, lying on the hill-side in summer, enjoys the leaves of grass around him, — enjoys the shadow, — enjoys the flecks of sunshine, — not for what they "suggest to him," but for what they are.

So completely does the author's remarkable power rest in his simplicity, that the preface to the book — which does not even have large letters at the beginning of the lines, as the rest has — is perhaps the very best thing in it. We find more to the point in the following analysis of the "genius of the United States," than we have found in many more pretentious studies of it.

"Other states indicate themselves in their deputies, but the genius of the United States is not best or most in its executives or legislatures, nor in its ambassadors or authors or colleges or churches or parlors, nor even in its newspapers or inventors; — but always most in the common people. Their manners, speech, dress, friendships; — the freshness and candor of their physiognomy, the picturesque looseness of their carriage, their deathless attachment to freedom, their aversion to everything indecorous or soft or mean, the practical acknowledgment of the citizens of one State by the citizens of all other States, the fierceness of their roused resentment, their curiosity and welcome of novelty, their self-esteem and wonderful sympathy, their susceptibility to a slight, the air they have of persons who never knew how it felt to stand in the presence of superiors, the fluency of their speech, their delight in music (the sure symptom of manly tenderness and native elegance of soul), their good temper and open-handedness, the terrible significance of their elections, the President's taking off his hat to them, not they to him, — these too are unrhymed poetry. It awaits the gigantic and generous treatment worthy of it."

The book is divided into a dozen or more sections, and in each one of these some thread of connection may be traced, now with ease, now with difficulty, — each being a string of verses, which claim to be written without effort and with entire *abandon*. So the book is a collection of observations, speculations, memories, and prophecies, clad in the simplest, truest, and often the most nervous English, — in the midst of which the reader comes upon something as much out of place as a piece of rotten wood would be among leaves of grass in the meadow, if the meadow had no object but to furnish a child's couch. So slender is the connection, that we hardly injure the following scraps by extracting them.

"I am the teacher of Athletes;
He that by me spreads a wider breast than my own, proves the width of my own;
He most honors my style who learns under it to destroy the teacher;
The boy I love, the same becomes a man, not through derived power, but in his own right,
Wicked rather than virtuous out of conformity or fear,
Fond of his sweetheart, relishing well his steak,
Unrequited love, or a slight, cutting him worse than a wound cuts,
First-rate to ride, to fight, to hit the bull's-eye, to sail a skiff, to sing a song, or to play on the banjo,
Preferring scars, and faces pitted with small-pox, over all latherers and those that keep out of the sun."

Here is the story of the gallant seaman who rescued the passengers on the San Francisco : —

"I understand the large heart of heroes,
The courage of present times and all times ;
How the skipper saw the crowded and rudderless wreck of the steamship, and death chasing it up and down the storm,
How he knuckled tight, and gave not back one inch, and was faithful of days and faithful of nights,
And chalked in large letters on a board, 'Be of good cheer, we will not desert you' ;
How he saved the drifting company at last,
How the lank, loose-gowned women looked when boated from the side of their prepared graves,
How the silent old-faced infants, and the lifted sick, and the sharp-lipped, unshaved men ;
All this I swallowed, and it tastes good ; I like it well, and it becomes mine :
I am the man, I suffered, I was there."

Claiming in this way a personal interest in every thing that has ever happened in the world, and, by the wonderful sharpness and distinctness of his imagination, making the claim effective and reasonable, Mr. "Walt. Whitman" leaves it a matter of doubt where he has been in this world, and where not. It is very clear, that with him, as with most other effective writers, a keen, absolute memory, which takes in and holds every detail of the past, — as they say the exaggerated power of the memory does when a man is drowning, — is a gift of his organization as remarkable as his vivid imagination. What he has seen once, he has seen for ever. And thus there are in this curious book little thumb-nail sketches of life in the prairie, life in California, life at school, life in the nursery, — life, indeed, we know not where not, — which, as they are unfolded one after another, strike us as real, — so real that we wonder how they came on paper.

For the purpose of showing that he is above every conventionalism, Mr. Whitman puts into the book one or two lines which he would not address to a woman nor to a company of men. There is not anything, perhaps, which modern usage would stamp as more indelicate than are some passages in Homer. There is not a word in it meant to attract readers by its grossness, as there is in half the literature of the last century, which holds its place unchallenged on the tables of our drawing-rooms. For all that, it is a pity that a book where everything else is natural should go out of the way to avoid the suspicion of being prudish.

5. *Oakfield, or Fellowship in the East.* By W. D. Arnold, Lieutenant Fifty-Eighth Regiment, B. N. I. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1855. 12mo. pp. 444.

Oakfield is the name of the hero of this book. He is, like Lieutenant Arnold, an officer in the B. N. I., which means "Bengal Native Infantry," the force which in history and newspapers is generally called "The Sepoys."

There is but little of the novel about the book, but in the real thought and manly spirit of the conversations which make it up is a great deal of sterling and enduring value. Oakfield, weary of Oxford, looks round the world to see where he shall go to work. Everything in England seems to him so artificial and cramped, that he seeks some other opening for his energy, where it may not be impossible to lead at once a religious and an active life. India is farthest from England, and so he tries India. He finds, of course, what all pilgrims find when they have reached the aim of their pilgrimage, that he has carried himself with him, and that the world is just the same in India as it was at home. Then comes, in the miserable barrack life, in talk with friends, and in the vigor of a campaign against the Sikhs, a manly forging out of some of the great questions of human life; and by faith, and hope, and love, a manly character is formed, as it would have been formed by these same elements at home.

> "O heart! weak follower of the weak,
> That thou shouldst traverse land and sea
> In this far place that God to seek,
> Who long ago had come to thee!"

We believe no one reads Stanley's Life of Dr. Arnold without wishing to know something more of that family of his in which he was so happy, and which he must have trained so well. One son gives a good account of himself here, and we trust we may hear from him again.

The hero of Oakfield finds his mistake in leaving England. Possibly English authors of fiction do not know how bleak is the picture of England which they give, when they avail themselves of emigration, so often as they do, as the specific for the novel's ills; as if in Australia or New Zealand were magic which England cannot find. If there be such a weight pressing on men of talent and culture there as these books describe, we beg more of such men to come to America, where, though there are fools, male and female, who cannot find their mission, men of sense are but little hampered, and find more than they can do. We have every variety of duty waiting to be discharged. There are

"quarter sections" in the wilderness which are not cleared; there are roads which are not made; there are pictures which are not painted; and so — on. There is room enough for activity, if the want of a field for active life be indeed a necessity in England, as the gloomy novels of the present day strive to represent to us.

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6. — *History of the Town of Medford, Middlesex County, Massachusetts, from its first Settlement, in* 1630, *to the present Time*, 1855. By CHARLES BROOKS. Boston: James M. Usher. 1855. 8vo. pp. 576.

THIS book is, in our estimation, second to none of the numerous Town Histories which have been issued within the last score of years. Its crowning merit is its completeness. We can conceive of nothing which a resident or native of Medford could wish to know about the men and events of the place, up to the present time, which he could not find here. And we may say *find* emphatically; for not only is the matter all brought within the covers of the book, but the arrangement is such as to give a synopsis of each separate branch of the municipal history in its own place, and the table of contents is so full and explicit as almost to supersede the copious alphabetical index at the close. Then, too, the plates and cuts are numerous and admirably executed, comprising portraits, churches and public buildings past and present, and private residences old and new. We have a profound faith in the usefulness of such histories. Home attachments, not over-strong in New England, need for their vigorous growth deep roots in the past, and the more of quaint and curious lore is associated with the spot of one's birth, the fonder are the associations which hold him to his old moorings, or bring him back to them. Then, too, we believe that this kind of history is the best possible introduction to more extended historical studies. We should like for a boy to become acquainted, first of all, with the geography of his father's homestead and his native street, then of the hills, ponds, rivers, and islands within the range of a holiday's walk, and for him thus to acquire conceptions and terms of comparison which he could carry with him to the geography of his county, his state, the country, and the world. In like manner we would give him ideas of what history is, asks, and teaches, in connection with men who have moved, and incidents that have transpired, on the soil he daily treads; and we believe that in no other way could we so surely lead him to contemplate the more extended past of national or universal history in its reality, its vital interest, and its bearing upon the pres-

ent. Mr. Brooks's book is adapted to serve precisely this office. He treats Medford as a miniature republic, comprising within itself all the elements of a nation's life, having its distinct financial, judicial, legislative, and administrative history, and presenting precisely the same points of inquiry and curiosity, which would guide similar research into the annals of Massachusetts or the archives of the United States.

But Medford has some peculiar claims upon grateful interest beyond the circle of its own children and citizens. Its "village Hampdens" have not always owed their eminence to the small space within which their light has shone. We find among the natives of the town not a few who have held and adorned the highest place in their respective professions and lines of service. It may suffice to mention the four brothers Francis, all of them brave officers of our Revolutionary army, and the eldest slain at the head of his regiment in the battle of Whitehall; John Brooks, equally distinguished as a patriot soldier, a learned and humane physician, and an upright and able chief magistrate; and Peter Chardon Brooks, not more conspicuous for his wealth than respected for his vigorous intellect and honored for his rigid integrity. Were we permitted to name the living, whose genius, learning, and worth reflect lustre on the place of their nativity, and whose ancestry is faithfully traced back to the princely Puritan stock through our author's industry, we should surprise our readers, as we have been ourselves astonished, by the host of strong men which that little town has brought forth and reared.

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7. — *A Pronouncing, Explanatory, and Synonymous Dictionary of the English Language, with,* I. *Pronunciation of Greek and Latin Proper Names.* II. *Pronunciation of Scripture Proper Names.* III. *Common Christian Names, with their Signification.* IV. *Pronunciation of Modern Geographical Names.* V. *Abbreviations used in Writing and Printing.* VI. *Phrases and Quotations in Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish.* VII. *The Principal Deities and Heroes in Greek and Roman Fabulous History.* By JOSEPH E. WORCESTER, LL. D. Boston: Hickling, Swan, and Brown. 1855. 8vo. pp. 565.

WE have transferred this long title-page, because it is tantamount to a review of the work. No one acquainted with Dr. Worcester's ability, learning, modesty, and integrity, will doubt that he has thoroughly accomplished all that he professes to do. As regards orthography, our pages are conformed to his standard; as to pronunciation, we should

be glad if early habit were not in some respects perpetually getting the better of his authority; and in all else we see reason to applaud equally his industry, judgment, and taste. Shortly after our last issue, we received, through his kindness, a copy of this Dictionary, and our *à priori* judgment as to its merits has been amply confirmed by our frequent use of it through a quarter's labor of revision and proof-reading. In the "war of the dictionaries," we are unwilling to enlist on either side; our quarto Webster we prize none the less for this collateral authority and aid; and, were we to conform our precept to our example, we should advise our readers to use both.

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8. — *Physical Geography for Families and Schools.* By R. M. Zornlin. Revised, with Additions, by William L. Gage, Master of the Taunton High School. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1855. 16mo. pp. 159.

We like this book, and, were there more of it, *we* should like it better. Its brevity is secured by condensation rather than by omission; and a certain measure of dryness is inevitable from the attempt to compress so much matter within so small a space. But the arrangement is excellent, the examples and illustrations are well selected, and scientific terms are lucidly defined. Whether it would be an entertaining book for "families," or good as a mere task-book for "schools," we have our doubts. Its true use would be as a syllabus for recitation, where the teacher is qualified to accompany it by oral explanations and lectures; and such a teacher would probably prefer it to a more diffuse text-book.

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9. — *The Christian Year. Thoughts in Verse for the Sundays and Holidays throughout the year.* By the Rev. John Keble, Vicar of Hursley. Elegantly illustrated by Schmolze. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 368.

This work has been so long before the public, that there is no need of our saying how rich it is in devotional thought, serene, fervent, and lofty, how lovingly it traces the Saviour's footprints as they are marked through "the Christian year," or how many gems of the choicest poetry are scattered through its pages. The present is by far the most beautiful edition of it that we have ever seen, and in all the details of mechanical execution is unsurpassed in tasteful elegance. The engravings

are from original designs on well-chosen subjects, and vindicate the artist's claim to a foremost place in his profession. Among the many illustrated works which have fallen under our inspection, we have seldom chanced upon so charming a group as that in the book before us, entitled "Morning," with the motto, "His compassions fail not; they are new every morning."

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10. — 1. *Sermons; chiefly Practical.* By the Senior Minister of the West Church in Boston. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1855. 12mo. pp. 362.
2. *Sermons; chiefly Occasional.* By CHARLES LOWELL, Senior Minister of the West Church in Boston. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1855. 12mo. pp. 329.

As a devotedly faithful pastor, Dr. Lowell can have had no superiors; as a popular preacher, he had few equals among his coevals. Nature had given him exterior endowments of a very choice order; while profound earnestness and solemnity of spirit imparted a higher majesty to his mien, and a more persuasive unction to his voice. In the retirement of enfeebled age, he has found a congenial occupation in preparing these volumes for the press. The first thing that strikes us in reading the sermons they contain is the simplicity of their style. Though they treat of profound themes, and present the results of reflection and learning, there is hardly a sentence in them which an intelligent child could not understand. They are equally characterized by a directness of religious purpose, which is never lost from sight, — indicating the preacher who merges all other conceptions and functions of his office in that which makes him the messenger of God to imperilled and undying souls. These traits almost necessarily imply what yet may merit emphatic remark, — extreme naturalness. The sermon would, we think, give one who had never known him a just impression of the man. We feel, as we read, that there are no words of course, no professional formulæ, no traditional pulpit falsities; but the direct expression of sentiments which the writer could not but utter in his daily conversation, no less than in the pulpit. The discourses are both dignified and graceful in language, yet not so as the result of any effort at fine or impressive writing, but because these attributes appertain to the author's character, and are therefore inseparable from his literary labors.

11. — *Hoaryhead and M'Donner.* By JACOB ABBOTT. Very greatly improved. With numerous Engravings. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1855. 24mo. pp. 402.

THIS story deserves a careful reading, not only for its bearing on practical religion, but for its able discussion of the problem of the human will. The theory which it maintains is, that the will is under a necessity imposed by the moral nature; that it can be turned in a religious direction only by the Divine influence; and, consequently, that prayer, — the revealed condition of that influence, — is the point at which alone the necessity of the moral agent becomes freedom, and he exerts, or rather voluntarily procures from the Supreme Being the exercise of, transforming power over his own character. This indeed is confessedly the literal doctrine of revelation. The only alternative is to explain away the distinctive sense of Scripture, or to construct a philosophy of the will in accordance with that sense; and Mr. Abbott has adopted the latter course with eminent success.

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12. — *The Age of Fable, or Stories of Gods and Heroes.* By THOMAS BULFINCH. Boston: Sanborn, Carter, and Bazin. 1855. 12mo. pp. 485.

MR. Bulfinch's object is to furnish the English reader with such information as to the mythology of the Greeks, the Romans, and the Northern nations, as will enable him to understand mythological references and allusions in earlier and current literature. This was a desideratum, and he has more than supplied it. He has told in pure and graceful English all the principal stories within his professed scope, has given to a considerable extent the various renderings of the same story, and has garnished his chapters with a choice series of illustrative quotations from the poets. An alphabetical index at the close makes the work equivalent in value to a classical dictionary. We thus have, we believe for the first time, a "Pantheon," which might hold an unchallenged place in the drawing-room, or be read, with no shock to the moral nature, by a child of tender years. The book needs only to be known, to be widely esteemed, and welcomed into general use.

13. — *The Newcomes. Memoirs of a Most Respectable Family.* Edited by ARTHUR PENDENNIS, Esq. Two volumes in one. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1855. pp. 210, 202.

THIS is by far the best of Thackeray's stories. In his earlier works, the scornful has taken precedence of the humane element. His aim has been to satirize pretension, folly, and fashionable vice rather than to present aught that could challenge admiration or deserve imitation. Here the prominent personages command our entire sympathy, and the leading character our profound reverence; while the baser traits of secondary actors are softened and relieved by the admixture of good which is seldom wanting in actual life. Only this was needed to give Thackeray, as a novelist, the vantage-ground over Dickens; for there can be no difference of opinion as to his superiority in the command of language and in artistical resources and skill.

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14. — 1. *The Poetical Works of* EDMUND SPENSER. *The Text carefully revised, and illustrated with Notes, Original and Selected, by* FRANCIS J. CHILD. In five volumes. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1855. 16mo.

2. *The British Essayists. With Prefaces, Historical and Biographical, by* A. CHALMERS, F. S. A. *Tatler.* In four volumes. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1855. 16mo.

WE owe it to ourselves, less than to publishers who need not our aid, to put on record our high sense of the liberal and generous enterprise that has prompted these republications. Professor Child's labors on the edition of the British Poets, now in the course of publication, display thorough research, minute accuracy, and keen critical acumen. The present issue of Spenser is "gold twice refined," its basis being that published under the superintendence of Mr. Hillard in 1839, with at least an equal amount of labor bestowed in bringing it to its present form.

The edition of the "British Essayists," of which the first four volumes are before us, is an exact reprint of the London edition of 1823, in a style which, we trust, will induce the resort of a new generation to writings which have borne so prominent part, and to so good a purpose, in forming the literary opinions, taste, and style of a very large proportion of our best authors and most highly cultivated men.

15. — *Letters to a Young Physician just entering upon Practice.* By James Jackson, M. D., LL. D. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 344.

We fear that this title will give Dr. Jackson's book a narrower circulation than the public needs that it should have. While it ought to be in the hands of every "young physician," and inculcates a great deal of practical wisdom which has not yet dawned upon many veteran members of the profession, its contents are adapted to be of general utility in suggesting sanitary precautions to persons in health, and in guiding the assiduous, but so often injudicious, kindness of those on whom the charge of the sick is devolved. We need not say how strong an emphasis is given to every opinion and counsel by one the extended fame of whose professional skill is but the background for all those traits of Christian excellence which commend him to the love and veneration of our whole community.

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16. — *Lippincott's Pronouncing Gazetteer. A Complete Pronouncing Gazetteer, or Geographical Dictionary of the World, containing a Notice and the Pronunciation of the Names of nearly one hundred thousand Places.* Edited by J. Thomas, M. D., and T. Baldwin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1855. pp. 2182.

This work is not merely a list of geographical names, but a very elaborately prepared volume, filled with condensed information relating to history, commerce, manufactures, in short, every kind of statistical facts. The editors have taken Johnston's Geographical Dictionary and the Imperial Gazetteer for the basis of the present work. They have, however, made use of numerous other labors in this department of science, and with infinite care. The volume is, in respect of completeness, accuracy, and variety of geographical information, without an equal in the English language. We have used it for several months as a book of reference, and have never looked in vain for the information we desired. The arrangements for easy reference are admirable. In the statistical department the most recent sources of information have constantly been resorted to, and in the tabular statements foreign measures have been changed into English, and foreign currencies into American and British money. In the countries of the Old World, the ancient names of places have been added to the modern whenever they could be determined upon sufficient authority. An Etymological Vocabulary,

in which the meaning of significant names is explained, is added at the end of the volume. This is not only curious but useful. There is also a tabular view of Colleges and Professional Schools in the United States. The pronunciation of foreign names is given with great care. In this department of their labors the editors have taken unwearied pains to ascertain the most correct usage, and they have accomplished this object with remarkable success. When we consider the great confusion that has so generally prevailed among English geographical writers in respect to the spelling of the names of foreign places, it will be seen at once how difficult and arduous this task must have been. The editors have adopted the principle of giving to names the pronunciation sanctioned by the educated people of the countries to which they belong. There are, however, obviously many exceptions to this rule; for many forms of names, varying widely from those established in their respective countries, have been so completely Anglicized, that it would be mere affectation to attempt any change in the general usage. Thus we should say Florence and not Firenze, Naples and not Napoli, Milan and not Milano, Venice and not Venezia, Munich and not München, Vienna and not Wien. The editors have in all these cases adhered to the well-fixed forms and pronunciation of the English. In all this vast number of names, and vast variety of particulars with respect to orthography and pronunciation, we have found this book surprisingly accurate in all those cases where we happened to know, from personal experience, the prevalent usage among well-informed persons in the different countries. Judging by these examples, it is a fair conclusion that the work is executed with equal care in other parts.

We have observed a few departures from the rule in the names of Modern Greece, caused probably by following the Italian accent and not the Greek. For instance, Pidavro, the ancient Epidaurus, is accented Pidávro instead of Pídavro. Piada, at a short distance from Pidavro, a village of some importance in the recent political history of the country, since it was the place of meeting of the first Greek Congress in 1821, is omitted. And we do not find the name of Menidi, one of the largest villages in Attica and the site of the ancient Acharnæ. The explanation of the name Morea is incorrect. It is not derived from the Italian word for mulberry, as here stated, but probably from a Slavonic word meaning *the sea*, and first applied to it in the time of the Slavonic occupation of that part of Greece, somewhere between the seventh and the eleventh century. We observe, too, that in writing Greek names the Greek accents are often omitted. This defect is not of much importance; still, in a work generally so complete and so accurate, the Greek accent of Greek names ought not to be left out, espe-

cially since it often differs from the Latin accent of the same names, and is uniformly retained by the Modern Greeks. For example, Κόρινθος was accented on the first syllable by the Ancient Greeks, and by the Romans on the second, Corínthus; the present pronunciation in the country is the same as it was three thousand years ago. The island of Corfu was the Κέρκυρα (not Κορκυρα) of the Ancient Greeks; but the Romans, following their general rule of marking a long penultimate by an accent also, called it Corcýra. In the description of Thermopylæ (where again the Latin and the Greek accents differ), the usual statement that the width of the pass has been nearly doubled by the retreat of the sea and the alluvial deposits, is a mistake, arising, no doubt, from the circumstance that it has usually been visited by travellers in the summer or dry season. As soon as the Χειμών, or rainy period, sets in, the pass assumes almost precisely its original form, and would be quite as impracticable for an army as in the time of the Persians. Such slight omissions or mistakes are inevitable in a work of this extent, and embracing so vast a variety of particulars. They do not detract from its essential value, and would rarely, if ever, be noticed in the practical use of the work.

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17. — *The American Almanac, and Repository of Useful Knowledge, for the Year* 1856. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co.

No one can have once become possessed of a copy of this annual, without thenceforward regarding it as among his yearly necessities, it contains so much that one needs to know and yet knows not where else to find, — so much too that needs to be retold with annual variations in a busy, inventive, and progressive age. The present number, for the richness and variety of its contents, and the thoroughness of its execution, is, to say the least, unsurpassed by any of its predecessors. The Astronomical Department has been prepared by George P. Bond, A. M., of the Cambridge Observatory; and Professor Lovering of Cambridge has contributed to the Department of Meteorology. There are, in addition to the usual national and State statistics, tabular schedules of our national debt, imports, exports, tonnage, coinage, land-sales, and postal operations for every year since the establishment of the Federal Government. The European part of the work has been thoroughly revised, and adapted to the latest practicable dates.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Dorchester in 1630, 1776, and 1855. An Oration delivered on the Fourth of July, 1855, by Edward Everett. Also, an Account of the Proceedings in Dorchester at the Celebration of the Day. Boston : David Clapp. 1855.

The Life and Character of Major-General Putnam. An Address delivered at a Meeting of the Descendants of Major-General Israel Putnam, at Putnam, Conn., Oct. 25, 1855. By L. Grosvenor. Boston. 1855.

The Nature of Jesus Christ a Mystery. A Sermon preached in Harvard Church, Charlestown, May 6, 1855. By George E. Ellis. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1855.

Our Country's Mission in History. An Address delivered at the Anniversary of the Philomathæan Society of Pennsylvania College, September 19, 1855. By William H. Allen, LL. D., President of the Girard College for Orphans. Philadelphia. 1855.

The Lamplighter Picture-Book. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1855.

Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Bowdoin College, and the Medical School of Maine: Fall Term, 1855. Brunswick. 1855.

A Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Harvard University, for the Academical Year 1855 – 56. First Term. Cambridge. John Bartlett. 1855.

Report of the Investigating Committee of the Boston and Maine Railroad, to the Stockholders, September 29, 1855. Boston. 1855.

The Eventful Nights of August 20th and 21st, 1854: and how Judge Edmunds was hocussed; or, Fallibility of "Spiritualism" exposed. By F. C. Ewer. New York: Samuel Hueston. 1855.

The Revival of Education. An Address to the Normal Association, Bridgewater, Mass., August 8, 1855. By Samuel J. May, of Syracuse, N. Y. Syracuse. 1855.

The Relations of Science to the Useful Arts. A Lecture delivered to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, November, 1852, by Daniel Treadwell. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1855.

Reports on the Laws of New England, presented to the New England Meeting convened at the Meionaon, September 19 and 20, 1855. Boston. 1855.

The Portsmouth Almanac, and Rockingham County Hand-Book, for the Year of our Lord 1856. Astronomical Calculations in Equal or Clock Time, by Alfred M. Hoyt, Teacher of Mathematics and Astronomy. Portsmouth: Edward N. Fuller. 1855.

Ectopia Cordis, or Cardiac Displacement. An Address read before the

Suffolk District Medical Society, Boston, December 30, 1854. By Buckminster Brown, M. D. Boston. 1855.

Righteousness and the Pulpit. A Discourse preached in the First Church, Dorchester, on Sunday, September 30, 1855. By Nathaniel Hall. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1855.

A Discourse on the Life and Character of the Hon. William Cranch, LL. D., late Chief Justice of the District of Columbia. Delivered in the Unitarian Church, Washington City, on Sunday, October 7, 1855. By Moncure D. Conway. Washington: Franck Taylor. 1855.

A Discourse occasioned by the Death of the Hon. Samuel Sumner Wilde, LL. D. Delivered in King's Chapel, June 24, 1855. By Ephraim Peabody. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1855.

The American Veterinary Journal. Edited by George H. Dadd, M. D. Vol. I. No. 1. October, 1855. Boston: S. N. Thompson. pp. 32.

Harper's Story-Books. No. 12. The Studio. November, 1855. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Self-Interpreting Grammatical Primer: or an Introduction to English Grammar, containing the Definitions and Rules, reduced as nearly as may be to Mathematical Precision, and their Application illustrated. By R. W. Cushman, A. M., Principal of the Mount Vernon Ladies' School, Boston. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1855.

American Female Education: What? and by whom? A Lecture by R. W. Cushman, A. M. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1855.

An Address before the Society for the Promotion of Collegiate and Theological Education at the West, delivered in Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass., May 30, 1855. By Rev. Lyman Whiting. Boston. 1855.

Fourth Annual Catalogue and Circular of the Brooklyn Heights Seminary, for the Year ending June 29, 1855. New York. 1855.

A Discourse at the Induction of the Rev. Frederic D. Huntington, D. D., as Preacher to the University, and Plummer Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard College, on Tuesday, September 4, 1855, by James Walker, D. D., LL. D., President of that Institution. Together with the Reply of the Professor Elect. Cambridge: John Bartlett. 1855.

Specimens of Greek Anthology, translated by Major Robert Guthrie Macgregor, Author of "Indian Leisure." 1855.

Cora and the Doctor; or, Revelations of a Physician's Wife. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 407.

Aspiration: an Autobiography of Girlhood. By Mrs. Manners. New York: Sheldon, Lamport, & Blakeman. 1855. 24mo. pp. 334.

Caste: a Story of Republican Equality. By Sydney A. Story, Jr. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 540.

Juno Clifford. A Tale. By a Lady. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856.

Lectures on English History and Tragic Poetry, as illustrated by Shakespeare. By Henry Reed, Late Professor in the University of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan. 1855. 12mo. pp. 466.

Out of Debt, out of Danger. By Cousin Alice. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 24mo. pp. 251.

The Mysterious Story-Book; or, The Good Stepmother. By Whom? New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 24mo. pp. 222.

Amy Lee; or, Without and Within. By the Author of "Our Parish." Boston: Brown, Bazin, & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 376.

Wager of Battle; a Tale of Saxon Slavery in Sherwood Forest. By Henry W. Herbert. New York: Mason Brothers. 1855. 24mo. pp. 336.

Uncle John's First Book: being the First Step in the Ladder of Learning. Illustrated with over Eighty Engravings. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 16mo. pp. 128.

Uncle John's Second Book. Illustrated with numerous Engravings. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 16mo. pp. 192.

The Mystic and other Poems. By Philip James Bailey, Author of "Festus." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856. 16mo. pp. 159.

The Library of Standard Letters: comprising Selections from the Correspondence of eminent Men and Women. With Biographical Sketches, Notes, and an Index. Edited by Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale. Vol. I. Letters of Madame de Sévigné. New York: Mason Brothers. 1856. 24mo. pp. 438.

Curious Stories about Fairies, and other Funny People. With Illustrations by Billings. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856. 12mo. pp. 303.

Klosterheim; or, The Masque. By Thomas De Quincey. With a Biographical Preface, by Dr. Shelton Mackenzie. Boston: Whittemore, Niles, & Hall. 1855. 16mo. pp. 258.

Unitarian Principles confirmed by Trinitarian Testimonies; being Selections from the Works of Eminent Theologians belonging to Orthodox Churches. With Introductory and Occasional Remarks. By John Wilson. Boston. 1855. 12mo. pp. 504.

Locke's Writings and Philosophy historically considered, and vindicated from the Charge of contributing to the Scepticism of Hume. By Edward Tagart, F. S. A., F. L. S. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1855. pp. 504.

Report of the Commissioner of Patents for the Year 1854. Agriculture. Washington. 1855. pp. 520. Plates 8.

Report of the Superintendent of the Coast Survey, showing the Progress of the Survey during the Year 1854. Washington. 1855. pp. 92 and 288. Charts and Plates 58.

The Daily Journal, for 1856. Published annually, by Francis and Loutrel, Manufacturing Stationers, New York. Blank Book, ruled for Journal and Accounts, with Almanac, and printed Headings for every Day in the Year. Folio. pp. 124.

Clouds and Sunshine; and Art: a Dramatic Tale. By Charles Reade. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1855. 12mo. pp. 288.

Ghostly Colloquies. By the Author of "Letters from Rome," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 24mo. pp. 267.

Notes on the Twenty-five Articles of Religion, as received and taught by

Methodists in the United States; in which the Doctrines are carefully considered, and supported by the Testimony of the Holy Scriptures. By Rev. A. A. Jameson, M. D. Cincinnati: Applegate & Co. 1855. 16mo. pp. 407.

The Progress of Religious Ideas through Successive Ages. By L. Maria Child. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1855. 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 450, 437, 478.

A North-Side View of Slavery. The Refugee; or the Narratives of Fugitive Slaves in Canada. Related by themselves, with an Account of the History and Condition of the Colored Population of Upper Canada. By Benjamin Drew. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 387.

Reports and Public Letters of John C. Calhoun. Edited by Richard K. Crallé. Vols. V. and VI. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. pp. 461, 445.

Sallust, Florus, and Velleius Paterculus, literally translated, with copious Notes and a General Index. By the Rev. John Selby Watson, M. A. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 24mo. pp. 538.

The Works of Virgil. Literally translated into English Prose, with Notes, by Davidson. A New Edition, revised, with additional Notes, by Theodore Alois Buckley, of Christ Church. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 24mo. pp. 404.

The Works of Horace. Translated literally into English Prose, by C. Smart, A. M., of Pembroke College, Cambridge. A New Edition, revised, with a copious Collection of Notes, by Theodore Alois Buckley, B. A., of Christ Church. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 24mo. pp. 325.

Julia: a Poem. By Wesley Brooke, Author of "Eastford," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1855. 16mo. pp. 100.

The Lake Shore; or the Slave, the Serf, and the Apprentice. By Emile Souvestre. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 239.

Early Religious Education considered as the divinely appointed Way to the Regenerate Life. By William G. Eliot. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 12mo. pp. 128.

Select Popular Orations of Demosthenes, with Notes and a Chronological Table. By J. T. Champlin, Professor of Greek and Latin in Waterville College. Second Edition, revised. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 237.

"The Time of the End." A Prophetic Period, developing, as predicted, an Increase of Knowledge respecting the Prophecies and Periods that foretell the End. By a Congregationalist. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 408.

Patriarchy; or, The Family: its Constitution and Probation. By John Harris, D. D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1855. 24mo. pp. 472.

Eolopoesis. American Rejected Addresses. Now first published from the Original Manuscripts. New York: J. C. Derby. 1855. 16mo. pp. 240.

A New and Comprehensive French Instructor, based upon an Original and Philosophical Method applicable to the Study of all Languages. By Stephen Pearl Andrews and George Batchelor. With an Introduction explanatory of

the Method, and a Treatise on French Pronunciation, by Stephen Pearl Andrews. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 24mo. pp. 469.

Representative Women; from Eve, the Wife of the First, to Mary, the Mother of the Second Adam. By George C. Baldwin, D. D. New York: Sheldon, Lamport, & Blakeman. 1856. 24mo. pp. 333.

The Great Harmonia; concerning Physiological Vices and Virtues, and the Seven Phases of Marriage. By Andrew Jackson Davis. Vol. IV. Boston: Sanborn, Carter, & Bazin. 1855. 24mo. pp. 446.

The Elm-Tree Tales. By F. Irene Burge Smith. New York: Mason Brothers. 1856. 24mo. pp. 342.

Rose Clark. By Fanny Fern. New York: Mason Brothers. 1856. 24mo. pp. 417.

The Preacher and the King; or, Bourdaloue in the Court of Louis XIV. Being an Account of the Pulpit Eloquence of that Distinguished Era. Translated from the French of L. F. Bungener. With an Introduction by the Rev. George Potts, D. D. A New Edition, with a Likeness, and a Biographical Sketch of the Author. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1855. 12mo. pp. 338.

Cyclopædia of American Literature; embracing Personal and Critical Notices of Authors, and Selections from their Writings, from the Earliest Period to the Present Day; with Portraits, Autographs, and other Illustrations. By Evert A. Duyckinck and George L. Duyckinck. Vol. I. New York: Charles Scribner. 1855. pp. 676.

Modern Pilgrims: showing the Improvements in Travel, and the newest Modes of reaching the Celestial City. By George Wood, Author of "Peter Schlemihl in America." Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1855. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 396, 396.

Christian Theism: the Testimony of Reason and Revelation to the Existence and Character of the Supreme Being. By Robert Anchor Thompson, M. A. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 24mo. pp. 477.

Sacred Philosophy. God revealed in the Process of Creation, and by the Manifestation of Jesus Christ; including an Examination of the Development Theory contained in the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation." By James B. Walker, Author of "Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation." Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1855. 24mo. pp. 273.

The Rag-Picker; or Bound and Free. New York: Mason Brothers. 1855. 24mo. pp. 431.

The Araucanians; or, Notes of a Tour among the Indian Tribes of Southern Chili. By Edmond Reuel Smith, of the U. S. N. Astronomical Expedition in Chili. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1855. 24mo. pp. 335.

The Russian Empire; its Resources, Government, and Policy. By a "Looker on" from America. Cincinnati: Moore, Wilstach, Keys, & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 390.

A Discourse preached at the Funeral of Caleb Butler. By Crawford Nightingale, Minister of the First Parish, Groton. Boston: C. C. P. Moody. 1855.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CLXXI.

APRIL, 1856.

ART. I. — 1. *The Knout and the Russians.* By GERMAIN DE LAGNY. Translated from the French by J. BRIDGEMAN. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1854.

2. *The Englishwoman in Russia.* London and New York. 1855.

3. *History of Russia, etc.* By J. DUNCAN. London. 1854. 2 vols.

4. *Russia as it is.* By J. R. MORELL. London. 1854.

5. *Aus dem Tagebuche eines Jägers.* (From the Diary of a Hunter.) By IVAN TOURGUENEFF. Translated from the Russian by BUSH and VIEDERT. 1854.

6. *Studien über Russland, etc.* (Studies on Russia, principally in Reference to her Rural Institutions.) By FR. VON HAXTHUNSEN, Prussian Privy Councillor. 1850.

7. *Russia as it is.* By COUNT A. DE GUROWSKI. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1854.

THE last ten years have produced so many publications on Russia, that it seems difficult to say anything new with regard to that empire. Not a few of these books, we regret to say, seem to have been expressly written for the purpose of defaming Russia, and thus flattering the present irritation of the English and French public against their enemies. The first work named at the head of this article may indeed be called a

mere succession of invectives, and even its title characterizes its spirit. The "Englishwoman" is not differently disposed; but her long residence in the country, and the thorough acquaintance with social life obtained in that way, have tempered her hatred a little, so as to make her, after all, a very entertaining and rather trustworthy gossip. From the third on the list, we learn, among other things, that Catharine the Great, who, notwithstanding her German birth, seems to have had, according to Mr. Duncan, the reputed Russian taste in love matters, suffered herself to be frequently *beaten* by her lovers. The fourth is little more than a repetition of other people's tales.

For all the more real information on the other side, we have to thank the three remaining works, each in its kind. The fifth, indeed, presents us only with sketches; but they are drawn with a masterly hand, and bear the stamp of truth. Its author, Ivan Tourgueneff, and his noble uncle, Nicholas Tourgueneff, — the writer of that interesting and melancholy book, *Les Russes et la Russie*, published several years ago, — both Russians by birth and warm friends of their country, are unexceptionable witnesses in all charges against Russia. Of much more partiality in her favor we may accuse the Prussian Baron, the author of the otherwise highly valuable and instructive *Studien*. He is an aristocrat of the so-called historical school, trustworthy in all his statements, but too decidedly conservative in his views, and too much displeased with the ultra-liberalism of the times, not to suffer himself in many cases to look at the state of things through the beautifying spectacles of his noble hosts, rather than with his own sharp eyes. The same praise of a thorough acquaintance with its subject may be given to Count Gurowski's work. This book, which was written in our very midst, gives without doubt more information on the condition of Russia, than — with the exception of the last named — all those previously mentioned together. But notwithstanding the liberal *theories* of its author, the strong bias of his mind is so decidedly *Russian*, that a certain conflict between adopted principles and natural feelings is perceptible through the whole work. He sees a brilliant light, where the non-Slavic world can see noth-

ing but the gloomiest shade, and he therefore must not hope to excite the full sympathy of his non-Slavic readers.

One thing is certain; these books, with many others recently published, have given us a clearer insight into the condition of the mass of the Russian people, than all the travels in, and histories of, Russia ever published before. We knew that the Russian peasantry and the working people in general were more or less enslaved; but we learn from various allusions scattered through these more modern publications, that they have not always been so, that early history knew them as a free people, and that the chains which bind them now have been gradually wound around them. No writer, however, gives us the history of this process.

This progress of slavery is an anomaly in history. While to the working classes of other nations the enlightenment of the age has brought release and the restoration of their natural human rights, the Russians were free in the Dark Ages, and were decoyed, rather than forced, into their present condition of serfdom. There lies, indeed, still a veil of mystery on certain portions of the Russian past, and among others on this very subject. Enough, however, may be traced in the early writers to determine the general course of the events by which the peasantry were gradually deprived of their personal liberty. A sketch of these events may be not unwelcome to the reader, and may enable him better to understand the present condition of that nation.

It has been frequently said, in defence of negro slavery in our Southern States, that the slaves themselves do not even wish to be free; that, being well fed and clad, and generally treated without much rigor, they are comparatively happy; and that, satisfied with their lot, before the machinations of the Abolitionists took effect, they would have regarded freedom much rather as a burden than as a privilege. Even granting this to be true, — of which we must be permitted to doubt, — we always have felt that no stronger argument against slavery could be adduced, than this ground of defence; for how deep must be the mental degradation, which causes a human creature to be contented with being considered as a mere chattel! But however this may be, if indeed an innate feeling of men-

tal inferiority makes the African race resigned to their fate, it is certain that no such feeling exists among the Russian slaves, or rather nominally *serfs*, who are of the same race with their lords. The whole relation between master and servant has, indeed, just on account of that relationship, much more of the patriarchal character than it can possibly have in a country where the difference of race is marked in all the conditions and circumstances of life. Faithful servants, devoted nurses, self-sacrificing slaves in general, are not less frequent among the affectionate Russian people, than among the tender-hearted negroes of the South. Nevertheless, there has been a certain predominant consciousness of having been wronged, traditionally kept up among the Russian peasantry. The more intelligent among them are aware that once their ancestors were free, as they ought to be themselves. But their ignorance of history prevents them from knowing how they lost their liberty; that their fathers were cheated out of it partly by their noble masters themselves; and that the work was consummated by their revered sovereigns of the house of Romanoff.

The truth is, that in ancient times the Russian peasantry were not more enslaved than the common people were in other European countries; nay, even less so than, for instance, a great portion of the husbandmen among the Anglo-Saxons; that is, they were oppressed only as far as in those times of warfare and commotion the strong were the *natural* oppressors of the weak. Ever since we know of the existence of the Russian nation, we see them divided into castes and classes; while in general among the ancient Slavic races a perfect equality existed, and among one great family of that stock, the Servians, still exists. Whether these distinctions were the consequence of Norman influences, or whether they are of earlier date, this is of course not the place to examine. Enough that we find as early as the tenth century a privileged class, — a nobility.

This body was originally composed of the "Drushina" (friends, comrades), a warlike retinue of the prince, *Kn'ashi mushi*, "princely men," as they were called; and of the Bolyars or Boyars in general, a word denoting *better* or *best*, the

aristocracy of the land. They were the counsellors of the sovereign. The dignity of the Boyars was not hereditary; their number was originally small; sometimes it did not exceed thirty. From their descendants, called "Boyars' children," the great mass of the nobility, or rather gentry, was formed. They are first named early in the thirteenth century. The army and the court were recruited from their number, and only the impoverished among them were paid for their services as soldiers. The power of this privileged body was early strengthened by the Kn'ases * or princes, a class of nobles which seems to have sprung up from the descendants of the sons and nephews of the reigning princes; these latter being in the habit of dividing their dominions into several smaller principalities, partly subservient to their own chiefs, and all nominally subject to one sovereign Grand Kn'as.

All other free Russians were called *Swabadnii l'udi*,* free people, or merely *l'udi*, people, a term related to the German *Leute*. They fell into two classes; *Gorodnii l'udi*, or city people, and *Celskii l'udi*, or village people. The former, among whom the merchants were principally favored, formed early in history a kind of corporation. As individuals, they had neither privilege nor power; but as a corporation, they had both to some degree. There were instances in which they resisted successfully the arrogance of the Boyars, and the despotism of the princes. The splendor and power of the great city Novgorod, and of her younger sister Pskov, were indeed exceptional cases; but the other cities also had each a territory of its own, greater or smaller, where the Boyars had no authority; and in ancient times, at the sounding of the *Vetsche*, that is, the great bell of the city-hall that called the citizens for consultation, the princes and the nobility felt that there was a power in Russia besides their own.

The third class, the villagers, were far from being in the same advantageous position. They were, indeed, personally as free as the citizens, but whether they were ever the owners of the soil they cultivated does not appear. As early as 1177 the Boyars are called "the lords of the villages"; and ever

* The *'a* ought to be pronounced like *ya* in one syllable; the *'u* in *l'udi*, like *yu*, or like the English *u* in *useful*.

since that time, the nobility, the princes, and the church are named as the exclusive proprietors of the soil. * The peasants were mere tenants or farmers, and their regular legal rent consisted originally of one half of the produce. But they were by no means attached to the land, and could choose their abode wherever they pleased. Nevertheless, a certain contempt seems to have been early attached to agricultural pursuits. They were disdainfully called *smerd*, a term which is derived from *smerdit*, to smell badly. In justice to the present state of Russian society, it must be remarked that this appellation has now become entirely obsolete.

There was also, however, in early times, a more honorable name applied to the Russian peasantry, which has now become one of their legal appellations. They are called *Krestyanin*, Christians, *par excellence*. Karamsin thinks that this appellation was applied to them by the Mongols in derision and contempt. This, however, seems hardly probable, as in the time of the Mongol domination all the Russians were Christians; and one class being treated by them as contemptuously as the other, there seems to be no reason why that beautiful name should have been exclusively applied to one class. Its origin is, on the contrary, doubtless much older. It was apparently that which distinguished the free laborer from the *roba* or slave. As there were originally no slaves but prisoners of war, and these belonged mostly to Pagan nations, the distinction was natural and honorable.

The contempt attached to agricultural labor by public opinion was of course carried over to the laws; for is it not public opinion which makes the laws? The value of the life of a Krestyanin was not greater in the eye of the law than that of a slave. The murderer of one or the other was fined five silver grivnas; while the life of a citizen cost forty, and that of a nobleman eighty grivnas. For those of our readers who may be acquainted with Russian money, and know that a grivna is at present only ten kopecks, or the tenth part of a rouble, we add that an ancient grivna was a plain piece of silver, about three inches long, of the thickness of a finger and

* With a few exceptions in reference to some privileged *slughi*, or servants of the sovereigns, and several foreigners.

the weight of a pound. Its value was four *old* roubles. Indeed, this latter word is derived from "*rubit*," to chop off; the grivna being cut into four equal pieces, each of which was marked and stamped separately. Regular money was not coined in Russia before the fifteenth century. Pieces of fur served instead. The silver *denga* of the Mongol-Tartars was the first coin that circulated among the Russian people, and it was the necessity of satisfying the demand of their Khans for a stated poll-tax, which induced the Russian princes to imitate these silver pieces in a rude style and manner, only for that purpose, until the greater convenience of this means of exchange was generally felt, and fur-money — consisting chiefly of skins of squirrels and martens — was by degrees superseded by them. This fur-money was no longer used after the close of the fifteenth century. About the same time the coining of money was declared by Ivan III., the first who assumed the title of Autocrat, a prerogative of the Grand Kn'as, and a regular system was introduced.

Returning from this digression to our subject, we repeat, that originally only prisoners of war were slaves, and even these only when they could not pay their legal ransom. They can never have been very few at a period of continual warfare, and native Russians can have seldom been found among them. But the number of Russian slaves was gradually increased in various ways. Whoever married a *roba*, man or woman, and did not stipulate expressly for personal freedom, was enslaved, as were all their children. Besides this, all insolvent debtors became the slaves of their creditors until the debt was paid; and of this they of course had little chance, while they were as slaves deprived of all means of earning anything for themselves.

A still greater addition accrued to the subjects of slavery through the abuse of voluntary servitude. Not only the sons of the villagers, but those of higher rank, and even impoverished Boyars' children, were hired by the nobility for certain purposes, either for agricultural or other manual labor, or still more frequently for personal services. The term of engagement was mostly for some length of time, not seldom for a number of years, sometimes even for the lifetime of the mas-

ter or of the servant. Thence the latter were called, not only "Naïmitti," *the hired ones*, but even "Zakupni," *the purchased.* The agreement had to be made legally and before witnesses. A similar contract was often made for a loan, and lasted until the debt was paid. There remained still a vast difference between "the purchased man" and the slave. The children of the former were free. The master might chastise him for misdemeanor; but for undeserved maltreatment he was punished as if the servant had been a freeman. The purchased man could sue his master before a court. But if from ignorance, or carelessness, or stupidity, the former had neglected to stipulate the exact time or consideration for which he sold himself; or if he had omitted to reserve his personal freedom, he became at once an *obel*, (an obsolete word which signified a complete serf,) and his body was the absolute property of his master, who was authorized to sell him, to maltreat him, and in the earlier centuries even to mutilate or kill him, according to his pleasure.

Voluntary servitude was also legally transmuted into serfdom, by way of punishment. It seems incredible that even insolvent debtors, after due time was given to them, fell into this absolute servitude. Their creditors might sell them or employ them exactly as slaves, with the sole exception that they did not become masters of their lives, and that the servitude did not descend to their children. Ivan IV., surnamed "Grosnoi," the *Terrible*, the *Cruel*, sought to ameliorate the debtor's condition by another barbarous law. Before the debtor entered into slavery, he was kept for some time in prison, whence during every session of the court he was brought out and placed before the door of the court-house, a beadle at his side with a rod in his hand, with which he whipped the poor wretch from time to time on his bare legs and feet. This was to excite the mercy of the passers-by, and to induce his friends and relations to save him from slavery by paying his debt. For a debt of a hundred roubles a freeman could be exposed during a whole month to such cruel and dishonorable treatment; for a smaller debt, during a proportionally less time. Only to those merchants who could prove that they were disabled by misfortune from paying their

debts, was this law not applied. A respite often of several years was allowed to them, during which time they could make new exertions for removing the debt, on which they even had not to pay any interest.

That the Russian peasantry, lowly as their condition was, knew how to appreciate their scanty privileges, was evident from their frequent removals. In itself, although the Slavic nation had once taught agriculture to the warlike Teutonic race, the cultivation of the fields seems never to have been the favorite occupation of the Russian people. There is no manual labor for which they do not manifest more talent and more inclination, as the wonderful success of their factories in modern times, and the multitudes that throng to them, seem to indicate. Little attached to his immediate neighborhood, — for the Russian, unlike the German, loves not his province, but his country, — his home is everywhere where "Holy Mother Russia" spreads her wide mantle; and always hoping to better themselves, the peasants moved incessantly from place to place, and the farms and houses passed constantly into new hands. The disadvantageous effect on agriculture can easily be imagined. To check this perpetual peregrination was therefore the urgent interest of the proprietors of land and manor. The numerous kn'asdoms into which the princes had divided their dominions in order to give each of their sons a share in them, offered a good opportunity for doing so. These kn'asdoms were indeed all subject to one Grand Kn'as; but the princes of some of them had nevertheless almost unlimited power in their respective realms, and made laws at their own pleasure. As their authority depended in many cases on the good graces of the Boyars, it was for their advantage to favor them, to the detriment of the poor peasantry. One after the other limited the right of removal, enjoyed by these latter, to their own kn'asdoms; and since in the thirteenth century the number of separate principalities had risen to more than fifty, the range of free removal became less and less. The proportion of the *obrok* — rent or duty — to be paid was, in the course of time, when under the yoke of the Mongols the courage of the nation seemed to be almost broken, changed in a still more unrighteous spirit. In the fifteenth century very few peasants

continued to be *povolniks*, or tenants who had to yield to the owner of the land half of their harvest; to most of them, only two days in the week were left to work for themselves; to others, only one.

These arbitrary restrictions, together with the incessant feuds of the princes among themselves, and the bloody wars with the Polovtzy, Lithuanians, Tschuds, and other neighboring nations, reduced the poor villagers in the course of a few centuries to the utmost misery. No wonder that multitudes of them entered willingly into a servitude in which at least they were sure of bread, and that still more sold their offspring to save them from starving, and to give them a protector. The law permitted parents to sell their children under fifteen years of age.

The wretchedness of their condition had indeed reached its height when the Mongols broke into the country, and subjected the Russian princes to vassalage; but their incursion produced at first no essential change, for the Mongols never settled in Russia. They appeared, carried terror and destruction with them, and disappeared again. The north was drained completely by their oppression, the south laid waste by their devastations. The peasants now shared but the fate of the citizens and the nobility. Only the princes, who cringed before their barbarian victors in order to secure the support of their powerful influence in their oppression of their neighbors and the complete subjugation of their subjects, became really richer by them. For besides the "Mongol duty" raised by the prince to satisfy the oppressors, there was also a "Russian duty." The peasantry of course could not hope for mercy from their impoverished noble lords. Nor were at that time the immediate tenants of the crown, or those of the Church, in an essentially better condition.

In the year 1388 we find for the first time the peasantry mentioned as attached to the soil. It is not improbable that this was the immediate consequence of a measure introduced by Bereke Khan, the successor of the famous Batu. Not satisfied with the former tribute arbitrarily demanded from the Russians, or brought by these latter in the form of voluntary presents, he instituted in 1257 a regular census, and im-

posed upon them instead of that tribute an annual poll-tax. This tax was in itself very moderate, and amounted to a much smaller sum than the former extortion; but it was raised by his own functionaries. And this was the point which made the victims revolt; for the people who had submitted to the oppression of their own Russian lords, rose in despair against the haughtiness and arrogance of the Tartar tax-gatherer. Bloody insurrections broke out everywhere, for which the princes obtained pardon only by new humiliations. It is very probable that the obligation of the peasantry (who from this time are called "counted people") to remain at the place where they had to pay their tax, dates from this measure; for the frequent removal of the peasants, which had degenerated into vagabondage, naturally made the task of the revenue-officers much more difficult. Unfortunately, the situation of the poor villagers was just such as in this way to become permanently more wretched than it ever had been. Thus the miserable remnant of liberty left to them lost still more in value, and the cases in which they sold themselves became still more frequent. Those who felt that they could not submit to so hard a fate fled to the Cossacks, a warlike body of men, composed of Russians, Kabardians, and Tartars, who during this period began to form themselves into two free democratic communities on the Don and the Dnieper. Multitudes from all parts of Russia flocked to them, and continued to do so in some measure after the foreign oppression had ceased.

The decline of the Mongol-Tartar power by internal revolutions and the energy of the two Ivans, grandfather and grandson, delivered unhappy Russia at last, in the second half of the fifteenth century, and united the different kn'asdoms into one powerful empire. It was the fourth of the Ivans, the Terrible, who first turned an eye of mercy upon the poor peasantry. Is it not painful to think that it was hatred, not love, which generated that mercy?

Ivan the Terrible had not yet reached his seventh year when he inherited the throne. His mother, Helena Glinsky, an ambitious, cruel, revengeful woman, was by Czar Vassili, Ivan's father, instituted his guardian; and her female hand held the reins so tightly, that, notwithstanding the fervent

hatred of the most powerful Boyars, affairs went on in tolerably good order, until, after several years of severe conflict, her enemies conquered, and she died suddenly by poison. Ivan, then eleven years old, had been passionately attached to her and to her favorite and lover, Telennef, the principal object of the rage of the Boyars. Telennef was thrown into prison, and killed by starvation. A few days after his mother's death, the young Czar was also deprived of the company of his governess, Agrippina Tsheladnin, a cousin of Telennef. The young prince, so cruelly misused in all his best affections, cried and sobbed for days in rage and despair. While the most powerful Boyars, with the Schniskys at their head, usurped the government, Ivan had to undergo such a series of bitter vexations, humiliations, and indirect insults, that his mind became irritated in the extreme, and a glowing, revengeful indignation against the usurpers and their class took root in his soul. Fearing the ultimate consequences of such a disposition toward them, they tried to pacify and reconcile him by indulging him in his very worst inclinations. His education was intentionally made corrupting. All the pleasures and recreations arranged for him were of such a kind as to infect his morals. For his companions the wildest and most vicious boys were selected. The natural tendency of his mind to ferocity and cruelty was not only unchecked, it was even favored. When he maltreated his dogs, mutilated his horses, and amused himself by throwing cats or other domestic animals from high staircases, the Boyars said, "Let the Czar divert himself! While he amuses himself, we may rule!"

Suddenly Ivan, supported by his maternal uncles, broke the chains of dependence, and, although still a mere boy, arbitrarily declared himself of age. The savage energy with which he seized the reins was so imposing, that no one ventured to contradict him. He commenced his government with a tribunal of cruel justice. Among those who were executed was Andrew Schnisky, a merciless tyrant over the peasantry. The oppressions and extortions of the mighty, hitherto practised with impunity, were checked with a powerful hand. But this retributive justice was exercised in the cruel spirit of a ferocious malignity. A mere suspicion sufficed to his jealous mind

for persecution and punishment; and his fury was redoubled when he believed himself personally insulted. But the common people had little to suffer from his savage temper, at least if nothing extraordinary had excited his rage. In the rare personal intercourse which he had with them, he treated them with a certain affability, and in the latter period of his life, when his detestation and distrust of the nobility had rather increased than diminished, he surrounded himself by a body-guard, which consisted exclusively of sons of common people, contrary to the usage of his predecessors, whom no one had dared to approach but Boyars and Boyars' children. This body-guard was called *Opretshina*, the *separated*. He employed them for the execution of his most bloody orders, of which whole noble families became the victims.

The mental condition of Ivan the Terrible is a kind of psychological riddle. The periods of ferocious, bloodthirsty persecution and merciless butchery, which during his whole reign alternated with others of wise administration, can only be explained by a partial derangement of his mind. During the former he appeared more like a wild beast than a human being. He could not be satiated with carnage, and it was the abject submission which he found everywhere, that made him believe that he was only exercising his rights; for in war, when he encountered resistance, he never showed himself cruel. The nobility were the principal objects of his savage fury, but were far from being the only victims. He killed his own son in a paroxysm of rage, hitting him with a stick on the temple. His mind was constantly tormented by the jealous suspicion that his subjects were criminally inclined to the Poles. The citizens of Novgorod, who had in that respect excited his distrust, were, according to his ferocious orders, destroyed by thousands, and the villagers around did not escape a similar fate.

Nevertheless, we may consider him in one regard as the benefactor of the peasantry; for, after this neglected body had been for nearly two centuries strictly attached to the soil, he made an attempt to deliver them from slavery by a law which restored the right of removal. This law permitted them once a year, in autumn, during the week before and after St. George's

day, to change their abode "from province to province, from village to village," after having paid to the lord of the manor a certain stated rent "for the use of house and yard." Foreseeing that their masters would try to detain them by entangling them in lawsuits, he expressly added that no lawsuit should have power to hinder them, if they gave bail for their appearance before the court when duly summoned. He tried also to check their custom of selling themselves or their children into perpetual servitude, by making the act more formal, requiring the presence of the governor of the province and the consent of parents, and by forbidding persons retiring to convents to sell their children, as many had done, in order to get rid at once of all worldly cares. The serfdom of a prisoner of war he ordered to cease with the death of the master; and if a Russian serf fell into the hands of an enemy, and succeeded in escaping, he was free for life. The slave, however, who was manumitted by his master, and remained voluntarily in the service of the latter for a certain period, had forfeited his freedom for ever. This reminds us of the law of Moses, according to which the servant who did not accept his freedom when it became his right, was attached by his ear with an awl to his master's door-post, and remained his property for life.

The benefit of these laws was happily felt by the wretched people; and we have no doubt that it is on account of this restoration of their personal liberty, that Ivan the Terrible is to this very day the favorite hero of many a popular ballad; while his savageness and his restricted personal intercourse with the common people gave him otherwise no claim to figure as a popular hero. In these ballads we see "the white Czar" shed tears; we see him as the beloved father of his people; and his ferocity is nothing in them but the rightful attribute of a mighty and dread monarch. His siege and conquest of Kazan are indeed among the favorite subjects of popular ballad-singers. His crimes are known only in history; poetry has forgotten them, and rejoices to transmit to posterity nothing but his glory.

The Russian peasantry had availed themselves with so much eagerness of Ivan's bounty, that the farms suffered from

it, and there was a general complaint among the nobility and the owners of the land. The poor people had, in consequence of this general discontent, soon to learn that no law arbitrarily enacted is of value, if it can be just as arbitrarily revoked. They had hardly been forty years in the enjoyment of their privilege, when, under the imbecile Feodor, son of Ivan by the first of his seven wives, and his successor, they were suddenly thrown back into even a worse dependence than had fallen to their lot before. Boris Godunof, the influential minister of Feodor, who reigned in his stead, strove to gain the good graces of the Boyars by issuing two infamous laws. By one of them it was ordained that whoever served for a loan should at once be deprived of the right of paying it, and remain in servitude with his wife and children, until the death of his creditor. Further, a freeman who had been for more than six months in the service of a nobleman was declared his property for life, and his escape was punished like that of a born slave. The other ordinance, enacted a few months afterwards (1597), was in the same spirit. A general registration of the peasantry in certain books, called "fundamental books of the estates," was commanded, and the peasants were ordered to remain at the place where they found themselves when they were "put in the books," as articles belonging to the estates respectively;* and this only with the aggravating exception, that the lords should have the right of reclaiming them, with their families and their property, retrospectively for five years.

General consternation ensued. The minds of the people revolted, and, among the nobility, the great lords or owners of large estates were discontented; for they profited by the right of removal in the peasantry, since much of their land lay waste, and as they in general granted to their tenants less oppressive conditions than the owners of smaller estates, the peasants were inclined to exchange these latter for the villages of the great Boyars. When therefore Boris Godunof had secured the object of his ambition, and was himself seated on the throne, he wished to pacify the minds of so numerous a portion of his subjects. The registration-books were therefore,

* By exactly the same measure, the peasants of Little Russia were, two centuries later, deprived of their liberty by Catharine the Great.

in reference to the permanency of the peasants' abode, declared invalid, and their right of free removal so far restored, that it was permitted to the tenants of the Boyars' children — the great mass of small land-owners — to leave their farms at stated times. The tenants of the Boyars, the crown, and the Church remained in their former condition.

His successor, Pseudo-Demetrius, — a bold adventurer, who gave himself out as the reputedly murdered youngest son of Ivan, — knew so little of the state of affairs, that some of his discontented counsellors easily obtained from him a confirmation of the law enacted under Feodor, without so much as mentioning the partial revocation of Czar Boris. All this arbitrary giving and taking away seems to have excited even a people so submissive and enslaved as the Russians; and another Pseudo-Demetrius, who rose as a pretender to the throne when Vassili Shuisky was in brief possession of it, could venture the attempt of rousing the peasantry, by holding forth to them the prospect of their being made proprietors of the soil usurped by their masters. But so little were the poor people used to independent action, that, even when Vassili Shuisky committed the imprudence of renewing, on the 9th of March, 1607, just in the midst of the dangerous troubles, the law of Czar Feodor in its essential points, this gave no advantage to the impostor, and the wretches submitted to their fate. In the course of ten years, they had lost, regained, and lost again, their personal liberty. They bowed quietly under the yoke; and Michael Romanoff, the ancestor of the present Czar, could safely confirm that loss by an ukase (January 15, 1640) which commanded that the nobility should have the benefit of the law in reclaiming their peasants for nine years back. It ought not to remain unmentioned here, that Karamsin expresses a doubt as to the genuineness of the laws of Feodor and Shuisky in reference to the peasantry, the language of both of which seems to indicate a later time. They would in that case belong under the reigns of the first Romanoffs. There is still a great deal of obscurity in this portion of Russian history.

Since then the Russian peasantry have been serfs, either *glebæ adscripti*, *attached to the soil*, or as house and manor servants,

the absolute property of their masters. For more than two hundred years, — until the hopeful day which dawned with Alexander, — no further attempt was made to restore their personal liberty. The inhabitants of Little Russia were enslaved even since that period, as they did not belong among the subjects of Russia when those fatal laws were enacted. Catharine II., the friend of Voltaire, the translator of Montesquieu and Beccaria, in 1783, deprived them, by an ordinance, of the right of removal.

But the most surprising feature of the case is, that while the peasantry of the genuine Russian stock, in whose veins the same blood runs that flows in those of the domineering race, was and is thus enslaved, not only the Cossacks, but all the different barbarian races who inhabit the vast Russian Empire, Tartars, Tsheremisses, and Tshonvaches, are free, and slavery in any shape is unknown to them. While even the descendants of the criminals banished to Siberia cultivate the soil there as freemen, the peasantry of pure Russian blood carry their chains with them wherever they are conducted in colonies, — to Kamtchatka or Georgia, to the Caucasus or the Ural, — and never even attempt to shake them off. Who can understand this contradiction?

It is not our object to give a picture of the present state of the Russian serfs. We wished merely to explain the origin of their state; and therefore a few words upon their condition must suffice. That the condition of the Russian peasantry is no longer what it was during the dark times of barbarism, through which we have conducted our readers, needs hardly to be said. The times are over when Peter the Great, being struck with the novel sight of a gallows at Berlin, could express a wish to see the thing operate, and, being told by the king of Prussia that there was no criminal to be hung, could naively propose to hang meanwhile one of his own servants. Although the philanthropic ideas of the last, and especially of our own century, have not penetrated very deeply into Russia, they have had some effect, and the general treatment is of course a milder one. The two Emperors Alexander and Nicholas were both decidedly in favor of emancipation, and during the early periods of both their reigns the chains of

slavery were made lighter by several laws; besides the important steps towards final manumission which were taken in reference to the peasantry belonging to the crown itself, amounting to nearly half the Russian population, of which more will be said presently.

In two respects only the condition of the common people in general has become decidedly worse since the days of Peter the Great. One is the great increase of the standing army, which drains the villages of their best youthful forces. The other is the creation of a new privileged class in the Tschinovniks, or civil officers in the employment of the government, who, after having attained a certain rank or *tschin*, become members of the nobility. By the growth of that curse of Russia, its base and corrupt bureaucracy, the number of the masters of the serfs has during the last hundred years been increased tenfold.

It seems to have been within the same period that the decided difference first arose which exists at present between the peasants of the crown and those of private lords. In former times the Czars were in the habit of giving away to their favorites, or to reward merit, whole estates, and many great fortunes were founded in that manner, while the villagers were the victims of it. Catharine II. was especially lavish towards her lovers. Alexander had humane feeling enough to forbid the giving away of crown estates by a family law. His successors are of course free to keep it or not.

The crown peasants, as they are situated now, enjoy indeed a kind of freedom, and are also frequently called *free peasants*. They are bound to their respective villages as far as relates to their households and taxes; but in respect to their persons only conditionally. A crown village, or in most cases several villages together, form a *volost* or commune, in the internal government of which the crown meddles in no way, provided certain obligations are fulfilled by that body, and a certain tax is paid, this latter being distributed among the members by the commune itself. It is the commune, not the individual, that the crown considers in the light of its tenant. The commune divides the land of the government, for the produce of which it is responsible, into shares accord-

ing to strict measurement, and in general on very equitable principles. The tax which it raises from individuals is exactly in proportion to the size or value of the land occupied. When the government requires laborers for railroads or other public uses, it applies to the commune, which provides the necessary number, and the laborers are regularly paid by the government, or, rather, the government means to pay them regularly; for there are only too many instances of the embezzlement of the money by its agents and other functionaries. Cases have occurred where the workmen have not only been cheated out of their wages, but have been nearly starved, without being able to get redress for their grievances, completely enveloped as they were in a tissue of bribery and fraud.

The peasants of the crown have still greater privileges than we have mentioned. They can become members of another commune, even burghers of a city. Yet can that civil condition be called *liberty*, which by one word of the sovereign may be transmuted into slavery? Another emperor may have a different view about giving away villages as presents; and even if not, the history of the establishment of the military colonies under Alexander, and the forcible transportation of whole communities to Siberia, in order to people her deserts under Nicholas, prove sufficiently how little such a liberty is worth.

There exists, however, a small number of really free peasants in Russia, — about a million and a half in all. These are the small proprietors, called *Adnodwortsy*, that is, owners of one manor. They are partly descendants of foreigners, or of impoverished Boyars' children, sunk gradually into the state of peasants. They, like the peasants of the crown, have incessantly to suffer from the oppression and rapacity of the imperial officials under whose inspection they are; and the money by which they must secure their protection amounts often to a higher sum than the taxes paid to the government.

The administration of the peasantry by communes is not entirely confined to the property of the crown. Many of the great land-owners, the true magnates of the country, suffer their subjects to pay their *obrok* on exactly the same terms,

and to have the management of all their internal affairs. On the whole, it may be truly said of the grandees of Russia, that they treat their peasantry with magnanimity, and not a small number of villages in the governments of Yaroslav, Wladimir, and other provinces, are, in consequence of such a treatment, in the most flourishing condition. No claims are laid on their inhabitants, after a certain poll-tax is paid, which, however, not only varies according to their means of earning money, but may vary too according to the caprice of the master. Agricultural labor is still unpopular among the Russians. A great number of the peasantry prefer other occupations, and pay their *obrok* by the more profitable earnings thus obtained. Thus whole villages of tailors, carpenters, shoemakers, blacksmiths, masons, and other trades, are formed. The heads of the families often leave the cultivation of the soil to their wives, old men, and boys, and wander about the country for work, coming home, according to the terms of their permit, once or twice a year, sometimes even only after a couple of years. Many also become traders and settle in cities; and since the establishment of factories, multitudes throng thither, and the owners of the factories find hired labor so much more profitable than that of their own serfs, that, in a great many cases, they permit these latter to seek employment elsewhere, paying them only an *obrok*, and then hire their operatives. That this state of things is very unfavorable to agriculture is evident; but the gain of the peasantry in personal liberty is no less evident.

These privileges, however, depend entirely on the good-will of the master, who at any moment may suspend the enjoyment of them. By far the greater part of the property in private lands is moreover managed differently. On an average, the husbandmen have to work for their masters three days in the week, and in harvest, or other extraordinary times, some days more. They have to pay, besides this, a certain duty in eggs, poultry, and other produce; and the women, besides working in the fields, have to spin a certain quantity of flax or hemp. On the other days they may cultivate the land given them by their masters. They may keep some cattle as their property,

but the houses in which they live belong to the master, for serfs cannot own immovable property. The lord has the right to remove a serf, either separately or with the whole community, to any part of his estate. He may send him from the fields made flourishing by his diligence, to one of the villages of the Steppe, or may transmute him into a house-servant, and thus may sell him without the village. It is true that a recent law of Nicholas forbids the selling of men without the land on which they live; but this is nevertheless done every day.

It is a curious fact, that Alexander, after having been on the throne twenty years, had the firm belief that there was a law in Russia which prohibited the sale of men without land, while such sales daily took place almost under his very eye; for the palace of justice, where the public sales for insolvent debtors and bankrupts were carried on, was opposite his windows. A petition of some poor peasants gave at last occasion for discussing the matter. Search was made for such a law; but none could be found. Only the conviction was obtained, that, although already Peter the Great had declared the selling of men, like cattle, to be a cruel action, and had admonished the senate to think of means for changing "that usage," the thing had been practised and authorized during the whole eighteenth century, and earlier.

The serfs are divided by usage into husbandmen and house and manor serfs, although the law no longer acknowledges such a difference. The house and manor serfs are in general considered as the unconditional property of the owner. To the great lords, who, on the whole, avoid selling men without lands, the rising families of all their serfs are often heavy burdens. Although the Oriental habit of employing multitudes of servants is kept up in Russia, and in the houses of the magnates there are often found a hundred and more, — who, by the way, wait upon their master so wretchedly, that he frequently hires a few foreigners besides, — there cannot be found place for all, in the precincts of the different palaces and country-houses. Many, therefore, are hired out as domestic servants for an *obrok;* a great many others are placed in apprenticeship to mechanics; others are educated to be painters, priests, actors, governesses, musicians, etc. The natural talent

of the Russians for music makes private orchestras quite a cheap luxury, as the musicians can be used for various other purposes when they cannot play. A band of music hired out by the evening or for the season is also a good source of income for the master. A kind of music peculiar to Russia is the so-called horn music, which consists of no other instruments than horns. The band must be composed of as many performers as there are notes in the compass of the horn. Each has to play a single note, and his task is to fall in at the right time with the utmost accuracy and precision. It is a species of music possible only in a slave country. Some of our Southern gentlemen could introduce it with success on their plantations. The individuality of these musicians is so completely annihilated, that, as the convicts in our penitentiaries are only called by their numbers, they are designated by the notes they have to play; and the writer of this, when in Russia, heard repeatedly mentioned, "the F of Count Sheremetyef," or "the G of Narishkin," etc.

With equal success private theatres are conducted. The mimic talent of the Russian people is unsurpassed. Baron Haxthansen found in Nishnii Novgorod a very tolerable troupe of comedians composed entirely of serfs. No master ever thinks of consulting their individual inclinations when he disposes of his serfs, and the great pliability of the Russian mind makes them fit for almost everything. Ivan Tourgueneff, in his ingenious "Hunter's Diary," unrolls before our eyes a series of pictures of Russian country life of an incomparably graphic genuineness. Many of the domestic relations of that vast empire are here, with a few bold strokes of the pencil, brought clearly to view. Among others, we meet with the following conversation, which is indeed so characteristic, that we could not illustrate our subject better. The author, a country gentleman, has gone to a distant village to shoot ducks on a certain pond. The fisherman is called, and while his own huntsman makes the rickety boat ready for use, he amuses himself by questioning the poor old man.

"'Just tell me,' I began, 'have you been fisherman here long?'

"'It is now the eighth year,' he replied, startled.

"'And with what were you occupied formerly?'

"'I served as coachman.'

"'Who took you from your service?'

"'Why, the new mistress.'

"'What new mistress?'

"'Why, the one who bought us. Perhaps you do not know her, Helene Timothyeona, such a fat one, and . . . . . no longer young.'

"'Why did she make a fisherman of you?'

"'God knows! She came to us from her own hereditary place, from Tambaf. All the servants and people were ordered to assemble, and then she came out to us. We all rushed at her hand, she remained the same, did not get angry at all. Then she began questioning us, one after the other, what we did, what services we had done? My turn came also. Well, says she, and what are you? I answer, Coachman. Coachman? you are a pretty coachman! Just look at yourself! you a coachman? With me you shall not be coachman, but fisherman, and you must cut off your beard. And whenever I come here you must furnish fresh fish for my table; d' ye hear? Since that time I belong to the fishermen. And keep the pond in order, she said. Yes; but how can I keep it in order?'

"'Whom did you belong to previously?'

"'To Sergheï Sergheïvitsh, Peehtyeref. He inherited us. But he did not have us long, — about six years. With him I was also coachman, that is, not in town, he had others there, but here in the village.'

"'Had you always been coachman?'

"'What! always coachman! I only became coachman under Sergheï Sergheïvitsh; before that I was cook; that is, also, not in town, but here in the village.'

"'With whom were you cook?'

"'Why, with our former master, with Athanasii Nefyevitsh, the uncle of Sergheï Sergheïvitsh. He bought Lgof; but to Sergheï Sergheïvitsh it came by inheritance.'

"'From whom did he buy it?'

"'Why, from Tatyana Vassilgevna.'

"'What Tatyana Vassilgevna?'

"'Why, the one who died last year as an old maid, near Balchof, in — what d'ye call it — in Kasatshef. For she was never married. You probably did not know her? She had us from her father, Vassilii Lemenitsh. She ruled us very long, nearly twenty years.'

"'And were you cook there, too?'

"'At first I was real cook; but then she turned me into a coffee-filler.'

"'Into a what?'

"'Into a coffee-filler.'

"'What office is that?'

"'I do not know myself, Batushka! I had to wait at the sideboard and call myself Anthony instead of Kushma.'

"'So your real name is Kushma?'

"'Kushma.'

"'And were you always coffee-filler with her?'

"'No, not always; I was also actor.'

"'Impossible!'

"'Why not? Of course. I've played in the theatre. Our lady had a theatre built for her.'

"'And what parts did you play?'

"'How?'

"'What did you do in the theatre?'

"'Oh! don't you know? Why, you see they took me and dressed me up, and when I am dressed I walk up and down, or seat myself, or stand up, just as it happens. Then they say to me: there, that, you must say that, — and I say it. I played a blind man once. Why not?'

"'Well, and what did you become then?'

"'Yes, then I became cook again.'

"'But why did they put you among the cooks again?'

"'Why, my brother had run away.'

"'But with the father of your first mistress, what were you there?'

"'O, I had various duties. First, I was mounted messenger, then I was outrider; and then dog-keeper, mounted dog-keeper.'

"'Then you rode out with the dogs?'

"'Yes, but once I did not look out, and fell with the horse, and the horse crushed himself. The old gentleman was awfully severe. He had me soundly whipped, and sent me to Moscow as apprentice to a shoemaker.'

"'Apprentice? why, it seems to me as if you were no longer young enough when you became dog-keeper.'

"'Why, I was about twenty years old.'

'"What, d'ye want to be apprentice at twenty?'

"'It would not have come to much, may be, but the old gentleman ordered it. Happily he died soon, and I was sent back to the village.'

"'But when did you learn the art of cookery?'

"Sutshok lifted up his meagre yellow face, and smiled good-humoredly.

"'How do you mean learned? do not the peasant-women cook?'

"'Well,' said I, 'Kushma, you have already been through a good many things in your life. But what do you now as fisherman, when you have no fish?'

"'Batushka, I won't complain. God be praised that they made a fisherman of me! But another poor devil, just such an old fellow as I am, Andreï Pupir, the mistress has sent to a paper-mill. It were a sin, she said, that he should eat his bread for nothing. Poor Andreï hopes for mercy still; has got a cousin in the mistress's office in Moscow as clerk. He has promised to remind her of him. Yes, remind her! and to this cousin poor Andreï bowed down to the earth in my presence.'

"'Have you any family? were you ever married?'

"'No, Batushka, never married. Tatyana Vassilgevna, God keep her soul, never permitted any of us to marry. Do not I live unmarried? she used to say. What is the good of spoiling the people? What do they want it for?'

"'How do you live now? Do you get any wages?'

"'Wages? Batushka! what are you thinking of! I get victuals, and, God be praised! plenty.'"

Recently a great number of serfs have been permitted to purchase their own freedom, and although the money which a serf earns belongs *de jure* to his master, public opinion is generally strong enough to prevent even the basest character from appropriating it if the serf earned it in a situation authorized by his master.* Whole villages, and among individuals a great many merchants, have purchased their freedom in this way. There are, however, also others, to whose urgent request such a purchase is denied by the wicked pride of the masters, who glory in their rich subjects, sometimes even richer than themselves. The general price of human beings is in Russia very low, much lower than in our Southern States;† but there are cases where half a million and more has been refused, and Nicholas Tourgueneff, the author of that highly interesting work, *La Russe et les Russes*, mentioned above, speaks of an instance in which a manufacturer of hats in Moscow, worth several millions, to whose fervent request liberty had long been denied, availed himself at last of a temporary pecuniary embarrassment of his master, and succeeded in

* There are, unfortunately, exceptions to this rule, as we learn from the perfectly trustworthy book of Nicholas Tourgueneff, mentioned above.

† N. Tourgueneff speaks of a poor old woman, who, at the sale of the effects of her bankrupt master in the government court-house of St. Petersburg, was knocked down for two roubles fifty kopecks.

buying his freedom for 800,000 roubles. No law fixes the price of manumission.

A general feeling prevails in Russia, that the state of things cannot remain as it is; and it is principally the conviction that free labor is more profitable, that is winning over landowners to the view of the government, which is decidedly favorable to emancipation. There remains, however, a strong, highly influential party, — the *old* Russian party, — opposed to *all* innovation, who look at the loosening of the ties between master and servant as a kind of sacrilege, and it is principally in that sense that they oppose it.

The reader will see from this sketch that, however curtailed of his natural rights the Russian serf may be, his condition is still far preferable to that of the negro slave in our own country. It does not occur to us to compare with this latter the lot of the Russian peasantry of the crown; but even that of the domestic serfs, and still more that of the serf-husbandmen is much less degraded, and much more hopeful. For while the negro is almost abandoned by the law of the land, and the scanty privileges he enjoys here and there are merely the results of the goodness and Christian principle of his master, the Russian law protects the serf in various ways, and his wrongs, so far as they are not owing to his serfdom itself, are principally occasioned by abuses. These latter are unfortunately only too frequent in a society of corrupt morals and brutish manners. Yet, however great the licentiousness and dissoluteness of the lords may be, the marriage tie at least is acknowledged, and to a certain degree respected. To require Sunday labor, as also to separate families, that is, married couples and young children, is prohibited by law. In short, vicious as the relation of master and servant towards each other in Russia is, it is at least not hopeless. The light is even there breaking gradually through those thick clouds which overshadow the fate of the European proletarian.

ART. II. — *A Cyclopædia of American Literature, embracing Personal and Critical Notices of Authors, and Selections from their Writings, from the Earliest Period to the Present Day. With Portraits, Autographs, and other Illustrations.* By EVERT A. DUYKINCK and GEORGE L. DUYKINCK. New York: Charles Scribner. 1855. 2 vols.

AMERICAN literature has been too exclusively regarded at the extremes of ignorant contempt and indiscriminate laudation. The sneers of British reviewers thirty years ago found their counterpart, at a subsequent period, in the patriotic complacency of native critics; and if the censure was illiberal and unjust, the praise was extravagant. Sydney Smith was not far from right in declaring that, while the Americans as a people were remarkably sensible, they had produced no great original minds in the field of letters; for the exceptions were so few, and their scope so limited, that this general statement was, when made, apparently warranted. The present time, indeed, offers abundant material to refute such a charge. In history, romance, rhetoric, criticism, and poetry, we can now boast of native authors whose merit is recognized abroad as well as at home; and there is no department of science or taste which has not been signally illustrated on this side of the water. Indeed, to an experienced and thoughtful observer, the number of gifted minds devoted to such pursuits, and the amount as well as the quality of their productions, seem creditable to the intellectual activity and the noble emulation of the country, when it is remembered that the spirit of our national life is the reverse of contemplative, that trade and politics inevitably absorb the mental energy of a very large proportion of our citizens, and that no international copyright law baffles the competition of British authors.

When Dugald Stewart published his Dissertation on the Progress of Metaphysical and Ethical Philosophy, in 1824, he wrote: —

"The rapid progress which the Americans have lately made in the art of writing has been remarked by various critics, and it is certainly a very important fact in the history of their literature. Their state

papers were, indeed, always distinguished by a strain of animated and vigorous eloquence; but as most of them were composed on the spur of the occasion, their authors had little time to bestow on the niceties, or even upon the purity, of diction. An attention to these is the slow offspring of learned leisure, and of the diligent study of the best models. This, I presume, was Gray's meaning, when he said, 'Good writing not only requires great parts, but the very best of those parts,' — a maxim which, if true, would point out the state of the public taste with respect to style, as the surest test among any people of the general improvement which their intellectual powers have received; and which, when applied to our Transatlantic brethren, would justify sanguine expectations of the attainments of the rising generation."

We are not of those who can discover in a few popular effusions or books that make a sensation, the basis of a national literature. Because Brockden Brown describes the yellow fever in Philadelphia with a vivid horror of detail not unworthy of some of Boccaccio's and De Foe's plague-pictures, — because Patrick Henry made a speech whose effective eloquence roused a State to arms, or Hamilton drafted a state paper that would do credit to Burke, — because Freneau's Indian Boy charmed Scott, and Mrs. Brooks's Zophiel won the praise of Southey, — because Wirt wrote essays as good as some in the Spectator, Wilde a pathetic lyric which has been translated into all languages, Poe a most ingenious bit of sombre versification, Sprague an unsurpassed poem in heroic pentameters, and Mrs. Stowe a melodramatic story so picturesquely exhibiting certain phases of Southern slavery as to stir up all England to the speculative rescue, — because of these and many other recognized successes, great and small, transient and memorable, in the vast realm of thought and expression, we do not infer the realization of that great and enduring crown of glory, a distinct, individual, potent, and noble literature. But what we deduce from such mental phenomena is simply the perpetuity, in our branch of the Anglo-Saxon race, of that aptitude for letters, that innate capacity for manly, graceful, true, and picturesque writing, which is an inheritance from the parent stock, the natural endowment of a people eminent for reflective, humane, free utterance, — heretofore mainly exhibited in the pulpit, the forum,

and the newspaper, but, under favorable auspices, certain to find the more permanent and elaborate shape of books which will become endeared heirlooms of national thought; nay, which every year more and more assume this artistic form, and, as this Cyclopædia clearly proves, are continually increasing in variety, finish, and worth. For special departments of writing, indeed, we find evidence of a peculiar fitness of the national mind. Among the clergy, from the beginning, there is obvious either a powerful logic or a fresh and sweet tone of religious sentiment, the best written expression of which will compare favorably with that of any class of divines. Their discourses often combine the elegance of the French pulpit oratory in the time of Louis XIV. with the rugged fervor of those brave preachers whose memory is kept green by Dr. South's bold ethics and Tillotson's classic diction. No modern travellers have excelled the Americans in the clear, reliable, and pleasant record of their impressions. Their facility of adaptation makes them less prejudiced and more genial reporters of foreign experience than the natives of older and more conventional communities. In political writing the exigencies of our history created a class of authors and speakers remarkable for bold good sense, lucidness of statement, and unparallelled practical discretion. "The Declaration of Independence," "The Federalist," the constitutional debates, the speeches and writings of Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Hamilton, Marshall, Dickinson, Livingston, and subsequently of Ames, Clinton, Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, constitute an armory of republican weapons and a mine of political wisdom.

When Spenser dedicated, in 1590, the early cantos of "The Faery Queene" to Elizabeth, the inscription ran thus, — "by the grace of God, Queen of England, France, Ireland, and Virginia." It may be conjectured that this is the earliest association of the New World with the literature of the Old; and it is, at once, a true and a delightful illustration of our claim to the noble heritage of English literature, and the inevitable subsequent dependence of the colonies upon the parent fountain. America, indeed, began her career under the auspices of English scholars. She was never destitute of a learned

clergy, from the arrival of the first immigrants. It is with the lives of these men, who exercised so marked an influence over the infant colonies, that this "Cyclopædia of American Literature" appropriately commences. The Cottons, Wards, Hookers, and other educated colonists, left a high position at home, and brought with them books and learning. Hence the early development of the New England mind, and the establishment of Harvard College. As might be imagined, Latin verses and translations from the classics — the literary mania of the epoch — were the first fruits of the Tree of Knowledge when transplanted to the Western wilderness, followed, from the religious exigencies of time and place, by the Bay Psalm Book, — the first book printed in America.

Edwards was born at the commencement of Queen Anne's golden era, and his abstruse work, in its earnest metaphysical logic, offers no greater contrast to the lighter graces of Addison, the brilliant couplets of Pope, and the worldly tact of Congreve, than does the state of society in America at the same era offer to that in England, — the latter in the flush of Marlborough's victories, and the triumph of the most artificial period of British literature, the former absorbed in laying the foundations of popular education, and waging the battles of religious zeal. It was to a book of De Foe's that Franklin ascribed his first impulse to systematic intellectual activity, and the author of Robinson Crusoe died when the future American philosopher had reached his twenty-fifth year. There was a remarkable similarity in the tone of their minds, — indomitable application, affinity with popular needs and aspirations, a disdain of ornament in the use of language, and a prescient intelligence as to the means of social and economical progress. Timothy Dwight was a contemporary of Cowper, and Joel Barlow of Goldsmith; and when we compare the standard merit and the household fame of the English with the obscurity that has attended the Cisatlantic bards, we can find some apology for the incredulous sneer that formerly greeted American literary pretensions abroad. Subsequently appeared that glorious constellation of modern poets, the pure and fresh worship of nature by Wordsworth,

the impassioned vividness of Byron, the metrical heroism of Campbell, the graphic pictures of Crabbe, the tasteful finish of Rogers, the lyric sweetness of Moore, and the spirited verses of Scott; — which grand and varied outburst of song found, on this side of the water, a beautiful indeed, but then neither a various nor a many-voiced echo, from the new-strung lyres of Percival, Halleck, Drake, and Bryant. The contrast was so palpable between the profuse and splendid offering to the Muses there, and their scanty honors here, that only an extravagant and sensitive patriot could rationally object to the reviewer's honest query, — "Who reads an American book?"

One of the earliest American scholars to recognize the future interest that would attach to such memorials as are garnered in the first volume of this work, was Joseph Stevens Buckminster. Fully aware of the limited intellectual triumphs of the country at the beginning of the century, he yet, with the prescience of genius, anticipated the growth of the national mind, from the inspiration which unrivalled scenery, free institutions, and popular education would at length yield to gifted Americans. He knew likewise that the historical student of a not distant period would fondly explore the nascent phases of a culture which, in his day, it required some hardihood to advocate as the germ of a national literature, when so few and imitative were the specimens of native ability in letters, and so entire the dependence upon and deference to English authority, that it was deemed a mark of humble taste and indifferent scholarship to indulge even in prophetic hopes of original intellectual fruits. In 1806, he commenced in the "Anthology" a series of "Retrospective Notices of American Literature"; and in an oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society in Cambridge, three years later, he says: "Our poets and historians, our critics and orators, the men of whom posterity are to stand in awe, and by whom they are to be instructed, are yet to appear among us. The men of letters who are to direct our taste, mould our genius, and inspire our emulation, — the men, in fact, whose writings are to be the depositories of our national greatness, — have not yet shown themselves in the world. But if we are

not mistaken in the signs of the times, the genius of our literature begins to show symptoms of vigor, and to meditate a bolder flight, and the generation which is to succeed us will be formed on better models and leave a brighter track." In a circular which he prepared, about the same time, in behalf of the Trustees of the Boston Athenæum, he solicits for that institution the donation "of works of any kind printed in America, or written by American authors; and, in fine, of anything, even to a single leaf relating to our literary, civil, religious, natural, or moral history, and to aid us in forming a complete *Bibliotheca Americana*."

We cannot too highly commend the spirit in which the extensive and laborious work before us, the need of which was thus anticipated, has been conceived and executed. The chastened taste and familiar knowledge of the scholar are visible in the whole design; while, in treating of contemporaneous subjects, the true instinct of the gentleman is equally discernible. There is an absence of exaggeration, of personal intrusion, of partial estimates, of narrow prejudices, and of critical assumption, which, from the negative excellence of such merits, can be appreciated only by the judicious reader. The authors seem to have thoroughly understood the due limits and essential conditions of the task they undertook; a catholic tone and a national sentiment evidently guided their pens. The work has the true flavor of bibliography, a disinterested sympathy with literature for its own sake, a patient accuracy, and an even, sensible, well-considered plan, that does great credit to the good taste and intellectual integrity of the authors. The motto is admirably selected to hint both the motive and the scope of the work:—

"While passing down the series of succeeding years, as through the interior of some ancient temple, which displays on either hand the statues of distinguished friends and benefactors, we should stay for a moment in the presence of each, doing justice to the humble, illustrating the obscure, placing in a true light the modest, and noting rapidly the moral and intellectual traits which time has spared; to the end that ingratitude, the proverbial sin of republics, may not attach to the republic of letters; and that whoever feeds the lamp of science, however obscurely, however scantily, may know, that, sooner or later, his name

and virtues shall be made conspicuous by its light, and throughout all time accompany its lustre. — *Josiah Quincy's History of Harvard University*, Vol. I. p. 6."

"It is not our purpose," says the Preface, "to sit in judgment, and admit or exclude writers according to individual taste, but to welcome all guests who come reasonably well introduced, and, for our own part, perform the character of a host as quietly and efficiently as possible." This modest and frank announcement is the programme strictly adhered to throughout. In so voluminous a work, errors as to dates, names, and incidents, — omissions and mistakes, — are inevitable; but the few we have discovered are of slight importance, and easy of correction in subsequent editions. The value of the Cyclopædia consists primarily in the abundance, reliableness, and interest of the facts relating to the intellectual development of the country, for the first time collated, arranged, and illustrated in these handsome volumes. They will become indispensable for reference; and their utility and authenticity in this regard are much enhanced by the copious and exact annotations, giving, in all instances, the original authorities upon which statements are based, and by the full and precise index. The extracts, too, though necessarily brief, are complete in themselves, and invariably characteristic of the authors. So inwrought are our educational system and its results in authorship with the civic annals of the land, that, though literally a Cyclopædia, the work combines, to a remarkable degree, history and biography with more popular qualities. The illustrations are unequal in truthfulness and artistic excellence. Some of the heads are engraved with much skill, and others approach caricature. The autographs are correct, and the buildings are well delineated. The portraits of Franklin and Cooper, so appropriate as frontispieces, are life-like and beautiful as specimens of steel-engraving. The volumes are printed on clear, new, and readable type and the best of paper, so that they mark a decided advance in typographical art for popular books. In size and general appearance they compare favorably with the well-known Cyclopædia of English Literature issued, several years since, by the Messrs. Chambers of Edinburgh.

The editors have not confined themselves to the native and personal sources of literary cultivation, but have, with great fidelity, sketched the history of such institutions, and the career of such foreign scholars, as have essentially promoted the mental advancement of the nation. It is thus made obvious to what a vast extent the intellectual activity of the people originated in and was directed by the seminaries so early founded and so conscientiously administered. Around these seats of learning cluster the memories of our most enlightened statesmen, divines, and authors who lived in Colonial and Revolutionary days. We have, most agreeably narrated, the annals of Harvard, William and Mary, Yale, Columbia, the University of Pennsylvania, Dartmouth, Brown, Princeton, Dickinson, and other colleges, together with those of the more permanent and influential associations devoted to literature and science, such as the American Philosophical Society, the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and the various literary and historical societies. The other incidental yet important agency, that of prominent naturalists and thinkers from abroad, is illustrated with special care; and Dean Berkeley, Thomas Paine, Gallatin, Wilson the ornithologist, Priestley, Dr. Cooper, and other eminent European writers who found a home in America, are appropriately placed in the gallery of her distinguished sons.

Not satisfied with ransacking old magazines, and delving among library shelves, the indefatigable authors of the Cyclopædia have sought and obtained many valuable and interesting personal reminiscences. Many of the facts, and not a few of the specimens collected in these pages, appear now for the first time in print. The notice of the Brackenridges, father and son, and that of Drake, the New York poet, contain instances of this kind. We quote from two characteristic letters written expressly for the work, which show how cordially the literary friends of the Messrs. Duykinck have sympathized with and contributed to their noble enterprise. The following extracts are from Washington Irving's recollections of Allston.

"I first became acquainted with Washington Allston, early in the spring of 1805. He had just arrived from France, I from Sicily

and Naples. I was then not quite twenty-two years of age, — he a little older. There was something, to me, inexpressibly engaging in the appearance and manners of Allston. I do not think I have ever been more completely captivated on a first acquaintance. He was of a light and graceful form, with large, blue eyes, and black, silken hair, waving and curling round a pale, expressive countenance. Everything about him bespoke the man of intellect and refinement. His conversation was copious, animated, and highly graphic; warmed by a genial sensibility and benevolence, and enlivened at times by a chaste and gentle humor. A young man's intimacy took place immediately between us, and we were much together during my brief sojourn at Rome. He was taking a general view of the place before settling himself down to his professional studies. We visited together some of the finest collections of paintings, and he taught me how to visit them to the most advantage, guiding me always to the masterpieces, and passing by the others without notice. 'Never attempt to enjoy every picture in a great collection,' he would say, 'unless you have a year to bestow upon it. You may as well attempt to enjoy every dish at a Lord Mayor's feast. Both mind and palate get confounded by a great variety and rapid succession, even of delicacies. The mind can only take in a certain number of images and impressions distinctly; by multiplying the number, you weaken each, and render the whole confused and vague. Study the choice pieces in each collection; look upon none else, and you will afterwards find them hanging up in your memory.'

"He was exquisitely sensible to the graceful and the beautiful, and took great delight in paintings which excelled in color; yet he was strongly moved and roused by objects of grandeur. I well recollect the admiration with which he contemplated the sublime statue of Moses by Michael Angelo, and his mute awe and reverence on entering the stupendous pile of St. Peter's. Indeed, the sentiment of veneration so characteristic of the elevated and poetic mind was continually manifested by him. His eyes would dilate; his pale countenance would flush; he would breathe quick, and almost gasp in expressing his feelings when excited by any object of grandeur and sublimity.

"We had delightful rambles together about Rome and its environs, one of which came near changing my whole course of life. We had been visiting a stately villa, with its gallery of paintings, its marble halls, its terraced gardens set out with statues and fountains, and were returning to Rome about sunset. The blandness of the air, the serenity of the sky, the transparent purity of the atmosphere, and that nameless charm which hangs about an Italian landscape, had derived additional

effect from being enjoyed in company with Allston, and pointed out by him with the enthusiasm of an artist. As I listened to him, and gazed upon the landscape, I drew in my mind a contrast between our different pursuits and prospects. He was to reside among these delightful scenes, surrounded by masterpieces of art, by classic and historic monuments, by men of congenial minds and tastes, engaged like him in the constant study of the sublime and beautiful. I was to return home to the dry study of the law, for which I had no relish, and, as I feared, but little talent.

"Suddenly the thought presented itself, 'Why might I not remain here, and turn painter?' I had taken lessons in drawing before leaving America, and had been thought to have some aptness, as I certainly had a strong inclination for it. I mentioned the idea to Allston, and he caught at it with eagerness. Nothing could be more feasible. We would take an apartment together. He would give me all the instruction and assistance in his power, and was sure I would succeed.

"For two or three days the idea took full possession of my mind; but I believe it owed its main force to the lovely evening ramble in which I first conceived it, and to the romantic friendship I had formed with Allston. Whenever it recurred to mind, it was always connected with beautiful Italian scenery, palaces, and statues, and fountains, and terraced gardens, and Allston as the companion of my studio. I promised myself a world of enjoyment in his society, and in the society of several artists with whom he had made me acquainted, and pictured forth a scheme of life all tinted with the rainbow hues of youthful promise.

"My lot in life, however, was differently cast. Doubts and fears gradually clouded over my prospect; the rainbow tints faded away; I began to apprehend a sterile reality, so I gave up the transient but delightful prospect of remaining in Rome with Allston, and turning painter.

"My next meeting with Allston was in America, after he had finished his studies in Italy; but as we resided in different cities, we saw each other only occasionally. Our intimacy was closer some years afterwards, when we were both in England. I then saw a great deal of him during my visits to London, where he and Leslie resided together. Allston was dejected in spirits from the loss of his wife, but I thought a dash of melancholy had increased the amiable and winning graces of his character. I used to pass long evenings with him and Leslie; indeed Allston, if any one would keep him company, would sit up until cock-crowing, and it was hard to break away from the

charms of his conversation. He was an admirable story-teller; for a ghost-story, none could surpass him. He acted the story as well as told it. . . . . .

"Leslie, in a letter to me, speaks of the picture of Uriel seated in the Sun. 'The figure is colossal, the attitude and air very noble, and the form heroic, without being overcharged. In the color he has been equally successful, and with a very rich and glowing tone he has avoided *positive* colors, which would have made him too material. There is neither red, blue, nor yellow on the picture, and yet it possesses a harmony equal to the best pictures of Paul Veronese.'

"The picture made what is called 'a decided hit,' and produced a great sensation, being pronounced worthy of the old masters. Attention was immediately called to the artist. The Earl of Egremont, a great connoisseur and patron of the arts, sought him in his studio, eager for any production from his pencil. He found an admirable picture there, of which he became the glad possessor. . . . . .

"Lord Egremont was equally well pleased with the artist as with his works, and invited him to his noble seat at Petworth, where it was his delight to dispense his hospitalities to men of genius.

"The road to fame and fortune was now open to Allston; he had but to remain in England and follow up the signal impression he had made.

"Unfortunately, previous to this recent success he had been disheartened by domestic affliction, and by the uncertainty of his pecuniary prospects, and had made arrangements to return to America. I arrived in London a few days before his departure, full of literary schemes, and delighted with the idea of our pursuing our several arts in fellowship. It was a sad blow to me to have this day-dream again dispelled. I urged him to remain and complete his grand painting of Belshazzar's Feast, the study of which gave promise of the highest kind of excellence. Some of the best patrons of the art were equally urgent. He was not to be persuaded, and I saw him depart with still deeper and more painful regret than I had parted with him in our youthful days at Rome. I think our separation was a loss to both of us, — to me a grievous one. The companionship of such a man was invaluable. For his own part, had he remained in England for a few years longer, surrounded by everything to encourage and stimulate him, I have no doubt he would have been at the head of his art. He appeared to me to possess more than any contemporary the spirit of the old masters; and his merits were becoming widely appreciated. After his departure, he was unanimously elected a member of the Royal Academy.

"The next time I saw him was twelve years afterwards, on my return to America, when I visited him at his studio at Cambridge, in Massachusetts, and found him, in the gray evening of life, apparently much retired from the world; and his grand picture of Belshazzar's Feast yet unfinished.

"To the last he appeared to retain all those elevated, refined, and gentle qualities which first endeared him to me.

"Such are a few particulars of my intimacy with Allston; a man whose memory I hold in reverence and affection, as one of the purest, noblest, and most intellectual beings that ever honored me with his friendship."—Vol. II. pp. 14–16.

As a pendant to this portrait of our great artist, here is a reminiscence of Freneau, about whom so few personal details had previously been recorded. It is from the copious and patriotic pen of Dr. John W. Francis.

"To the young, the ingenuous, and the inquiring, the city of New York, some thirty or forty years ago, presented an interest which we in vain look for at the present day; and consequently excited emotions of patriotism, and induced historical research, by the accidental associations inherent in the very character of the personages and occurrences of those remoter times. Our metropolis at that period was enriched by the sojourn or temporary presence of a large number of those renowned individuals who had labored in the service of the Revolutionary struggle, and who in council and in the field had secured the triumphs of those principles so early espoused by the 'Sons of Liberty.' The State at large had been extensively the area of warfare; the deliberations arising out of the adoption of the Constitution for the Union, the master spirits engaged in that responsible trust, all awakened deep interest in New York. Much of what was then speculative discussion has since become historical fact; and the sires of those great actions, who presented themselves at every corner of the streets, and in the social circles, now sleep the sleep ordained to mortality. The national ballads and songs of colonial strife, which were enriched with additional charms by the vocal displays of the very actors of those scenes, may occasionally be recognized in the Metrical Miscellany, or printed in the Songster's Museum; but the echo of applauding admirers which was consequent upon the melodist's strains is not now to be heard. Even the great Hamilton might have been joined in such a confederacy; and I have listened to Gates, of Saratoga, in similar efforts. In short, our city abounded with the heroes of Revolutionary fame, citizens, and natives of remote parts of the Union; add to all these the scores of old

Tories, and the multitudes of the once disaffected, who had escaped the trials of the Revolutionary contest by the ingenuity of self-interest, and the sagacious use of their fiscal resources, and we have at least one view of the diversified population of those incipient days of the American Republic.

"It was natural that a participator in the occurrences of those times of trial consumed in the war of Independence, who was an eyewitness to many of the hardest impositions of that eventful period, — who had, moreover, borne a notable share of its sufferings, who had felt the horrors of the Jersey prison-ship, and had become intimate with that glorious band of warriors and statesmen, — should desire in after times, when the fruits of peace were secured, to renew the associations of past events, recount the tale of patriotism, and find consolation in the retrospect by converse among kindred spirits.

"Philip Freneau was eminently a character who would not heedlessly let pass such opportunities, and we accordingly find him, when not engrossed with other avocations, constantly associated with those who gratified his most cherished sympathies in his often-repeated visits to New York. The various editions of his poetical writings bear testimony to his continued ardor as a cultivator of the patriotic Muse, and if we examine the productions of the periodical press we must be satisfied that he was comparatively indifferent to fame in his selection, as many of his best products are to be found elsewhere than in his collections. An unpretending popular weekly contains his beautiful address to the Isle of Madeira; and in his poem on the Carolinas he gives utterance to his emotions on revisiting the scenes of his earlier days, with the warmth and tenderness of an enthusiast.

"It is chiefly by the several dates of numerous productions that we are enabled to trace his diversified employments and sojourns. As a marine captain, he was employed for many years subsequent to the publication of his large octavo selection of 1795, until about the war of 1812.

"Freneau was widely known to a large circle of our most prominent and patriotic New-Yorkers. His native city, with all his wanderings, was ever uppermost in his mind and in his affections. While in the employment of Jefferson, as a translator of languages in the department of state, upon the organization of Congress, with Washington at its head, he had the gratification of witnessing the progress of improvement, and might have enjoyed increased facilities had he not enlisted with an indiscreet zeal as an advocate of the radical doctrines of the day. Freneau was, nevertheless, esteemed a true patriot; and his private worth, his courteous manner, and his general bearing won admira-

tion with all parties. His pen was more acrimonious than his heart. He was tolerant, frank in expression, and not deficient in geniality. He was highly cultivated in classical knowledge, abounding in anecdotes of the Revolutionary crisis, and extensively acquainted with prominent characters.

"It were easy to record a long list of eminent citizens who ever gave him a cordial welcome. He was received with the warmest greetings by the old soldier, Governor George Clinton. He also, in the intimacy of kindred feeling, found an agreeable pastime with the learned Provoost, the first regularly consecrated bishop of the American Protestant Episcopate, who himself had shouldered a musket in the Revolution, and hence was sometimes called the fighting bishop. They were allied by classical tastes, a love of natural science, and ardor in the cause of liberty. With Gates he compared the achievements of Monmouth with those at Saratoga. With Colonel Fish he reviewed the capture of Yorktown; with Dr. Mitchill he rehearsed, from his own sad experience, the physical sufferings and various diseases of the incarcerated patriots of the Jersey prison-ship, and descanted on Italian poetry and the piscatory eclogues of Sannazarius. He doubtless furnished Dr. Benjamin De Witt with data for his funeral discourse on the remains of the 11,500 American martyrs. With Pintard he could laud Horace and talk largely of Paul Jones. With Major Fairlie he discussed the tactics and chivalry of Baron Steuben. With Sylvanus Miller he compared notes on the political clubs of 1795–1810. He shared Paine's visions of an ideal democracy. With De Witt Clinton and Cadwallader D. Colden he debated the projects of internal improvement and artificial navigation, based on the famous precedent of the Languedoc Canal.

"I had, when very young, read the poetry of Freneau, and as we instinctively become attached to the writers who first captivate our imaginations, it was with much zest that I formed a personal acquaintance with the Revolutionary bard. He was at that time about seventy-six years old, when he first introduced himself to me in my library. I gave him an earnest welcome. He was somewhat below the ordinary height; in person thin, yet muscular, with a firm step, though a little inclined to stoop; his countenance wore traces of care, yet lightened with intelligence as he spoke; he was mild in enunciation, neither rapid nor slow, but clear, distinct, and emphatic. His forehead was rather beyond the medium elevation, his eyes a dark gray, occupying a socket deeper than common; his hair must have once been beautiful, it was now thinned and of an iron-gray. He was free of all ambitious displays; his habitual expression was pensive. His dress might have passed for that of a farmer. New York, the city of his birth, was his most inter-

esting theme; his collegiate career with Madison, next. His story of many of his occasional poems was quite romantic. As he had at command types and a printing-press, when an incident of moment in the Revolution occurred, he would retire for composition, or find shelter under the shade of some tree, indite his lyrics, repair to the press, set up his types, and issue his productions. There was no difficulty in versification with him. I told him what I heard Jeffrey, the Scotch Reviewer, say of his writings, — that the time would arrive when his poetry, like that of Hudibras, would command a commentator like Gray. On some of the occasions when Freneau honored me with a visit, we had within our circle one of my earliest friends, that rare Knickerbocker, Gulian C. Verplanck. I need not add, that the charm of my interview with the bard was heightened by the rich funds of antiquarian lore possessed by the latter.

"It is remarkable how tenaciously Freneau preserved the acquisitions of his early classical studies, notwithstanding he had for many years, in the after portion of his life, been occupied in pursuits so entirely alien to books. There is no portrait of the patriot Freneau; he always firmly declined the painter's art, and would brook no 'counterfeit presentment.'" — Vol. I. pp. 332 – 334.

In accordance with that judicious reserve which should ever distinguish nomenclature from analysis and history from criticism, the editors have wisely ignored comparative estimates of American writers with one another and with English prototypes. They do not ascribe a positive literary value to all that is here gleaned and chronicled. No small part of the contents of the first volume is attractive chiefly from its quaintness, from association with important public events, as characteristic of the times and the state of society, or as furnishing essential links in the chain of facts which indicate the progressive mental development of the nation. What has been famous or influential of old, is significant to the philosopher and amusing to the curious of to-day. The temptation to press upon the reader's notice meritorious and perhaps unappreciated traits, felicities of style, and indications of acuteness and originality, has also been resisted. The labors, character, and aims of each writer are suffered to speak for themselves. Our patience is not exhausted by eulogy or by fault-finding. The office of commentator is merged in that of annalist, and the great object kept steadily in view is the

candid and authentic presentation of the leading facts of education and authorship in the United States, and the careful collection and arrangement of materials to illustrate the past achievements and actual tendencies of the American mind as exhibited in literature.

In this point of view we cannot but anticipate for the work a valuable line of service abroad. It is eminently fitted to enlarge and rectify the knowledge of foreigners as to the true state of public taste and literary activity on this side of the Atlantic. Liberal and philosophic readers in Europe will find that we are not so indifferent to learning, nor so barbarous in taste, as the superficial among their critics have made them believe. They will perceive what a spirit of free inquiry, what a love of books, and what a facility of expression, are bred by popular institutions; how genuine a sympathy with nature has inspired our best poets, how wisely eloquent are our gifted statesmen, what keen appreciation our critics manifest, what refinements of style and freshness of conception have been here displayed in fiction, travels, and didactic writing, and, especially, how universal is the appetite for knowledge and the impulse to intellectual endeavor. The period embraced in this survey is brief, when compared with the memorable epochs of English and Continental literature; it is made glorious by comparatively few universal reputations; but, in the amount effected and the degree of excellence attained, as well as in the immediate good achieved, there is enough to excite the wonder and to awaken the sympathy of the philosopher and the philanthropist.

Books are not the luxury in America which they continue to be in England; journals are universally read; the modern British poets are more familiar to our people than they are to their own countrymen; the contributions to periodical literature of Carlyle, Macaulay, De Quincey, and other famous English essayists, were first collected here; and, for some years past, an American reputation has been cherished as the award of "a kind of living posterity," by popular English authors, notwithstanding their just chafing under the piratical system of reprints. These and many other illustrations of the reading habits of our people indicate an unparalleled de-

gree of general intelligence, secured by our educational system, cheap journalism, popular lectures, and social equality; and will tend to explain the remarkable diffusion of average literary talent of which the work before us is a memorable exposition.

The mutual action and reaction of the New and the Old World are, indeed, traceable from the inception to the present hour of our intellectual progress. In consequence of this influence, in all the agencies which directly affect popular culture, a superior facility and greater results are acknowledged to have crowned our labors. Thus, in educational manuals, juvenile books, the diffusion of knowledge through cheap periodicals, and other methods of general enlightenment, we have the advantage; while, in the sources of higher mental discipline and erudition, our continuous and incalculable obligation to Europe is equally evident. From the administration of the most learned of New York's Colonial Governors, Bishop Burnet's son, to the Revolutionary times when Burke's eloquent pleas associated his fame with our nascent republic, and from that period to the era when John Neal imported Bentham's speculations, and Brownson advocated Cousin's philosophy, the whole course of American study has tended to the cosmopolitan spirit which now marks the actual life of our large cities. The individuality of our written productions lies, therefore, more in tone than in design; in the characteristic assimilation rather than in the creative originality of the materials of literary art. Chiefly in pictures of nature, in wide-spread general intelligence, in political disquisition, and in free self-assertion, have the records of the national mind a peculiar flavor and emphasis. The honor accorded to those who have faithfully labored in the field of science and letters, and the testimony given to a more noble class of writings than the trashy novels and ephemera which fill the advertising columns of our journals, are among the claims of the Cyclopædia as a representative book, fitted to vindicate our standard of attainment and industry both at home and abroad. If, as impartial critics, we should point out any defect in the general execution of the work, considered in an historical view, it would be in the somewhat too amiable and

scholarly drift of the whole, and particularly in the mild record of those religious and political animosities which made the lives of our fathers a battle, and found vehement expression in their speeches and writings. The personalities, fierce assaults, and salient reprisals which the debates, the sermons, the newspapers, and the correspondence of our earlier annals disclose, are here reproduced with as little reference to the bitter and vindictive spirit of the times as possible; the picture is mellowed in the retrospect, and we scarcely imagine the polemic and partisan rage that so inflamed the hearts of our ancestors. Perhaps it was wise and justifiable thus to merge in a genial and progressive view the unruly elements whence flows the now tranquil stream of the nation's intellectual life, and to the majority of readers, whatever may be their creeds, it is probably an added recommendation of a work like the present, that it revives no old feuds, and relates with comparative indifference the dissensions of the past.

If there is one among the select intelligences of the Revolutionary era who may be justly considered as a representative mind, it is Franklin. At Versailles it was the fashion to honor him as the living type of republicanism, and his costume, manners, industry, and practical standard of life were deemed the legitimate fruits of democracy; while at a later period, and to this hour, his name, more than any other, typifies his country in Europe. His scientific achievements and his patriotism doubtless originated his reputation abroad and at home; but his maxims, letters, autobiography, use of language, and philosophy of life were eminently characteristic of New England, and, thus regarded, there never was an intellectual pioneer whose ideal was so thoroughly based upon use and so little cognizant of beauty. Science, indeed, might anticipate new and brilliant triumphs from such a votary, but Poetry folded her wings in despair, and Philosophy could find no scope, under his material wisdom, except for domestic economy and prudential aphorisms. A mind so devoted to fact, so imprisoned in the actual, so keen and determined in the pursuit of material well-being, so cautious, shrewd, and intent upon making the best of things as they are, was undoubtedly adapted to the wants of a young country.

Poor Richard helped many a youth of improvident tendencies on the road to fortune, and initiated habits of regular industry and frugal contentment where these virtues were essential to success. Respectable and prosperous families grew up under the influence of this household oracle, whose leading precepts were to improve time, save money, acquire knowledge, and avoid dissipation; and, finally, to realize that grand idea of Franklin's countrymen, "Be the architect of your own fortune." Yet while thus admirably fitted to guide the every-day life, and to illustrate the popular virtue and intelligence, of a young republic, Franklin, apart from his scientific discoveries, does not make the appeal of genius to universal humanity. For this he lacked the indispensable element of imagination. His self-education and mechanical ingenuity, his simple address and acute observation, his plain English, his profound common sense, his knowledge of housekeeping, his tact as an ambassador, his genial humor, his keen perception of character, his constant industry, his *naïve* frankness in the *salon* and astute wariness at court, were such a combination of available traits as the exigencies of his country and the discipline of his times evoked in a less degree in others, but in him were so harmonious, even in their versatility, and so effective in their action, as to constitute a normal type and an illustrious exemplar. In the immortal records of the mind, however, apart from immediate usefulness and social power, this order of intellect makes no such individual impress upon a nation's literature as permanently to modify its development. Its agency is practical rather than intellectual, that of a sage and not of a prophet. An Italian turns to Dante, an Englishman to Milton, and a German to Schiller, to awaken higher emotions than the scenes of ordinary life yield, to experience a wholesome awe, a divine beauty, and to realize his soul's capacity of "immortal longings" and disinterested sympathies. In our view, this is the noblest office of literature, and those who render it are our greatest intellectual benefactors; they are fixed stars in the firmament of mind; they lift our regards and aims above the commonplace and the material. Franklin deals almost exclusively with time and sense, wisely indeed, and to good purpose; but it is well to

be reminded of virtues more generous than prudence, of a goal more sublime than thrift, and of pleasures superior to material success. It is the triumph of Franklin's philosophy of life, that it laid the foundations of American prosperity; but it is also the continued and extreme influence of this same utilitarian devotion and mercenary hardihood, that now keeps the heart and mind of the country on a mechanical level, isolates the votaries of independent thought and frugal art, exalts hand-work above wit, makes the intellectual harvest mean, and postpones the advent of strong, original, and universally recognized men of creative genius and fancy.

One of the most obvious and suggestive facts in the early intellectual history of the country is the influence of the clergy. In the colonial times they principally represented the scholarship and ministered to the literary improvement of the people, and were, in fact, the only educated class. In many instances they combined the offices of pastor and school-teacher; they fitted young men for college; and from their ranks came the professors in the few high seminaries of learning which then existed. The most scholar-like commentators on the incidents and questions of the day, the most valued private counsellors in matters of taste and speculation, the oracles of local society, the annalists, sometimes the versifiers, and not infrequently the wits of the community, are found among the clergy. As a class they were the most influential, the most active in giving expression to public sentiment, the best supplied with books, and the prominent representatives of culture, mental vigor, and social endowment. In the earlier portion of the record before us, their names are as successive links in a golden chain of erudition, intellectual industry, and patriarchal beneficence, which seems to bind in harmony the scattered interests of knowledge, as well as to elevate and hallow life by religious faith and zeal. Sometimes, indeed, we trace in their career the virulence of bigotry and the arrogance of priestly ambition; but in general their labors were of inestimable value, giving a high and just direction to the national character, whereby, in after times, it proved of the honest and intrepid temper that achieved political independence, and laid the foundations of a grand commonwealth on the basis of wis-

dom, fortitude, and Christian principle. The memoirs of this remarkable body of public benefactors, so judiciously sketched in the first volume of the work before us, afford not only the most beautiful pictures of a conscientious and useful life, but some of the most quaint specimens of writing, the most original phases of human character, and noble displays of apostolic self-devotion and manly simplicity. Around their memories cluster the most sacred associations of our history, and the first trophies of our literary development. The brave pioneers of the American Church, such men as Hooker and Davenport, initiated a severe but wholesome discipline. Roger Williams by his teachings and example reconciled the strictest faith with practical toleration. John Eliot, by his patient ministry among the Indians, won the title of their Apostle. Cotton Mather bequeathed a most richly characteristic story of New England colonial life, — the unfailing resource of the modern historian. Jonathan Edwards was and is the great metaphysical expositor of Protestant theology. The wit of Byles is a vivid local tradition. The character of Dr. Emmons is still cited with reverent affection. Bishop White's devotional services hallowed the memory of those discussions — than which none in history are more pregnant with great results — which led to American Independence. John Woolman was such a rare specimen of Quakerism, that he was beloved of Elia, and is the idol of Whittier. Dwight was one of the earliest of New England travellers and bards who gave elaborate record to their impressions. Blair, Chauncy, Brainerd, Mayhew, Stiles, Linn, Belknap, Miller, Mason, and others, continue to indicate the true landmarks of our civilization, by the effects of their ministry at the altar, the shrines of learning, and the fireside. Their literary work has indeed been superseded, and their places in the various churches they represent were long ago supplied; but as we contemplate the dawn of letters, education, social refinement, and national feeling, we must confess our vast obligations to these and such as these, — men who to moral courage and religious fidelity united a learning and a public spirit which leavened the crude material activity, and consecrated the patriotic aspirations, of our ancestors.

The editors recognize this clerical influence in their sketch of Chief Justice Marshall: —

"This is one of many instances in which the great minds of America received their first discipline at the hands of the clergy. At a somewhat later day, in Virginia, William Wirt, another legal eminence, received his first culture and generous love of learning at the hands of a clergyman, — the Rev. James Hunt, from Princeton. James Madison was educated by a clergyman, and also Legaré. Hamilton in the West Indies was taught, and sent to New York, by a clergyman, Dr. Knox, at Santa Cruz, and two clergymen of that city, Drs. Rodgers and Mason, received him on his arrival. In New England it was the general rule. The clergyman was the sun of the intellectual system in village, township, and city. John Adams, in his early life, — we may take him as a fair type of self-culture, seizing upon all neighboring advantages, — was almost as much a clerical growth as a pupil of St. Omer's or the Propaganda. Throughout the South, the clergyman was the pioneer of education. This is a missionary influence which does not suggest itself so prominently as it should to the American of the present day. We are apt to think of the clergyman only in his relation to the pulpit, and confine our notions of his influence to the family and the parish, in those concerns of eternal welfare which are locked up in the privacies of home and the heart. These spiritual relations have, indeed, the grandest and widest scope; but there are others which should not be separated from them. The clergyman not only sanctified and cemented the parish, but he founded the state. It was his instruction which moulded the soldier and the statesman. Living among agriculturists remote from towns, where language and literature would naturally be neglected and corrupted, in advance of the schoolmaster and the school, he was the future college in embryo. When we see men like Marshall graduating at his right hand, with no other courses than the simple man of God who had left the refinements of civilization for the wilderness taught, and with no other diploma but his benediction, we may indeed stop to honor their labors. Let the name of the American missionary of the Colonial and Revolutionary age suggest something more to the student of our history than the limited notion of a combatant with heathenism and vice. He was also the companion and guide to genius and virtue. When the memorials of those days are written, let his name be recorded, in no insignificant or feeble letters, on the page with the great men of the state whom his talents and presence inspired." — Vol. I. p. 404.

It is pleasant to note the early advent of a class of men

who have always appeared to us at once the most precious and the least appreciated ornaments of our race; men who love knowledge for its own sake, cultivate intimate relations with nature, retain the simplicity of youth, are devoted seekers, benign, candid, and simple in their tastes, — in a word, what we understand by the generic term philosophers. Whether as naturalists, moralists, rhymers, patriots, — a certain truthful, kindly, and unambitious character places them in strong contrast to the soldier, the statesman, and the professional man. Their position is less clearly defined, their spirit more disinterested. Of a tendency rather scientific than political, however far apart in renown and success, they are associated by mutual labors, kindred tastes, and, as is amply manifested in this chronicle, by frequent correspondence. Some of them are identified with invaluable discoveries, others with original speculations, and not a few with great practical devotion to the social welfare. The most charming episodes in this work refer to these philosophers. At their head, in some aspects of his complex character, stands Benjamin Franklin, and they are admirably represented in Philadelphia by William Logan, John Bartram, Rittenhouse, and Dr. Rush; and in New York, by Cadwallader Colden and Dr. Samuel L. Mitchill. In the same general category may be included Benjamin Thompson, afterwards Count Rumford, John Winthrop of Harvard, Crevecœur, and Hugh Williamson. Jefferson partook largely of this character, and so did Francis Hopkinson.

Attention has been diligently bestowed by our authors upon historical gleanings; and they have presented to us some curious specimens of primitive annals, such as the records of Captain John Smith and Benjamin Church; while the data preserved by Peters, Prince, Ramsay, Belknap, Thacher, Graydon, Minot, and others, have been better known and of more extended service. The crude germs of historical literature noticed in the first volume expand into elaborate and standard productions in the second, where the literary honors of Sparks, Bancroft, Prescott, Ticknor, and a score of more local annalists, are gratefully recorded. An ingenious compiler, in addition to the facts and examples thus garnered up as illustrative of specific departments, might glean a copious supplement to

D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature from the first volume of this Cyclopædia. There are, for instance, the accounts of Samuel Peters and of Parke, the translator of Horace, of the printers Keimer and Rivington, of Lindley Murray, the primitive grammarian, of Byrd, the Virginia "man of pleasure and literature," of Dennie, the pioneer of periodicals, of Weems, the gossiping biographer of Washington, of Hannah Adams, the first of our female authors, of Dunlap, the annalist of stage and studio, of Brockden Brown, the earliest American novelist, and others whose isolated struggles abound in original, quaint, and suggestive traits both of the romance and the reality of authorship. There are also Joseph Green, Royal Tyler, Mather Byles, and R. T. Paine, Jr., the recognized wits of their day, whose sayings and doings are prolific of the humorous. Sullivan's "Letters on Public Characters," and Wirt's Essays, reflect in genial tints the social characteristics of that period, as they dwelt upon the memory of a later generation. Nor are the poetic remains of the Colonial and Revolutionary times devoid of permanent literary value. The ballad literature, at once the most fugitive and the most significant, has been wisely embodied apart, and forms a curious study. We have, likewise, Anne Bradstreet, Peter Folger, Wigglesworth, Aquila Rose, Mercy Warren, and Godfrey, to illustrate the verse of earlier days, culminating in Philip Freneau, the bard of the Revolution, of whose life and poems we have here a most interesting and satisfactory account. Trumbull, Dwight, Phillis Wheatley, Barlow, and Alsop succeed, and the more feeling and polished rhymes of Clifton appropriately end this early flight of our unfledged Muse.

Another noteworthy feature in our intellectual development was the advent of German literature. That extraordinary flowering of genius which introduced a new element of culture to Europe, was gradually made familiar in England by Mrs. Austen, Coleridge, De Quincey, and especially Carlyle. The interest which the last-named author awakened in this country indicates the sympathy of New England scholars with his eloquent expositions of Goethe, Schiller, and Richter. The young students of that day, with the least inkling of the poetic faculty, obtained a fresh impulse and a life-long inspira

tion from the best German writers, the effect of which upon their modes of thought and manner of expression became permanently evident. Whatever private delight was thus realized, it cannot be said that, in all cases, the influence, at an age when the tendencies both of style and opinion are apt to become fixed, was invariably felicitous. Intellects of a passive character, in which sentiment overpowered reflection, and imitative facility transcended original judgment, were rather unnerved than strengthened by this fond communion with the Teutonic bards and philosophers; a vague, dreamy, artificial tone usurped, in such cases, honest Saxon common sense and clear utterance; metaphysical terms were allowed to pass for profound ideas, and a generalized sentimentalism for genuine feeling; and thus writings, behavior, and conversation were tinctured with what, for want of a more definite name, is called Transcendentalism. On the other hand, minds of larger grasp and deeper intuitions derived the greatest insight and the noblest suggestions from the new and exuberant field thus opened to them. Its freedom of range and its ideal splendor lured them effectually from the limited and conventional; and independence, courage, and power were the direct results. Americans have excelled in translating German poetry; and this is one of the few instances of Transatlantic superiority in letters which has been frankly recognized by English critics. These volumes yield ample evidence, not only of a school of writers essentially modified by German associations, but of the large number of successful metrical translators from that prolific literature; among them Longfellow, Hedge, Furness, Brooks, Dwight, Felton, Calvert, and Frothingham.

More important, however, in a philosophical view, is the indirect agency of the leading German minds upon our nascent literature. Perhaps Emerson is the most prominent living representative of this school. Its history and its culmination are well chronicled in the Memoirs of the Countess Ossoli, — herself a character mainly formed by its atmosphere. All must confess that there is a sparkle and a quaint charm about many of Emerson's essays; that he preaches self-reliance with aphoristic eloquence; that his images, his style, and often his subtilties of thought, gratify our sense of beauty. But, while

cordially admitting these merits, we must acknowledge that a habit of vagrant speculation, a love of saying things to astonish, a studied peculiarity of expression, and certain odd graces of style, evince of themselves rather premeditated eccentricity than deep convictions.

To record the means and evidences of literary culture, in the strict application of that term, has been the chief aim of the editors of the Cyclopædia, — an aim necessarily modified, however, in the first volume, by the predominance of theological and political writings among the Colonial and Revolutionary authors. This volume includes the period between the translation of Ovid by George Sandys, published in London in 1626, and Pinkney's Travels in France, which appeared in 1809. In the second volume, American authorship is exhibited in a more exclusively literary aspect. From Paulding's first book to the foundation of the Astor Library, we have a long and regularly increasing array of names, many of them of established reputation, identified with every department of literature, together with a new and important cluster of universities and associations, which have been established to meet the growing intellectual wants of a rapidly extended country. The improvement in style, the advent of fresh bards, whose artistic verse evinces a higher standard of taste, of elegant historians, æsthetic critics, novelists who describe native scenery and manners, and, interspersed with these, that "mob of gentlemen who write with ease" which marks an era of prosperous national life, — all yield a rich contrast to the erudite, quaint, and more occasional writing of a previous epoch. Indeed, with the progress of their work, the authors seem embarrassed by the number and variety of literary aspirants. The record of each successive writer is curtailed for want of space; authors increase in number, and books in interest; and the temptation to linger over favorite names and cherished productions grows stronger as the list draws to a close. The mention of still living writers adds to the interest as to the delicacy of the task, and the flowers of poesy, romance, and genial speculation become, at last, so numerous and inviting, that the old fallow ground is transformed into a garden, whose choicest fruits are the familiar

pride and luxury of the present hour. We renew our acquaintance with The Sketch Book and The Idle Man, with Hadad and Thanatopsis, Marco Bozzaris and The Spy, Channing's Essays and The Scarlet Letter, Webster's oratory and Holmes's wit, the beautiful Scripture paraphrases of Willis and the early critiques of Everett; the example of scholars like Walsh, Verplanck, and Legaré, — of genial local sketchers like Flint and Kennedy, — of fresh and adventurous travellers, such as Melville and Taylor, Mackenzie and Hall, Hoffman and Sanderson, — opens new and charming vistas in the prospect; Sparks reproduces the most interesting documentary annals of the Revolution, and Wheaton gains a European reputation for his Treatise on International Law; a galaxy of female writers sheds pure light from the firmament of mind; standard works, like those of Prescott, Bancroft, and Ticknor, impart a certain permanent dignity to the roll of native authors; a new order of pulpit orators arises; and the casual but finished writings of professional men, to whom authorship is only an accomplishment, multiply, so that we are at length bewildered by the number and the merit of literary aspirants, and find ample cause for national felicitation and hope in the scope and the quality of our more recent literature.

De Tocqueville, one of the few commentators on American life and institutions who have drawn broad philosophical inferences, predicted that our literature would be marked by "untutored and rude vigor of thought," and that the object of our writers would be "to stir the passions more than to charm the taste." This voluminous repertory of the past and actual intellectual life of the country falsifies his prophecy. New England, the most prolific nursery of authors, and for a long period the "Mecca of the mind" in America, has been, and is, more remarkable for the number of its disciplined scholars and finished writers, than on account of any original and impassioned native literature. The occasional addresses, reviews, lectures, travels, and other incidental products of the pen in that latitude, are chiefly memorable for the familiarity they indicate with the best English classics, for the purity of their moral sentiment and the elegance of their style. They do more credit to the literary culture and the conservative

taste of that enterprising and educated section, than to its mental independence or local and social inspiration. The only writer who has bravely tried the traditions and primitive character of New England in the crucible of analytical imagination is Hawthorne, and his "boldness and vigor" are chastened by remarkable finish of execution. Dana early adventured in the field of ideal sentiment, tragic emotion, and psychological criticism, but was too soon, though quite naturally, discouraged by the inadequate pecuniary returns for labors too intense and artistic to be sustained alone by the praise of the judicious few. Boston claims historians second to none of the same tongue in patient research, refined collocation of words, good sense, and picturesque narrative; some of her critics exhibit an Addisonian grace and a pure insight; and not a few of her preachers have left behind them homilies of unrivalled beauty and eloquence. In rhetorical skill, in scholarly illustrations, in ready and excellent discourse, the average performance has been all that the most highly cultured society can demand. But these efforts have been occasional,—the temporary displays of acquisition and talent mainly devoted to professional or official toil. The same distrust of success which, at an earlier day, chilled the nascent fervor of those richly endowed for authorship, on account of its limited rewards and the extreme deference for English models and critics, has been perpetuated by the free competition open to Transatlantic writers. The demand of the literary market for native fruits has therefore been limited, while there has been casually manifest abundant evidence of ability in every department. A singular feature in this programme or chart of American literature, accordingly, is the number of youthful aspirants whose devotion to the Muse and to letters has been as transient as it was full of promise; and the remarkable versatility with which men of acknowledged literary aptitude, and even decided genius, have turned aside to more practical or profitable avocations.

In other popular surveys of national literature, it is the imaginative exuberance, the refinement of style, or the impassioned dramatic exhibition, that fixes our regard. As we ponder the critical record of Menzel, St. Beuve, or Muratori,

it is not so much a general popular culture that is mapped out before us, as the culmination of a few original stars, the triumph of a classic taste, the unfolding of a new language. Goethe and Schiller created a literature, which is signally impressed with their respective individualities; Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio perfected the written expression of a modern tongue, and embodied the faith, the philosophy, and the taste of an intellectual revival; Corneille, La Fontaine, and Voltaire represent the canons of style and the freedom of speculation that distinguished their epochs; and Hume was the centre of a new-born group of Scotch writers. In these instances a court, a political regeneration, a local pride and sympathy, or an ecclesiastical polity, shapes and fosters the display of select intelligences, whose light seems the more intense because of the surrounding gloom. We habitually regard the great German authors of the last century as splendid personalities, pioneers of a new era, miracles of genius. Dante stands to the eye of history, as well as to that of consciousness, in isolated grandeur, and the French dramatists are essentially literary *attachés* of Louis XIV., whose sphere is confined to Paris and the Académie Française. The European men of note in letters are thus kings in their sway over the empire of thought. They do not indicate the range of civilization, or the degree of popular culture; their works are triumphs of absolute genius, and not expressions of the average mind; their significance is more social than national; they are beacons on a dreary mental waste, not landmarks of normal fertility. To the poet, the scholar, and the thinker, they are infinitely precious, but their relation to the common mind is royal and august. The interest of American literature is different, not only in degree, but in kind. It holds out no grand, permanent, and universally acknowledged type of mental authority, such as the lettered roll of older nations can boast; it suffers depreciation as a graft, whose every variety of product is already recognized on the parent tree; it has been the offspring of exigencies, rather than the fruit of ample and cultivated leisure; its inevitable trait is facility of adaptation; its main purpose has been immediate, practical, and, for the most part, temporary; it has sprung more from occasion

than moral necessity; it has served use far more than beauty, and has lacked the support and finish derivable from patronage, organization, and established standards. No court circle flattered its youth; no government offices made its favorites independent; no exclusive association gave the prestige of a caste to its successful votaries. Until within a very few years literature with us has scarcely risen to the dignity of a profession. American writers usually become so through a remarkably strong native impulse, or by accidental circumstances. The pen has been a most precarious resource, unless in the service of journalism. It is, therefore, as the chart of a people's intellectual development, of the growth of mental activity in the direction of literature, and of the results of popular education, that this work attracts the philosopher. We behold those primal needs of a young nation, religion and politics, at first absorbing the best minds, and gradually expanding into more artistic forms as the refinements of life increase, and the resources of civilization are multiplied.

Another inference from this survey of what has been accomplished here with the pen, relates to the characteristics and tendencies of the American mind. It is obvious at a glance that its basis is thoroughly and essentially English. There are the same earnestness in the advocacy of truth, prevalent good-sense, gravity of purpose, strong domestic affinities, honor for courage, and attachment to freedom, which mark the literature of our mother country. The Bible and the ancient classics were the original fountains of discipline and sentiment in both cases; the Elizabethan writers and the poets of nature and the fire-side equally formed the taste of the early orators of both countries; and Addison and Pope were as obviously standards at a later era on this as on the other side of the Atlantic.

Yet, with analogies, there were contrasts. Here was no venerable Oxford, where, enamored of learned cloisters, the scholar might luxuriate, for years, over the refinements of classical lore; no quiet German town with a literary court headed by a revered poet and exhaling the atmosphere of æsthetic enjoyment; no statesman's table around which the most select intelligences of the land might weekly measure their reason

and their wit; and, in a word, neither the leisure, the emulation, the sympathy, nor the outward encouragement favorable to profound attainment or assiduous literary toil. What of erudition or talent the American possessed, was called into service by the exigencies of the time. With a material prosperity to achieve, a boundless wilderness to subjugate, a vast political system to organize, a positive sphere of active labor and love to fill, he could but snatch a casual hour to "behold the serene countenance of truth in the still air of delightful studies," to record his travels, indite a poem for the *fête* of his *alma mater*, finish up a speech to sway the electors, pen an essay for the columns of his favorite journal, or, perchance, hymn the joys and griefs of his domestic experience. And yet, with these disadvantages, in the midst of external hinderance and ceaseless activity, how much of true, manly, efficient, and characteristic intellectual life has been realized, the work which we have now reviewed authentically and gracefully declares.

ART. III. — *Life and Times of* REV. ELIJAH HEDDING, D. D., *late Senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.* By REV. D. W. CLARK, D. D. *With an Introduction, by* BISHOP E. S. JANES. New York: Carlton and Phillips. 1855.

THERE are two classes of persons who permanently live in history, the man of thought and the man of action. The former reaches forth into posterity, and leads it by the power of ideas. It matters little what circumstances surround his life, whether, as a Bedford tinker in prison, he writes a "Pilgrim's Progress" which finds a place in every home, becomes the delight of the man of taste, and a comfort to the heart of simple piety, or, as England's Chief Justice, he dispenses the law of the realm, while he enunciates principles of philosophy which are seen in every turn of the lathe or evolution of the circular saw. On the other hand, the man of action leaves the impress of his personality on the world by what he does.

Such men are of the Cromwellian stamp. They are often clumsy of speech, and make awkward work in their attempts at Parliamentary debates or pulpit discourses, yet by their executive ability can keep a nation at rest even while it is sleeping on a volcano. This type of character is constructive, and, like Hildebrand, can build a priestly despotism, so massive as for centuries to threaten to crush out some of the holiest aspirations of humanity. A contemporaneous popularity always attends it, immediate results attesting its power. Of this latter class was Bishop Hedding. He was distinguished for what he did, more than for what he thought. His strength was labor, and his life was wrought into the religious denomination to which he belonged. Hence his biography is a part of the history and progress of Methodism.

Dr. Clarke tells us, in his Preface, that originally "it was his purpose to make strictly a personal biography, and to comprise it, if possible, in a duodecimo volume of some four hundred pages. But when he entered upon the work, he found the history of Bishop Hedding so intertwined and blended with the early history of the Church in New England, and, at a later day, with the history of the whole Church, that the full development of his character and services could not be well made without keeping in view the concurrent aspect of the great Methodistic reformation in this country." The title of his book, as given above, is therefore a true indication of its contents. To speak accurately, it is only in part a biography. The early life of Mr. Hedding is given with considerable fulness; but after he entered upon his more active duties, the man is merged in the itinerant preacher and bishop. The narrative is occupied more with what he did, than with what he was. Upon closing the book, one is inclined to ask: Did not the bishop have any familiar correspondence? Did he never write down his private thoughts in a journal? Did he never in conversation speak more in detail of the deeper personal experiences of the Christian life? There is certainly a lack of the autobiographical element in this volume. We see the man in action, but have only a faint portraiture of his inward conflicts with doubt and temptation. The real sources of his character, the joys and sorrows that dwelt in his heart, the personal

struggles which befell him, his moods of laughter and tears, all those things in fact which let us into his soul, are too briefly touched upon; and if the biography must needs have been expanded to the dimensions of a history, it should have been enlarged still further, so as to present with greater fulness what was more strictly personal. But, as it is, the book is a valuable contribution to our ecclesiastical literature, and will be consulted by the future historian of the Church, for the information it gives of the times of which it treats.

The childhood of Elijah Hedding was not peculiarly marked. Like most boys of his age, he went to the village school, and entered with zest and glee into all juvenile sports. Of genuine English descent, he inherited the strong practical bent of his ancestors. He was born in Dutchess County, New York. From his mother he learned lessons of piety, though she was not until he was ten years old a professed Christian. Naturally endowed with an active mind, as he ripened into youth he was harassed by doubts. First came the dark cloud of Deism, and the denial of a future life. But his instinctive aspirations after immortality dispelled the one, and his vigorous reason refuted the other. Then Atheism touched him. From this the sentiments of his moral nature and the clear perceptions of his understanding recoiled. He turned next to Universalism. This did not suit the condition of his intellect, for he was early taught to believe in a local hell and a personal devil. In his mind these dogmas were inseparably associated with religion, and, as his old belief in Christianity returned, he clung to the convictions of his childhood. As yet, however, he had only attained to an intellectual reception of Christianity, and had not experienced its divine power in the soul. In this he reminds us of Dr. Olin. Both had doubts, and mastered them, before they were converted, by the action of their own minds. They were also alike indebted to female influence for their religious awakening. In the case of young Hedding, this was more direct and personal. A devout "mother in Israel," firm in the conviction that he would become a shining light in the Church, beset him with prayers and tears. For six months she persistently labored for his conversion, while he "obstinately resisted the strivings of the

Holy Ghost." Nothing daunted, she continued with unflagging zeal until success crowned her labors.

"One Sabbath day, after he had been reading in meeting, this pious woman, when the congregation had separated, addressed him with such an earnest exhortation that his heart was deeply affected; and as he journeyed homeward he turned into a grove, and kneeled down by a large tree, and covenanted with God to cease from his follies and sins, to part with all his idols, and to devote himself sincerely and earnestly, and at any and every cost God might require, to the great work of his soul's salvation. Over fifty years after, and but a short time before he was gathered to his fathers, referring to this event, he said to the writer, 'In that hour I solemnly made a dedication of myself to God.' 'This,' said he, 'was the first time in my life that I remember to have had the full consent of my will to part with all my sins for Christ's sake. My associates, hitherto, had been chiefly those who were fond of pleasure and mirth, and in their amusements I took special delight. Several times before, I seemed willing to give up everything except these social pleasures, but never till now, while kneeling in the grove, had this great idol of my heart been surrendered.'" — pp. 64, 65.

At the age of nineteen, with an Exhorter's license in his pocket, he commenced his ministry. Though full of self-distrust, he was too conscientious and devoted to shrink from duty, and too brave in spirit to let obstacles cool his ardor. His intellectual training was very limited. But he had what was worth to him more than a knowledge of books, and what the nature of his work and the circumstances of society demanded, a clear and vigorous mind. Circumstances helped him more than schools. From the first deeply impressed with the value of itinerant preaching, he threw himself into it with a zeal which ripened in his maturity, and strengthened with his age. Like Wesley, he spent a great part of his life on horseback. But his journeys were far more fatiguing and dangerous than those of his great denominational leader. His course was often over almost untrodden paths, and he pursued his weary pilgrimage with books in his saddle-bags, and his heart in communion with God. St. Paul's enumeration of perils might without a figure of speech be applied to his missionary life.

When young Hedding began to preach, books were scarce.

But in this very dearth there were many advantages. What the boy read, he remembered. In his childhood the stock which made up the library of the farm-house was very limited. The Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, the Hymn-Book, Rollin, and, it may be, Shakespeare, almost filled out the catalogue. Besides these, a stray novel, biography, or commentary was sometimes included in the list. The consequence was, that when a boy loved reading, by the very necessities of his craving he was obliged to go over the same book repeatedly. Dr. Olin, as in mature life he stood upon the classic ground of Greece, speaks of the vivid and correct impressions he had received of its localities in the reading of his childhood. He had confined himself to one book (Rollin), not so much from choice as necessity. This gave strength and tenacity to his conceptions. Like circumstances surrounded young Hedding. He read comparatively little, and that very thoroughly. In this way he strengthened his judgment, and made his memory retentive. In the fullest sense he was self-taught, and owed but little to others. He was not exposed to the intellectual peril of our times of book-making, that of superficial and hasty reading. What he read, he studied. The Bible came first. This great repository of wisdom not only deepened his religious experience, but enlarged and quickened his intellect. As an illustration of his habits of study, we are told that, early in his ministry, he found in the house of a friend Stackhouse's "History of the Bible." This he borrowed and carried, volume after volume, in his saddle-bags, as he rode on his circuit. In this way he so thoroughly mastered the whole, "that he ever after retained a critical and ready knowledge of not only the positions taken upon the prominent points discussed, but also the data and the arguments by which those positions were sought to be sustained." As a theological student, he began with the determination to overcome every difficulty, to trace out every obscure or doubtful point, and to store up in his memory every leading principle and important fact. Grammar was his delight from a boy. While in the village school, he committed to memory the greater part of his text-books upon this science, and in later life seized with avidity every new grammatical treatise within his reach. He thus speaks of the effect

which this study had upon his style and habits of preaching: "For a while after I had *devoured* the grammar, it was an embarrassment to me in public speaking, for I had to correct certain sentences I had been in the habit of using; but after a few months a correct mode of speaking became familiar to me, and all the difficulty vanished." From the Grammar he passed to the Dictionary, with like fidelity. First, he took Perry's, which at that time was used and acknowledged as authority. "His object was to correct any errors, either in the pronunciation or in the application of words, into which he might have fallen. As he read on in course, he was accustomed to mark the excepted words, and to write them off and exercise himself upon them till his habit was thoroughly corrected. This reading and notes embraced not only the dictionary proper, but also the list of Scripture names, which he found afterward to be especially beneficial to him." Thus he plodded on, through the entire book. A few years later, when Walker's Dictionary, with its new standard of pronunciation, came into general use in this country, he went through a similar process. Subsequently, he applied the same method to Webster. This process gave to his style chasteness, simplicity, and correctness. It was by a like intellectual fidelity to his theological studies that his mind became enriched, and grew even under the duties of an unusually laborious ministerial life.

But Bishop Hedding, though thus faithful in the training of his mind, was more of a worker than a student. The duties of an itinerant ministry occupied the best of his time and strength. As preacher or bishop he traversed our own country and Canada amid dangers from wild beasts and exposures to cold and storm. Often he would encamp at night in the open air, or throw himself on the floor of a rude hut, supperless and exhausted, in the most inclement seasons. This volume is full of incidents which illustrate his self-sacrificing devotion and untiring zeal. We never hear him complain. The thought of self is lost in a deep and holy interest in his Master's cause. That we may not seem to speak at random, we select the following out of many instances, to illustrate his labors and trials.

"Toward the close of this year [1810] his horse became disabled while passing round his district, and he was obliged to travel on foot a day or two before he could get another. The fatigue of travelling, together with a severe cold he had taken, brought on him another severe attack of the rheumatism. He was unable, without help, to mount or dismount from his horse, when he had procured one. He then obtained a chaise, but could neither get in nor out without aid; he could neither dress nor undress himself, nor could he stand to preach, or kneel to pray, but would pray and preach sitting in his chair. In this crippled condition, and amid intense suffering, he rode all round his district, requiring a travel of over five hundred miles, and attended all his quarterly meetings, not omitting a single one of the duties he had been accustomed to perform.

"While in this condition, he was one day riding along a narrow road dug in the side of a hill. At a point where it was impossible for two wagons to pass in the road, he met a heavily-loaded team. Mr. Hedding told the man he was lame and unable to get out of his carriage, and requested him to help him out, and then to move his chaise to one side till he had passed. The Connecticut Yankee replied, 'Sit still, sir, I can lift you and your chaise both out of the road'; and, suiting the action to the word, he placed his back under the axletree of the chaise and actually lifted it up the hill-side so far that his own team passed without difficulty. Then he returned, and by the same means restored the chaise to its position in the middle of the road. Mr. Hedding acknowledged the favor and drove on, filled with wonder at the Herculean strength and the astonishing sleight which had enabled the man to perform with apparent ease what would have been deemed an utter impossibility.

"Another incident connected with his affliction and final cure is worthy of record. Having broken his chaise in riding over the rough roads, he had been compelled to resume his travels on horseback. In one day he rode from Thompson, in Connecticut, to Warwick, Rhode Island. The next morning he had to call for help to enable him to get out of bed and to dress. At the hour of service he was enabled, by the help of crutches, to cross the street to a school-house, where he preached in a sitting posture; and afterward with great difficulty got back to his lodgings. At night he said to his host he would never go to bed again until he was better or worse, and requested him to make a fire of large wood in the kitchen, — one that would burn all night. This having been done, he lay down before it on the floor, with his clothes on; as near to the fire as he could get without burning. So completely exhausted was he with loss of sleep, and the bodily distress

he had suffered, that he soon fell into a profound slumber, from which he did not awake till broad daylight. He then found that he had been in a great perspiration all night, and that his clothes were wet completely through and through. He arose, to his astonishment, without difficulty, and found that he could walk with ease and without pain. This to him was marvellous; but so completely was his cure effected by that sweat, administered in such a primitive mode, that he walked a mile to church, held a love-feast, preached twice, administered the sacrament, and then walked back without any inconvenience. He was troubled no more with the rheumatism that season." — pp. 200 – 202.

Turning back three years in the narrative, we find the following illustration of the noble self-denial and Christian zeal of the Methodist preachers of that day.

"Perhaps in no part of the world where Methodism was organized was the support so inadequate as within the bounds of Mr. Hedding's district. The country was new, and mountainous, and sterile; the work was new, the people poor, — many of them very poor indeed. It will seem almost incredible, and yet such is the fact, Mr. Hedding's receipts during his first year upon this district (in New Hampshire), besides his simple travelling expenses, which made but an inconsiderable sum, were $4.25! His horse broke down through excessive labor during the year; clothing, books, and other little necessaries, all were to be provided for out of this four dollars and twenty-five cents! While we cannot wonder that many of the noblest and purest spirits in the Methodistic reformation were compelled to retire from the itinerant work, that they might be able to provide for their children, we are filled with admiration that even the single men, with no families to provide for, were not disheartened. At times Mr. Hedding's mind was deeply affected, especially as he found himself cramped and straitened almost beyond endurance, and then could see no prospect of relief ahead. One passage of Scripture, however, was ever present with him in these times of mental misgiving: 'To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne.' Cheered and comforted, he would go forth again heartily to his work." — pp. 165, 166.

At the close of his life, in speaking of the ten years before he was married, he said: —

"During that time I was a single man, and travelled, on an average, three thousand miles a year, or thirty thousand in ten years; and preached nearly every day in the year. All the pay I received for

these ten years was four hundred and fifty dollars, or an average of forty-five dollars a year. One year I received on my circuit, exclusive of travelling expenses, three dollars and twenty-five cents; this was made up to twenty-one dollars at conference. My pantaloons were often patched upon the knees, and the sisters often showed their kindness by *turning an old coat for me.*" — p. 190.

Again, as he stood upon the brink of the grave, in speaking of the past, he uses the following language: —

"I had labored fifty-one years and one month in the ministry before my constitution gave way; I suffered a great deal; have been persecuted; the most abusive and slanderous stories have been circulated against me; men have come to my meetings armed with clubs, intending to assault me; the Methodists were poor, the fare hard, and the rides long and tedious; but *if I had fifty lives, and each afforded me an opportunity for fifty years' labor, I would cheerfully employ them all in the same blessed cause, and, if need be, would suffer the same privations.*" — p. 194.

Rich as are the annals of Methodism in examples of self-denying zeal and disinterested sacrifice for the cause of Christ, they can furnish few so impressive as the life of this holy disciple. Through a period of fifty-one years, twenty-eight of which were spent as Bishop, did this hero-saint toil with a singleness of purpose that never swerved, and an intensity of zeal that only grew more fervent, till the hour of death.

The rapid diffusion of Methodism imposed upon his latter years duties of a more perplexing character. He was required to visit the various conferences before railways and steamboats were known. Sometimes three days were consumed in a journey of fifty miles. To this was added the oversight of the churches, the stationing of preachers, and the increasing demands of a denomination that counted its members by the hundred thousand. But he was found both faithful and sufficient for every emergency as it occurred, and though he may sometimes have failed in judgment, his governing motive was ever beyond question. He endured trial and toil to do the work of an evangelist, thus making full proof of his ministry, and as age corrugated his brow, with the eye of retrospect and anticipation, well might he repeat the words of the Apostle: "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have

kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

Towards the close of Bishop Hedding's life, the question of slavery, with all its perplexities, sprang up in the General Conference, and gave him great anxiety. This controversy finally issued in a separation between the Northern and Southern sections of the Methodist Church. Dr. Clarke has given us a candid and fair account of the disruption. We do not design to enlarge upon it. It is enough to say that the Bishop was strongly censured by some of his brethren for his procedure in this period of agitation. His conduct must be weighed by the calm judgment of posterity. Whatever view may be entertained of the wisdom of his course, or its intrinsic rightfulness, no one can doubt his disinterestedness and honesty of purpose. He acted from the purest and holiest motives. But we are often called upon to discriminate between the moral correctness of the principle which a good man adopts, and his own conscious integrity. One must have observed men and read history to little purpose, who fails to see how the best sometimes err in their moral judgments. A good man, through a misapprehension of the truth, and with the best intentions, may do a thing which in itself cannot be justified on the ground of abstract right. Such seems to us to have been the case with Bishop Hedding in his treatment and discussion of the question of Slavery. But let us give him a hearing: —

"The main question is, What right have any of our members to hold slaves? Or, What right has the Church to allow them to hold slaves? Lest I be misunderstood, before I proceed, I beg you to observe that owning or holding a slave does not include exercising all the rights which the laws are supposed to give the master over the servant, but only such as are necessary for the good of the servant and the safety of the master, all the circumstances being taken into account. Now let us answer this question. The right to hold a slave is founded on this rule: 'Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, for this is the Law and the Prophets.' All acts in relation to slavery, as well as to every other subject, which cannot be performed in obedience to this rule, are to be condemned,

and ought not to be tolerated in the Church. If no case can be found where a man can own a slave, and in that act obey this rule, then there is no case in which slave-owning can be justified." — pp. 517, 518.

Dr. Clarke, in analyzing the Bishop's argument, says: —

"See what it amounts to. Why, just this. The Bishop disapproves of 'the *slave-trade* and the *system* of *slavery*, including all the unjust and cruel rights which any laws are supposed to give, and all the injustice and cruelties inflicted on slaves'; and further, he explicitly declares, that 'if no case can be found where a man can own a slave, and in that act obey the *golden rule*, then there is no case in which slave-holding can be justified.' But he does state that, under certain circumstances, which he thus substantially specifies, — 'the exercising of such rights as the law is supposed to give the master over the slave only so far as they are necessary for the good of the servant and the safety of the master,' — under these circumstances, 'the right to hold a slave is founded on this rule.'" — p. 518.

We cannot but deem the Bishop's treatment of the subject open to objection. As we have already said, it is ambiguous. He does not decide the question; but, after giving an opinion, he throws it back upon the judgment of each individual. His position demanded of him something more. It is due to the memory of this devoted Christian to quote the following in this connection, as illustrating the impressions which some features of slavery made on him: —

"While waiting in Augusta, Georgia, for the meeting of the Georgian Conference, he rode out into the country, and on his return, hearing a loud noise, he followed its direction, and soon came to the market-place, where a lot of slaves were being sold at auction. There was a great gathering of the people, and the auction had already commenced. The slaves, of whom there appeared to be a large number, had been the property of a planter lately deceased, and whose estate, after his death, was found to be insolvent. The Bishop rode up as near as he could approach in his sulky, and for some time witnessed the scene. Husbands and wives who had grown old together, parents and children, brothers and sisters, were here severed from each other, probably for ever. The most affecting scene of all was the separation of a mother from two interesting little children. It was a scene such as his eyes never witnessed before; and it moved his whole soul from its very depths. Just then he saw in the crowd a man from the East whom he

had known in Boston. Motioning to the man, he came up to him, as did several members of the church in Augusta who knew the Bishop. Pointing to the female who was upon the auctioneer's stand for sale, the Bishop said to his friend, 'Don't that make your Yankee blood boil?' '*Yes*, SIR!' responded the man, with great emphasis. A few days after, one of the preachers came to the Bishop, and told him that his conversation with the gentleman from Boston had been reported, and had occasioned great excitement in the town, and advised him to be careful what he said upon that subject. The Bishop did not consider it unwise to follow the counsels of his brother preacher; but he did not hesitate, to the end of his life, to speak of that as one of the most revolting scenes he had ever been called to witness." — pp. 399, 400.

We pass to a brief survey of Bishop Hedding's mind and character. His intellect was clear and vigorous, rather than comprehensive. His mind was critical and logical. A subject grew upon him as he studied it. In many respects his mental characteristics were in contrast to those of Dr. Olin. The latter took in a subject at the first glance. This, united with unusual power of concentration, quick sensibilities, fervid imagination, spontaneity of thought, and depth of feeling, gave him the sources of commanding eloquence. But it was otherwise with Bishop Hedding. His temperament was calm. His imagination was held in subjection by his logical faculties. As we have already seen, he was a severe and faithful student. What ground he went over was fully explored, but he lacked breadth of thought for the highest intellectual achievements. He could keep in easy and effective motion the wheels of a large and increasing denomination without creating much friction. The knowledge which enabled him to do this was derived more from observation and reflection, than from the study of books. He had rare executive skill, tact, and judgment in marshalling men for action, but in no peculiar sense was he fitted or inclined to become a leader in thought.

In his mental organization he was essentially a conservative. True men, whether consciously or unconsciously, obey their natural proclivities. Some are born conservatives. Place them in any society or sect, and unless they become hypocrites, or are deluded by self-interest, they by the gravitation of their own sympathies are drawn to existing opinions

and institutions. In all those great throes of mankind which precede the birth of nations and eras they have no confidence, until they become facts of the past. They trust memory rather than hope. Content with what is, they have little interest and less faith in progress. Sometimes, when this tendency runs to an extreme, such men are a dead weight upon the advancement of humanity. But they have their uses in an age like ours. For now old and established opinions are seized hold of with the grasp of bold and rash scepticism, precedents are disregarded, and the experience of the past often flouted at. One after another of our cherished beliefs is assailed, and the very principles upon which society is founded and religion rests are questioned. The human mind, limbered by the play of thought, moves with intense rapidity, and casts off all restraints, so that opinion, by its centrifugal motion, is thrown from its old axis. In such a state of mental confusion, in order that thought may safely revolve in a wider circle, its aberration must be arrested by a centripetal momentum; and then, through the joint action of the two opposing forces, a new centre will be found, around which, in accordance with an all-pervading law, will be described a new and larger orbit. Thus in the Divine economy the conservative and the radical have each his office. Society cannot well do without either.

In asserting, then, that Bishop Hedding was, in his mental organization, practical and conservative, we assign to him a place among the moving powers of the world. He had no affinities with the ideal and radical. His mind delighted more in the arrangements of a large denomination, than in efforts to form a new one. In his appointment as Bishop he had ample play for the exercise of his faculties, and was eminently fitted for his position. He cannot be placed by the side of those profound thinkers who make contributions of original ideas to the world. His greatness lies in what he did, rather than in what he said. As the cast of his mind was rather logical than speculative, in his religious opinions he dealt more with those subjects that bear upon life, than with those which strictly belong to the intellectual perception of truth. His favorite sermons were those of a theological or expository char-

acter. For these he was admirably fitted, on account of his accuracy. And here again we are reminded how unlike in this feature he was to Dr. Olin, who, in his extemporaneous discourses, could never quote Scripture with verbal correctness, and even in his devotional exercises, when he attempted to repeat the Lord's Prayer, always failed to use all its expressive and comprehensive words.

In social life, Bishop Hedding was frank and simple. In fact, simplicity was a marked feature in his character. He enjoyed theological discussions when conducted in a kind temper, "and relished a joke as highly, and could laugh as heartily, as most men." It was in his home especially that his piety found its congenial place and free play. He made it a Christian home by the spirit he breathed into it. And as, at the close of life, the angry agitations of slavery raged about him, he here found rest and peace. He was a man of unostentatious zeal. His religion took a deep hold on his nature, infused itself into his entire spiritual circulation, and was literally spontaneous in its expression and manifestation. Here he presents a marked contrast to Dr. Chalmers. Piety was not a natural growth from the soul of the eloquent and hearty Scotchman. It was wrought upon, not out of him. His private journal from the first to the last portrays the constant and hard struggle between nature and grace. In his earliest professional efforts there was no interest or heart; and not until disease, as a visitant of mercy, had brought him to the verge of the grave, and he was snatched from the grasp of death, did the solemn realities of the eternal world burst clearly upon his awakened soul. But with Bishop Hedding it was different. He had natural susceptibilities for religion, so that after his conversion, as the heavenly seed began to germinate, it found an eminently congenial soil. The ruddy glow of his youthful piety deepened in its rich and heavenly hues as he grew into manhood, and in his declining years mellowed into a serenely brilliant beauty, blending in its expression the features of devotion, humility, and sweet joy. Ere death came, he seemed to be almost preternaturally touched with the spirit of God, and heaven, with its holy radiance of love and praise, dwelt within him. His last hours are a rich illustra-

tion of the power of Christian faith. As he lived, so he died, in the fulness of divine trust. His dying words were, "My God is my best friend, and I trust him with all my heart." Then, pausing for breath, he added, "Because I live, ye shall live also." With these expressions of faith "his powers of speech failed; his breathing grew tremulous and short; life ebbed gradually away, and at last its weary wheels stood still."

In the year 1766, a small band of pious emigrants from Ireland, led on by a local preacher, disembarked in New York city. "Strangers in a strange land," cut loose from old scenes and associations, the anchor of their faith dragged, and they drifted into the currents of the world. As thus they forsook their first love, and wooed pleasure, they exchanged the altar for the card-table. At one time, as these backsliders were merry at their game in the wonted place of resort, a woman suddenly entered, seized the cards, and threw them into the fire. Then, turning to one of the party who seemed a leader, in deep and solemn tones she said, "You must preach to us, or we shall all go to hell together, and God will require our blood at your hands." The man was conscience-stricken, yet, by way of excuse, tremblingly answered, "I cannot preach; for I have neither a house nor congregation." "Preach in your own house first, and to our company," was the prompt reply. The appeal had its effect. In this house and to this congregation of five was given the first Methodist discourse in America. The preacher was Philip Embury. On the 9th of April, 1852, Elijah Hedding, for fifty-one years an itinerant minister, and for twenty-eight a Bishop, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, after a life of signal devotion and zeal in the cause of Christ, passed on to glory. In the lapse of time between these two events, how great was the change in Methodism! It had made a long stride. From a few humble and ardent followers, it had grown into the full proportions of a large and powerful denomination. To the advancement of this work, Elijah Hedding contributed no small part. His name is woven into the history of Methodism. His Life and Times fill the same volume. The two are inseparable. Hence it is appropriate that we close our notice of him by a brief glance at a few of the leading features of this reformation.

Methodism had its birth in the throes of the heart. It was an earnest and intense religious awakening. Its early advocates, stirred by a new consciousness of the power of religion in the soul, appealed directly to the individual. Receiving religion as a divine impulse through the emotions, they were wrought up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. Without pausing to reason, or to question the truth or divine authority of the Gospel, they welcomed it to the soul as a living spiritual experience, and thus learned its blessedness and its power. Armed with this, they went forth in the spirit of aggressiveness to evangelize the world. In its general features this bears closer resemblance to the mode and spirit of the Apostolic age than any other religious movement of modern times. In imitation of the first Christian heralds, the Methodist pioneers went forth preaching repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus. With the simplicity of the ancient prophets, and a holy unction from above, these men were animated by a faith that looked obstacles in the face with undaunted courage, and a zeal that seldom took counsel of discretion. As the result of their labors, we witness a wide-spread religious revival, and the rapid growth of a very numerous ecclesiastical body. Whence came the power of these men? It surely was not in their learning. They were moved to a new and more vivid consciousness of the living Christ. He became to them a real personal influence. The perception of his love was so intense as to awaken the deepest transports of the heart. It grew into a fervent passion, and, with words molten with heavenly fire, they set the hearts of the common people into a blaze of devotion. That a man with the natural endowments of a Whitefield, when once powerfully stirred by Gospel themes, should sway his hearers, — that one with such gifts of oratory as to draw from Garrick the remark, that "he could make men weep or tremble at his varied pronunciation of the word *Mesopotamia*," — that one who could charm the fastidious taste of Chesterfield by his grace of action, and move the sceptical and almost heartless Bolingbroke, while he emptied the pockets of the cool, reflective, and philosophic Franklin, — that a man of so remarkable and varied eloquence should put crowds of high and low, old and young, in tears, and incite

multitudes to follow him home after his farewell sermon, we can conceive, and, in part at least, understand. Not so, however, with the preachers of more lowly gifts, and the great uprisings of the soul attending their lay and pulpit exhortations. Here, for example, were rude and ignorant men, living among the foulest dens of London and Bristol, or in the moral destitution of Cornwall, who were at once arrested in their oaths and debaucheries, and, through an intense perception of the love of Christ in the soul, induced to renounce their old vices, and to become themselves efficient co-workers in this spreading reformation. The human will seemed touched by an energy that now finds a parallel nowhere in the Church, and was surpassed only by the great outpouring of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost. Some may strive to explain these phenomena upon purely rational principles; but if they succeed, it must be at the cost of all that is distinctive in Christianity. If we will look into the heart of this movement, the evidence is clear and plain, that these surprising religious results were in part the fulfilment of the pledge, transmitted from apostolic times, of the gift of the Holy Spirit upon a reception of the living Christ; nor do we know of any great religious awakening in the Church, which has not been produced by the energizing power of an appropriating faith in him as the Redeemer and Sanctifier of men.

But Methodism, like every great movement in the Church, is partial. It seizes hold of one aspect of Christianity, and in its excesses carries it sometimes to such an extreme as to run into error. Historically it may be regarded in the light of a wide-spread religious awakening. It must, however, follow the law of all sects, and cannot repeat itself. The conditions of society and religion which called it forth and gave it efficacy have altered. In our own country the itinerant and lay preachers were admirably fitted to be pioneer missionaries, and in this respect they will prove essentially serviceable to the wants of the scattered people of our new States and Territories. But in the older portions of the land, where society is more stable and more highly cultivated, there is need of a better-educated and a permanent ministry. Methodism at its birth was an emotional system. Such a dispen-

sation of truth is well adapted to rouse the wills of ignorant men by putting intense feeling in action. But to give permanence and strength to the character, something must be added; for a faith which is merely emotional will not endure the tug and toil of every-day life. The moment men begin to discipline their minds, they put restraint upon their feelings, and hold them in subjection to the judgment. Now as this process is going on among us, and the common mind, stimulated by our institutions and the increased facilities of education, thinks, as well as feels, faith, to be operative, must have its basis in intelligent conviction. To meet this want, the pulpit must call to its service the aids of culture and intellectual discipline. If a religious denomination fails to adapt itself to these changes, it must become inefficient. If content to live on its past achievements, it has written its own doom. There can be no long life without growth. Methodism, like every party in politics, philosophy, or religion, must follow this all-pervading law of life. That which in the earliest stages gave it strength, if now exclusively relied on, will prove its weakness.

In England, Methodism arose as a protest against the lukewarmness of the Established Church. As among the clergy there was comparatively a high degree of intellectual culture, wedded in many cases to spiritual indifference, the followers of Wesley associated the two together. They naturally drew a contrast between the results of their preaching and that of the graduates of Oxford and Cambridge. Putting the two facts of intellectual culture and coldness together in the connection of cause and effect, these zealous converts disparaged an educated ministry. Some of the lay preachers and itinerants boasted of the spiritual trophies which were gathered by unlettered men, and cast scorn on book learning, as if ignorance were alike the source of power and the mother of devotion. But the more intelligent and far-sighted, fearing this tendency, soon set themselves to work, both in England and this country, to raise the standard of theological education. Bishop Hedding, during his episcopal administration, lengthened the probation and enlarged the prescribed course of preparatory studies for the ministry. Still, a prejudice has always

existed among the less enlightened of this body against an educated clergy, and almost every reform in this regard has been made in spite of opposition. Dr. Olin, whose practical and comprehensive mind saw the real weakness and wants of Methodism in its application to our times, gave the best of his strength to the advocacy of a more extended system of theological education. Even as late as 1848, we find him using this language: —

"The open opposers of education have had their day; but I have for some time suspected that the battle must be fought again, with men who use the power given them by intellectual culture to marshal anew the scattered hosts who come in disguise to battle for the spirit of the past. Honest I presume them to be, but they do not comprehend the want of our day. They do not perceive that men who run to and fro in a wilderness, to arouse and evangelize its scattered, half-tamed inhabitants, may fulfil their mission by the earnest inculcation of two or three fundamental ideas, while a *pastor*, in the existing state of society and of Methodism, must bring to his task another sort of intellectual furniture. These men feel, as we do, a pressing want, but they unwisely *look back* in quest of help, which is ready for them, but only on condition of *pressing forward*. The preachers who passed along once in four weeks, setting the woods of Maine and Vermont on fire, would speedily burn out and set in darkness in the very different state of things which now exists. God provided for the times. He will for these, if we will consent to be obedient, and co-workers with him."

This reveals one of the chief phases of the Methodism of to-day. Obedient to a law of necessity, not of its own creating, it is adapting itself to the altered condition of society by the establishment of schools and colleges for the training up of a more permanent and a better educated ministry. As a result, its features must be somewhat changed. Intellectual discipline will invariably moderate the excesses of emotion, and control extravagant zeal. How far this process will detract from its efficiency and earnestness of action remains to be seen. The future alone can determine the nature and extent of the change, and there we leave it. Enough for us to know that Methodism has already borne noble fruits of the Spirit, and if, in obedience to God's own laws of progress, it adapts itself, through its present leaders, to the demands of the age, it will still have continued proofs of the blessing of Heaven.

ART. IV. — 1. *Peg Woffington. A Novel.* By CHARLES READE. London. 1852. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1855. 12mo. pp. 303.

2. *Christie Johnstone. A Novel.* By CHARLES READE. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1855. 12mo. pp. 309.

3. *Clouds and Sunshine. And Art: a Dramatic Tale.* By CHARLES READE. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1855. 12mo. pp. 288.

WHY does any man write a book? Why has Mr. Charles Reade written three books? When we know exactly what an author aims at, we have a specific standard by which to judge of the excellence of the performance; but when his purpose is so obscurely shadowed forth, as to leave the most painstaking reader in doubt whether he has any definite object, the book can be judged only by the general impressions it produces, its obvious moral tendency, and the skill shown in its construction as a work of art. We may thus misjudge the author's intention, but shall perhaps arrive at a truer valuation of his work, because, not being in his secret, we shall not incur the risk of being misled by any fancied connection between the mark and the precision of the shot. Had it not been for a brief note appended to the second of Mr. Reade's novels, we should have honestly concluded, that, having acquired some facility in pencraft as a playwright, (in which branch of literature we believe he has met with marked success in but one instance,) he had shrewdly determined to abandon the circumscribed honors of the stage, and to direct his talents to the gratification of that larger audience, the reading public, with the simple, but perfectly laudable, design of improving his financial affairs. After giving to his four dramas, "novels by courtesy," a more thorough reading than usually falls to works of this class, we arrived at the above as the only adequate answer to the question, Why has Mr. Charles Reade written three books?

Our author is by no means deficient in a certain kind of talent, of the temporarily attractive species. He occasionally exhibits felicitous *tableaux*, which interest and fix the atten-

tion for the moment, in much the same manner as a panoramic or stage scene, but which unfortunately glide from the mind as easily as scenic representations do from the eye. Sometimes also, we may meet with a whole philosophical essay condensed into two or three lines, as thus: "Lord Ipsden started [in life] with nothing to win; and naturally lived for amusement. Now nothing is so sure to cease to please, as pleasure; to amuse, as amusement." But having spent some hours in the company of his *dramatis personæ*, which we could hardly have done had there been no ripples of wit, no happy reminiscences, no well-told incidents, we were on the whole disappointed. Though one of the heroines was piquant in repartee, large-hearted, and a capital dinner-companion; though another was shrewd and strong-handed, and brought with her the muscle-bracing smell of tarred ropes, fish, and sea-breezes; though a third "stood like Ruth amid the golden corn," the living epitome of all the imputed sins, the actual sorrows, and the checkered joys of virtue, pride, and poverty combined; and though their masculine admirers talked of truth in art, of the "earnest men of the past" *versus* the present, of love and intrigue with their *et cætera* of folly and dissimulation; yet none were of so rare a beauty, so unique in thought and manner (excepting perhaps Christie), so powerful in argument, so thrilling in passion or in eloquence, as to furnish a reasonable excuse for forcing three new books upon the public.

Why then review them, if they have no special claim on public attention, and no peculiar merit? For two or three reasons. First, because the high character of their American publishers will give them a large circulation, and consequently some influence on the general taste. They have also been very generally noticed with favor by the newspaper press, which will insure for them a still wider circulation. Moreover, though not superior in design or execution to many other books of the same class, they contain hints and suggestions worth our heed, if not new, and some local sketches racy and piquant, drawn with a free and bold hand, and with a truth to nature which gives promise of better things to come, and assures us that Mr. Reade could have done better than he has

done with a little more patience in details, and the cultivation of a little more delicacy of ear and eye, which would give him a power he lacks, or at least has failed to show, — a nice discrimination of the finer shades of feeling.

We suspect one reason for the general favor which these books have met with from the newspaper press is, that the tales are short, and easily despatched, — the very thing for a man to take up as a gentle mental recreation after the severer labors of his profession.

Mr. Reade is eminently dramatic in his style. His *forte* is action, not narration. He groups his characters in a succession of amusing, pathetic, or semi-tragical scenes, which would require but little alteration or pruning to fit them for the stage. But from these artistic pictures the reader must draw his own deductions, and learn what lessons he may, with but little aid from the author; who gives us the results of correct observation, so far as they can be derived from externals, but indulges in no abstract speculation or metaphysical analysis. We find here none of that exquisite mental anatomy which we shudderingly admire in writers like Hawthorne, who cut at once, boldly and deeply, into the very vitals of their subject, and then, successively taking up with the nicest skill each separate and sensitive nerve, trace its ramifications through the system, keep it exposed to view, while, with merciless *sang froid*, these masters of their art dilate upon its natural or morbid diagnosis, show its intimate connection with distant and scarce distinguishable fibres of sensation, point out their origin in heart or brain, and then follow them on in a spirit of equal intensity and truth to their necessary terminus, — a terminus of passional or intellectual action. Mr. Reade has none of that freezing precision, that unerring accuracy of delineation, which leaves the impression that the writer has actually been present at the dissection of a human soul, has looked into the interior machinery of existence, and which makes us fear, while the fancy lasts, that the power of the word-artist may have been bestowed upon the living creatures that surround us, so that they may read us, as we have read his victims.

Mr. Reade's scenes are too limited to make us at home in

them; his characters are too sketchy for us to feel familiarly conversant with them. His men and women do not seem to us as life-companions, but rather as passing acquaintances, whom we have met at a dinner-party, in a rail-car, or at a watering-place; with whom we have passed a pleasant hour or two, but of whom we do not know enough to put them upon our list of assured friends; nor have they that innate power of fascination which enables them, as a transient acquaintance sometimes will, to cling to the memory *nolens volens*. Instead of this, we perceive that they will soon yield place to successive visitors of nearly the same calibre, and we think no more about them. Even Christie Johnstone, the freshest and least hackneyed character, appears, after the interval of a week, not as a whole and well-defined woman; but we see in the retrospect only a strong arm, linked to a voice with a singular local *patois*, with now and then a whiff of not over-fresh herrings; while brilliant Peg Woffington, sweet Mabel Vane, and sorrow-bleached Rachael, have all become airy phantoms, undistinguishable amid the numerous successors to public favor that have appeared since their advent, from the English and American press.

Was such temporary effect as this the narrow ambition of the author? And if he fails to imprint his characters deeply upon the minds of his readers, is it his fault, in being too sketchy and sententious, or his misfortune, in being compelled to appear with his little troupe among a crowd of jealous competitors? Perhaps both. The day has gone by when the announcement of a new novel can create any unwonted excitement. Expectation palls at the heaps of fictitious works which load the shelves of booksellers, and the public, like gourmands, have become fastidious through repletion, so that what would have been hailed as a miracle of art, standing at the distance of six months or a year from any rival production, is now snubbed and thrown aside as a mere daub; its merits being judged, wholly or partially, from the tinge it has acquired through too close a proximity, perhaps, to those of more brilliant coloring, and especially from that confusing effect which results from an indiscriminate blending of objects, when a greater number are presented to the eye than that

organ can clearly define and individualize. It becomes an author to bear this fact in mind, and not to content himself with positive merits merely; he must be prepared to submit to the various degrees of comparison with which an overstocked market has furnished readers and critics. Happy he who reaches the superlative in the ascending scale!

Had Mr. Reade written only to amuse, he would neither have disappointed his readers nor stultified himself; but in one of his books, "Christie Johnstone," he gives us to understand that he has a "great error to destroy, and a great truth to establish." The error to be demolished is, so far as we can infer from the story, that of admiring and regretting the past, to the detraction of the present; the truth to be established, that Nature's moods are to be learned only from herself, and that they may in no wise be studied through artificial mediums, or trusted to the imagination or memory, be the one never so active, the other never so retentive, or be the imitation never so rarely executed. This is the professed purpose; but the reasoning in behalf of these propositions, and the incidents which go to sustain them, bearing about as much proportion to the story as the epilogue to a five-act play, the meritorious design will, of a surety, escape the perception of the great majority of readers, who need more than a quiet incidental suggestion, and are not likely to be converted by a succinct logical syllogism. To knock away their preconceived, and probably crude, notions of past centuries, neither a piquant epigram, nor a practical joke, will suffice; much less will these agencies prove potent in rearing the fabric of a juster formula of belief. The mass of readers, especially of novel-readers, will more readily fall beneath a succession of small shot, than by a single round of heavy artillery. In other words, they must be made to absorb ideas without being put to the trouble of deciding between antagonists, or even of thinking. Here Mr. Reade errs. He demolishes Carlyle and the Middle Ages in little more than a single page, and establishes truth in art in about twice as many paragraphs. Would he successfully teach truth through fiction, he must be less reliant on the sagacity of his readers. Sideway hints will answer only for the few; the mass will never learn, from a brief

glance in the right direction by one character, a transient, though noble impulse in another, and an accidental lapse into truth and goodness by a third. To those who are awake to the subject, it may be quite enough to say, "that painting out-of-doors scenery in doors is a great lie"; but the large proportion of readers who are not accustomed to do their own thinking will be inclined to ask Mr. Reade, how and why it is a "lie." If a tree looks like a tree (that is like other trees in other pictures), what matters it whether it was painted in a darkened studio, or in the presence of the very tree which it was designed to represent? Neither is it convincing to the understanding, to say of a given hero, "that he had great force and weight of character," when the whole plot goes to show that he was the creature of circumstances, like Robert Hathorn, ready to do what his father bade him one hour, what the family agreed upon the next, and what his heart dictated at last, — not because of his heart, but through the unsought magnanimity of a third party.

Modern fictions, we know, are expected to do, not only their own legitimate work, but also that of the hard, dry, voluminous treatises on philosophy and morals of former times; they are expected to supply the place of legislators and divines, to obviate the necessity for polemical essays and political pamphlets, in short, to perform all the functions which the several departments of literature could scarcely accomplish half a century ago. This, then, being their acknowledged "mission," they should at least undergo careful elaboration in the portrayal of character; the specialty to be engrafted should be so interwoven into the texture of the whole as to be inseparable from it, and, without being made offensively prominent, the main idea of the author should so flavor his work, that the careless should imbibe his spirit without knowing how they received illumination, while the painstaking reader would be rewarded by finding himself, at the close, furnished with a whole armory of weapons with which to demolish the antagonistic force. Not so works Mr. Reade. A large percentage of his readers will never guess that he has any serious antagonism in view.

We can perhaps illustrate what we mean by this deficiency

of style, this failure to sustain his own thought, by comparing Mr. Reade with that greatest of English prose-poets, Charles Dickens. To express a certain state of mind, the author of Christie Johnstone says, truly and sententiously: "Our minds are so constituted, that, when we are guilty, we fear that others know what we know." How soon is the bare assertion of such a law forgotten! But who would ever forget it, that had read the amplified illustration of this truth in the minute description of the feelings of Jonas Chuzzlewit after his murder of Tigg? There, in his agonizing watch over all things animate and inanimate, we have the very daguerreotype of dreaded detection. A readable novel in one small volume is certainly a desideratum in this book-bewildered generation, but we think any one would prefer to read two pages for one, if he could thereby transfer to his mind an image worth preserving; and that ought to be worth preserving which was worth creating,—it is poor economy, and worse taste, to leave a picture unfinished for the sake of sparing the paint.

Mr. Reade barely escapes justifying his own verdict on himself. "I will evaporate," he says, "in thin generalities." But fortunately he has not been quite true to this determination. Had he been so, all memory of himself and his works would evaporate from popular consideration much sooner than it is destined to do, for, despite the general unimpressibility of his characters, he has shown in those of Peg Woffington and Rose Mayfield a perfect ability to work out a complete and living character, whenever he shall take the trouble to do so. Had he followed these personages up more leisurely, he might have given to the human naturalist a new species of the genus feminine. The portrait of Rose, who is described as "not an angel, but a female, with decided virtues and abominable faults," shows that Mr. Reade has not wholly misread the state of mind in which women of a kindly nature, but deficient in will, are sometimes wooed and won. "A woman," says he, "knows by experience, that it is the fate of a woman not to do what she would like, and to do just what she would rather not, and often, though apparently free, to be fettered by sundry cobwebs, and driven into some unwelcome corner, by divers whips of gossamer." Thus was Rose Mayfield entangled.

In plot Mr. Reade has struck out nothing new. The *dénouement* in "Peg Woffington" turns on the exposure of Mr. Vane, a gentleman who comes up to London on business, and there falls in love with the actress Peg, totally ignoring the fact, that he has left a young and devoted wife in Shropshire. That injured lady recurs to his remembrance only on her sudden and unexpected appearance at her husband's house in Bloomsbury Square, unfortunately just at the moment when that inconstant gentleman was giving a dinner-party in honor of his Thespian flame.

"Art," distinguished by the author as a "dramatic tale," though it has certainly less of the elements of a drama than either of the others, is the old story repeated, which, with slight variations, has occasionally appeared since English novel-writing was a craft. A young man destined to the bar by a plodding, "common-sense" father, incontinently demolishes the paternal hopes, by neglecting the Inns of Court, turning versifier, and consummating his lunacy by the anonymous wooing of his "bright particular star," who was just then illuminating the boards of Old Drury. This is all stale enough; but the groundwork of the plot is relieved by the truly professional mode by which the youth's illusion was finally dispelled.

In "Clouds and Sunshine" we have the hackneyed theme of a poor, but of course beautiful girl, being inveigled into a false marriage with a rich rascal, who soon deserts her, she living ever after on her pride, seasoned with a little work; until the unmerited sorrows of years are healed (?) by her subsequent marriage with a well-to-do, but rather sheepish, young yeoman.

All the plots, in fact, are old; but in Christie Johnstone the *locale* of the drama gives to the story an air of freshness which the others sadly lack. She not only comes to us in a picturesque costume, and a strange provincial dialect, which adds piquancy to the *naïveté* of her conversation; but her strong native sense, combined as it is with physical labors never performed by women except in peculiar localities, and a certain degree of independence, does not appear out of character (though her penchant for Shakespeare certainly does),

the edge of her wit, doubtless, being sharpened by the exercise of her calling as a Newhaven fishwife. It is, however, in this tale that the trite idea is embodied of an ennuied lord seeking adventures among the "lower orders" as an untried source of excitement, — a thought which has afforded frequent and successful scope to the novelist's pen.

Not only have all the principal themes of these tales been well and variously handled by preceding writers; but there is much less diversity between the different tales themselves than we should expect to find, in books issued in such close succession from the same hand. Both Peg Woffington and Rose Mayfield appear in the attitude of rivals, and both emerge from that trying position most charmingly. Gatty, the lover of Christie Johnstone, is made miserable by the necessity of breaking with her, or being broken down himself, imposed upon him by the importunities of his very vulgar mother; while Alexander Oldworthy is no less pertinaciously beset by his unpoetical father, who commands him to cease from his vain adoration of Anne Oldfield.

One peculiarity of Mr. Reade is his perpetual tendency to a precipitation of *dénouements*, which has probably arisen from habits acquired in writing for the stage, where it is imperatively demanded that the parties introduced be left, at the close of each scene, in an attractive attitude before the audience. His male characters are unsatisfactory. They are all bad or weak. Lord Ipsden, the best of them, appears totally destitute of any innate force of character, and takes to benevolence and alms-giving as a specific for unrequited love. The additional spice of adventure which grows out of this curative process is to be attributed, we should think, rather to returning health and animal spirits, than to any deliberate and well-considered principle of action. Indeed, the lady of his choice had refused his hand for the very reason "that he had neither vices nor virtues, — never had done anything, nor, in her opinion, ever would do anything." She, the Lady Barbara Sinclair, had got beyond the romance of the Adonis age, and was "on the look out for iron virtues," without, it seems, having sufficiently considered whether great deeds are always to be got at, however disposed thereto a lover may be. Be

that as it may, she had "vowed to be wooed with great deeds, or never won." In the sequel, Lord Ipsden, under the impetus of the following prescription from Dr. Aberford (whose picture we suspect is meant for a portrait of the celebrated Dr. Abernethy), starts on a series of yacht adventures in the Frith of Forth. Here is the prescription: —

"Make acquaintance with all the people of low estate who have time to be bothered with you; learn their ways, their minds, and, above all, their troubles."

In pursuance of this sensible *adventure-pathic* advice, Lord Ipsden makes the acquaintance of Christie Johnstone, under the following circumstances. Having arrived at his lodgings in Newhaven, he thus appeals to his servant: —

"'Saunders! do you know what Dr. Aberford means by the lower classes?'

"'Perfectly, my Lord.'

"'Are there any about here?'

"'I am sorry to say they are everywhere, my Lord.'

"'Get me some.' — (*Cigarette.*)"

The obedient lackey presently returns with two fisherwomen, one of whom, who proves to be Christie, is described as "fair, with a massive but shapely throat, as white as milk; glossy brown hair, the loose threads of which glittered like gold, and a blue eye, which, being contrasted with dark eyebrows and lashes, took the luminous effect peculiar to that rare beauty."

Through the whole series, there appears a disposition to elevate the "lower orders" at the expense of the higher. And to this disposition, by no means limited to Mr. Reade, we enter our decided protest. Because Dickens and Jerrold have shown that virtue is extant in St. Giles, does it follow that there is none at the West End? This kind of exhibition lacks sincerity. Has Mr. Reade faith enough in his social theory to choose his own associates from the classes he so lauds? If not, have we not a right to complain that he should yield to the fashionable cant of philanthropy, which makes it necessary to pick up a heroine from the gutters, in order that she may be presentable in the existing mood of the

ever-changing public? Not that our author has descended quite so low, he having contented himself on the descending scale with a harvest-tide reaper and a Newhaven fishwife; but where persons of the different *classes* (we use the word as he uses it, in reference to English society) come in collision, the poorer and least educated are represented as the more sensible, charming, and eloquent. The educated, rich, and refined circle in which Lord Ipsden naturally moves, "talk twaddle," while a party of herring-fishermen, their wives and sweethearts, listen in rapt attention to a new version of "The Merchant of Venice," improvised by one of their number! With all due respect to Mr. Reade, we call *that* "twaddle," and, moreover, begin to suspect that his acquaintance with either the "upper" or "lower" orders of society has been very limited, if not altogether imaginary. Is such experience true to nature? If so, it is such nature as we have never seen. Virtue we have found among the poor, strong native sense too, and sometimes an unwonted delicacy of feeling; but these are rare, very rare, exceptional cases, for poverty has no natural tendency to refine the mind. Yet all these traits, if not absolutely common among the upper circles of society, are too frequent to excite attention, much less surprise. Our words may seem undemocratic, to those who have not thought much upon this peculiar tendency of modern fiction; but they are true, and as philosophical as true. The senses must be gratified to a certain extent before the mind can be opened to æsthetic pleasures or mental culture. Even morals cannot flourish below a certain degree of poverty. Hunger makes men ferocious, and the brutalization of the human race, within or without the pale of civilization, is in the exact ratio of their physical wretchedness, every change in the physical condition bearing its legitimate fruits in the corresponding condition of the mind. In this country we fortunately have no permanent class which answers to Mr. Reade's "lower orders," because here poverty and ignorance, though too frequently, are not necessarily combined, and, from the mutability of fortunes, few families retain the same position in society for more than two or three generations. Hence that stolid obtuseness of intellect found among the English

peasantry, arising from the fixed condition of themselves and their ancestors, has no counterpart among our laboring population, whose fathers may have been Generals or Governors, and whose sons may become millionnaires. But poverty in Great Britain — Mr. Reade's domain — implies ignorance, want of refinement, an hereditary coarseness of taste and manner; and however desirous we may be of divesting the *tiers état* of its normal state, words will not do it; ignorance must produce its legitimate results, — narrow minds and intractable wills.

Neither in physiological description is Mr. Reade more true to nature. Real life does not produce "lovely women with throats of snowy whiteness," who have been all their lives long exposed to the elements in a Northern climate, engaged in the rough labors of the herring-fishery, or even among those who have wrought for years with the sickle in the field.

But fashions are not confined to changes in costume, to styles of architecture, to French upholstery, dancers, or singing-women. Not only do we travel, fight, and farm differently from our ancestors, and worship God under an improved creed, but we sigh on a new scale, set philanthropy to new tunes, — and write books for every imaginable purpose but the ostensible one. There is a fashion in scribbling, as in everything else. The modern novel is a totally different thing from the old-fashioned novel. The Fielding, Radcliffe, and Scott schools are extinct, superseded by the ultra-philanthropic. The sentimentalists have been driven from the field by the promulgators of a sentiment. Modern fiction is directed to the formation of opinion, and scorns the reward of the old romancers, — the sympathy of tears. The general aim also of the latest novelists, in which Mr. Reade conspires, is to direct attention to classes, rather than to individuals; a more noble aim, if executed in a truthful spirit, but highly mischievous, if it conveys false ideas, and creates, as it then must, class prejudices. The latest edict of fashion not only prescribes this, however, but demands that the lower strata should be taken up on the united pen-points of the novel-writing brotherhood, and elevated, per force, to the level of

the upper. Would that the real process of elevation involved no more than this!

But class-adulation, under the guise of large-hearted philanthropy, is the natural product of awakened consciences, suddenly roused from a guilty apathy to a remorseful enthusiasm, which the fashionable novel not only echoes, but encourages and intensifies. It is inadmissible now, to connect wealth and learning with goodness and intelligence. The business of the modern novelist is to distort and disfigure the "upper circles," to paint them as sordid, heartless, and inane. We may no longer be permitted through the pages of romance to love and sympathize with those whom we should naturally choose for associates in real life. The virtues, if we may believe these writers, have all been precipitated, and are found only in the dregs. The novelist of to-day dives, rather than soars, in search of honor, honesty, and refinement; and that wielder of the pen will find himself *de trop*, who imagines he can palm off accomplished young ladies, and college-bred gentlemen, as fit objects of interest for this enlightened generation. Fallen women, inebriates and their victims, the guilty, the slaves of passion, the slaves of toil, and, above all, the slave *par excellence*, the slave of whips and chains, are the savory dishes which alone can satisfy the present epicurean taste for misery and groans. So far as these may have tended to the amelioration of the condition of the poor, to the rescue of the vice-degraded, and to the infusion of truer principles in regard to the great social problems of the day, we give them all praise; but we would that the incentives to such endeavors had been more generally offered in a spirit of truth, and without ministering to class-prejudices. Yet a flood of second and third rate novelists — imitators of Sue and Dickens, but without their genius — have attempted to reverse the decrees of Providence, and, not content with depicting subterranean, alley, and attic life as it is, and portraying depravity — no matter how produced — in its own repulsive colors, must needs invest it with those factitious, but agreeable endowments of superior beauty, wit, elegance, and refinement of manner, which can come only from careful culture. We object to such wholesale misrepresentation of facts, and to the

theory involved in it, believing that the innate goodness of man is developed under favorable circumstances, and not often otherwise, that vicious surroundings produce vicious characters, that physical degradation is indissolubly linked with its concomitants in the mental and moral realms, that exalted sentiments are not the invariable and natural adjuncts of unwashed faces, much less that they are monopolized by the unclean, and that, though a pure moral atmosphere may fail to produce Catos and Scipios, the reverse is still less likely to produce them.

Of all literary fictions, that of an imagined superiority in the minds and hearts of the socially degraded is the most absurd and transparent, as any one may ascertain by experimenting on living subjects. It is not only untrue, but it is practically unjust. Is it the "lower orders" who think for themselves and one another, — who devise systems of sanitary reform, — who so contrive the disposal of their children's time as to secure for them the elements of school education? No; the greatest difficulty which the benevolent wealthy among Mr. Reade's countrymen find, in carrying out reformative schemes among their home population, is the total indisposition among the lower orders to co-operate with them — if such co-operation involve any self-denial or exertion — for the sake of elevating themselves or their children in the social scale.

This theory may also be viewed in another aspect, — in its rebound. And here it has more direct application to ourselves. Class-adulation, when forced beyond the limits which actual contact and experience will justify, is the natural foundation for class-antipathy, — a difficult thing to manage anywhere, and especially perilous to a republic. People resent imposition in all shapes not of their own choosing; and that class-sympathy which grows into being under the stimulus of fictitious pictures of goodness and intelligence, where every law of morals and of social life bars its existence, will speedily melt away under the harsher but more truthful teachings of a real experience, hardening the heart of the amateur philanthropist in proportion as he finds he has been deceived. In illustration, have we not seen the growth of a new political party based on this latent antagonism to falsehood, — the obvious

reaction of a fulsome adulation of certain classes from which truth and good taste equally recoiled, awakening a dormant, but intense antipathy, and setting in motion extensive organizations which distinctly cultivate class-prejudices? All untruths sooner or later return to plague their inventors, and fiction itself, if not required precisely to teach truth, should at least indicate where it lies. It may be permitted to adorn truth, but never to distort or disfigure it.

We suspect there is a strong element of gratitude in Mr. Reade's character, which has led him to lay out his main strength in the illustration of that profession — the stage — by which he first became known to the literary world. In the persons of Peg Woffington and Anne Oldfield, he has given us two of the best sketches his pen has produced. Peg, from a little "orange-girl," selling fruit between the acts to the frequenters of the pit, rises, through force of merit and perseverance, to the glory of a star of the second magnitude. Her peculiar gift seems to be that of outwitting not only her enemies, but, by way of amusement, her friends also. She is not only an actress off the stage, as well as on; she is represented as a woman of an exceedingly benevolent disposition, and not without some aspirations for a better life than that to which her profession almost condemns her. Her taste for private theatricals is eventually turned to good account, by her voluntarily enacting a little by-plot, through which she restores a deserted wife to the affections of her husband, and rids herself of a perjured suitor.

In a similar spirit our author represents Anne Oldfield as consenting, at the request of one Nathan Oldworthy, to act a part in her own house, by which she should disenchant his son Alexander, who, instead of giving his days and nights to Blackstone, spends his nights at Drury Lane, in the distant worship of the tragedian, and his days in writing sonnets to her praise. We confess the story would have been more effective had Mr. Reade selected a fictitious character, instead of one whose amours have been the theme of Betterton's historic pen. But the skill with which she administers the antidote, and the very possible adoption of such a plan by an actress, give a zest to the scene, which, did our space permit,

would well bear transcribing. Alexander, who had seen his goddess only on the stage, had invested her in his imagination with all the exalted attributes of tragic heroines, and with that beauty of face and form which stage-lights and careful costuming had been able to give her in his bewildered eyes. Having at last been admitted to the desired interview, in which, unknown to him, the actress had promised his father to "cure him," he thus awaits the auspicious moment: —

"Alexander was left alone, to all appearance; in reality, he was in a crowd, — a crowd of 'thick-coming fancies.' He was to breathe the same air as she, to be by her side, whom the world adored at a distance; he was to see her burst on him like the sun, and to feel more strongly than ever how far his verse fell short of the goddess who inspired it; he half wished to retreat from his too great happiness."

Instead of the splendid phenomenon, however, which he anticipated, Mrs. Oldfield enters disguised as a vulgar old woman; and so perfect is her impersonation of the character, that Alexander's "rainbow vision" is completely shattered. His pride is mortified; he is heart-sick with disappointment; "she had made him ten years older, than when, ten minutes before, he entered the room, all faith and poetry, and hope and love."

Triplet, "Painter, Actor, and Dramatist," as his cards proclaim him, is one of the most amusing and natural characters in the whole series, — a *médiocre* versifier and artist, who mistakes himself for a genius, and starves accordingly, until his good angel, Peg Woffington, becomes his patron and benefactor. And, by the way, it is worthy of remark, that, although Mr. Reade sets out with the proposition, that "all young ladies' minds are but the mirrors of some masculine mind," he has done all that he could to controvert himself through his characters, his women invariably proving more capable, thoughtful, courageous, reasonable, and witty, as well as more moral, which perhaps was to be expected, than his men. Even poor Mrs. Triplet, the attenuated victim of her husband's mania for writing plays (which of course are never "brought out"), though confined to a third floor in Lambeth Street, shows a better knowledge of the world than does Triplet, who mingles daily with the people whose natures and habits he never learns.

Triplet is a type, not only of mediocre literati in general, living on ill-founded expectations and vanity, while their families waste away with the sickness of hope deferred; but also of that numerous tribe of persons, who, because they have some little talent for invention, or have been unfortunate enough to light upon a "discovery" without possessing the necessary tact to interest capitalists in their *eureka*, never receive even the encouragement and remuneration they merit, much less that unbounded success to which their vanity points. It must have fallen to the lot of most persons to have seen some poor wretch, like this Triplet, wasting his days on pictures that never sell, on books that are never printed, or on inventions whose only active application is to drain to utter exhaustion the resources of the inventor, whose pride, suggesting that he who is capable of such flights of genius is quite too *recherché* a spirit to be occupied in the drudgery of remunerative labor (which despised labor commonly is), continues to weary the ear of friendship with imaginary successes which never come, while his own life is made miserable with care and disappointment. The great error of this large fraternity in suffering is their obstinate refusal to turn, even temporarily, from their idols, for the purpose of acquiring in the more reliable pursuits of life sufficient means to be able to gratify themselves and to astound the world by the enlargement of their several fancies from the bondage of poverty and obscurity.

From the evident pleasure which the author takes in Triplet, we suspect him to be a study from real life. How he dilates on the feelings which animate the poor playwright when he contrives his ingenious plan for inducing the manager, Christopher Rich of Drury Lane, to read his three tragedies "with the least possible loss of time"! He proposes to arrange this important matter for his anticipated critic, first, by marking on the margin the most brilliant passages; and then, in the exuberance of his hope, and the grotesqueness of his nature, drawing the personages of his plots in their principal dramatic situations, each with a scroll issuing from his mouth containing the heroic verses which are to electrify the pit; and finally suggesting, "that, breakfast being a quiet meal," the

said tragedies might be examined "without disturbing the avocations of the day, by laying them at a convenient position on the table with the sugar-basin on the manuscript to keep it down"! As might be anticipated, no such weight was required; they sank under the inexorable law which precipitates bodies in the ratio of their density. Triplet has many counterparts.

When Mr. Reade seeks only to amuse, he succeeds admirably; his misfortune is, that he defends his favorite theories through his weakest characters. His champion of the Present is not a hero on principle, but is forced into adventure through the complaints of his mistress and the orders of his physician; takes up the offensive against the Past, only through the spur of jealousy; and fails even then to defeat his rival by force of argument, but rises to favor only on that gentleman's downfall through an act of arrant cowardice. The assailant of Carlyle should have been made of sterner stuff than Lord Ipsden.

So, too, the defender of truth in art, the artist Gatty, is weak and maudlin, — a man with whom it is impossible to sympathize; who talks well of pictures and of the new era in painting, which he is to introduce, but behaves like a poltroon to the unsuspicious and noble-hearted Christie, whom he secures at last for a wife, not through any effort of his own, but by a favorable concatenation of circumstances, the last of which is his rescue from drowning by Christie herself. Here is Gatty's portrait: —

"He had been so harassed backwards and forwards, that to him certainty was relief; *it was a great matter to be no longer called upon to decide.* His mother had said, 'Part,' and now Christie had said, 'Part': at least the affair was taken out of his hands, and his first feeling was a heavenly calm. [!] In this state he continued for about a mile, and he spoke to his mother about his Art, sole object now; but after the first mile he became silent, distrait; Christie's pale face, her mortified air when her generous offer was coldly repulsed, filled him with remorse; finally, unable to bear it, yet not daring to speak, he broke suddenly from his mother, without a word, and ran wildly back to Newhaven; he looked back only once, and there stood his mother, pale, with her hands piteously lifted towards heaven. By the time he got to Newhaven he was as sorry for her as for Christie." Not quite, it seems, for

"he ran to the house of the latter. Flucker and Jean told him she was on the beach. He ran to the beach, where he presently saw her at the edge of the boats, in company with a gentleman in a boating dress. . . . . Gatty turned faint, sick; for a moment everything swam before his eyes."

It is commonly supposed, and we believe correctly, that the social standing of a speaker, his mental calibre, his power of exciting personal sympathy, his known honor, integrity, and moral courage, all weigh in the balance against an adversary. What a pity that Mr. Reade should make such a rueful, pusillanimous wight as Gatty his spokesman in behalf of Truth and Nature!

In judging an author, we naturally fall back upon the impressions he has produced upon ourselves, and ask: Has he opened to us any new scenes in nature, brought us in contact with new orders of mind, touched the fountains of feeling, widened our charity, re-armed us for conflict with error, corrected our opinions, softened the heart, lifted the veil of Providence, inspired us with unwonted elevation of sentiment, encouraged our best aspirations, — has he done all, or any, of these things? We are sorry to be obliged to answer, that, in regard to the most important of these objects, Mr. Reade utterly fails. There is little to improve either the mind, heart, or even style, in the books, the titles of which head this article. His best recommendation is, that he is amusing, and has introduced us, in "Christie Johnstone," to scenes not yet hackneyed in novel literature. So far as we can ascertain, without forcing a conclusion, both "Peg Woffington" and "Art" have but one purpose, — to prove the fact, which no person of common sense could ever have doubted, that no profession, not even the stage, can totally obliterate all feminine feeling; in other words, that nature is stronger than the trammels of circumstance. Of the avowed purpose of "Christie Johnstone" we have spoken elsewhere; and as for "Clouds and Sunshine," Heaven and the author alone can tell why it was ever written.

It will be observed that Mr. Reade's principal characters are, in the end, drawn away from the vanities which have been the subject of his narrative, and are finally led to the adoption of a religious life. Now, whatever Mr. Reade hopes

or intends by thus affixing an adjunct of virtuous old age to his somewhat slippery subjects, — running, as it were, his several trains, after many delays at way-stations, to a religious terminus, — he will fail, for this reason: the permanent influence of a story is not found in the interjectional sentiments of the author, nor in the formal moral tacked to the end, as in the fables in antique school-books, but in the subject-matter of the book, in the life and actions of its heroes and heroines,— in the general drift and tone, rather than in the occasional, brief, and evidently forced expressions of opinion by the author. Peg Woffington may teach the world that a profession which submerges the virtues of a weak character cannot wholly quench the good instincts of a strong one; but she will never lead devotees to the shrine she finally reached herself,— the feet of John Wesley! Christie Johnstone may, in the last half-page of her history, induce her husband and children to revere the written revelation; but she will live in the reader's memory only as the shrewd, and not over-honest fishwife, and the daring woman, — the Grace Darling of fictitious history, — never as a preceptress of religious truth.

Since 1852, Mr. Reade has sent forth three volumes, embracing four tales, which argues a certain kind of popularity, but possibly indicates only that spasmodic species of success which sometimes overtakes a writer, to the equal astonishment of himself and his publishers. That the works we have discussed will not attain to any lasting distinction may safely be predicted, for the simple reason that there is neither any phase of character portrayed, nor sentiment, opinion, or principle enunciated, which has not been more happily accomplished by greater word-artists. Now, instead of issuing three books in three years, why will not Mr. Reade try to build up a permanent fame by putting the labor of three years into one book? Instead of giving us the mere outlines of human figures, why will he not present us with the finished fulness of corporeal frames, and the symmetrical structure of complete human lives,— complete so far as the illustration of peculiarities of character requires? And instead of the episodical pictures which we have here, the impressions of which will be found commensurately fleeting, why will he not depict a connected

series of events, culminating to some worthy purpose, and sufficiently continuous to remain ever after part of the mind's furniture, to which the memory shall instinctively revert in its search of figures to exemplify the lessons it would illustrate? If Mr. Reade writes for fame, he will yet do something like this; but if writing is with him merely a profession, a means of living, he will of course continue to consult the market, and turn off his wares as rapidly as possible, before he and they become unfashionable.

Art. V.—1. *An Account of the Life, Opinions, and Writings of* John Milton. *With an Introduction to Paradise Lost.* By Thomas Keightley. London: Chapman and Hall. 1855. 8vo. pp. 484.

2. Milton. *A Sheaf of Gleanings after his Biographers and Annotators.* By Joseph Hunter. London: John Russell Smith. 1850. 12mo. pp. 72.

3. *The Poetical Works of* John Milton, *with a Life by* Rev. John Mitford. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1854. 3 vols.

It is for no lack of prejudice and caprice in commentators, controversialists, and unfledged philologians, that the works of many of our older writers have not been frittered away as to their original strength and purity, and nothing left but a few fragments, which, rescued from the accumulating slime by curious hands, might afford some idea of the primitive formation. Yet, thanks to the enduring offspring of the press, we can in most cases, in English literature, turn from the deposit left by the retreating tide of each generation, to the original rock, which, thrown up on its own shore, no succeeding waves have reached. To those who with venerating care and love seek to protect this rock from sacrilegious hands, to point out the rich veins or the concealed gems, we cannot be too grateful; and when amongst the increasing drift they seek to preserve whatever of value may have been washed up by the sea of letters, and the results are clearly placed before us for

our instruction and profit, we can hardly over-estimate the cost at which we receive the benefit.

Those of the great dramatist alone excepted, Milton's writings have been the object of more conjecture, praise, and detraction, of more worthless and more elegant criticism, than those of any other English poet. He lived and moved in an age when in England no expressed thought passed unquestioned, — when there was a grand upheaving of old modes of faith and of action. He mingled fiercely, and as a literary champion, in the controversies of the times, and it is to this fact, aside from the beauty of his lighter verse or the bold flight of his epic Muse, that we must look, when we seek to account for the swarms of writers, who, with good or evil intent, have followed in the train of his original mind.

For his contemporary commentators, it was difficult to look impartially at any of the productions of Milton, no matter how free from political taint. He was one in whose vigorous pen they had exulted, or whose well-sustained assaults had filled them with rage. Even so late as when Johnson wrote his "Lives of the Poets," the old fire was still burning, and his Toryism was impregnated with the true bitterness of the Cavalier, with so little change, in a country like England, is political feeling transmitted with estates and customs. The views which prompted the great moralist to clutch at straws and poorly executed forgeries to slur Milton's fame, and which produced that life and critique which even Johnson's latest editor * acknowledges to be prejudiced and unfair, — although he mildly thinks the fault lies more in the manner than the matter, — we can but think, were very much the same that a century before produced Winstanley's sketch. That dizzard of a critic devotes three or four pages of his small octavo, "The Lives of the Poets," to the royalist John Cleveland, who might now almost rank with Mr. Lowell's *very* dead bards, while he kindly informs us that "John Milton was one whose natural parts might deservedly give him a place amongst the principal of our English Poets, having written two Heroick Poems and a Tragedy; namely, Paradice Lost,

* Cunningham.

Paradice Regain'd, and Sampson Agonistes. But his Fame is gone out like a Candle in a snuff, and his memory will always stink, which might have ever lived in honorable repute, had not he been a notorious Traytor, and most impiously and villanously bely'd that blessed Martyr King Charles the First."

But Johnson's attack was not unattended with good; for during the next twenty years the press teemed with editions of Milton, some of a most beautiful execution. New defenders and commentators sprang up, Hayley and Warton, Lofft, Dunster, Pearce, Symmons, and a host of others; some as violent on the one side as Johnson had been on the other. Greatest of all *in bulk* arose Todd, who with a shark's maw devoured all that came in his way, and, notwithstanding the many hard things said of him as an editor, his labors have been the staff upon which all later commentators have been more or less glad to lean. For the last fifty years, Todd for the poetical, and Symmons for the prose works, have been the Miltonic Encyclopædia, and as to the former, especially, it will probably be long ere any one will seek to displace his from its rank as the *variorum* edition. But this has been the age of reviewers and essayists, and articles on Milton in the English and American periodicals, many of them rich in merit, have been very numerous. Brydges, Mitford, Macaulay, Hallam, and other names of note, have appeared in the field, to say nothing of German, French, and American writers, and to the list we now have to add, with no little pleasure, that of Thomas Keightley, the work bearing whose name stands at the head of this article.

To pick the way amongst the *débris* of more than two hundred years, to know when to accept and when to reject, to weigh nicely so many clashing opinions and judgments, is no trifling task; but Mr. Keightley has performed the labor with equal skill and penetration. To set forth some of the authorities that have been consulted, and to furnish an idea of the estimation in which they are held, we give the following extract from one of the "Notes."

"Milton's own Latin poems supply a few incidents of his life; and in his Apology for Smectymnuus and his Defensio Secunda he has

furnished us with several interesting circumstances of his early life and his travels on the Continent. From his Latin letters, also, a few particulars may be gleaned.

"John Aubrey, the celebrated antiquary, who was personally acquainted with Milton, left in manuscript several circumstances relating to the biography of the poet. These furnished materials to Wood for his account of Milton in the Athenæ Oxonienses, and they have been published in the present century.

"Edward Phillips, the poet's youngest nephew, when publishing a translation of his uncle's Latin Epistles in 1694, prefixed to it an account of his life. This, though more brief than were to be desired, is extremely interesting, and is valuable as being the work of one so intimately connected with its subject. But we must recollect that it was probably written from memory only, more than twenty years after the death of the poet, and nearly half a century from the time that Phillips had been residing in his house. It may, therefore, not be free from error.

"In 1698, four years after Phillips, John Toland, the well-known deistic writer, prefixed a Life to the folio edition of Milton's prose works. It is written in a grave and manly tone, and furnishes some additional particulars. . . . . .

"In 1725 Elijah Fenton prefixed an elegant sketch of Milton's Life to an edition of his poems; but it contained nothing that was not previously known.

"Jonathan Richardson, the painter, published in 1734, — in conjunction with his son, who possessed the learning in which he was himself deficient, — Notes on Milton, to which he prefixed a Life, containing a few particulars not to be found in those of Toland or Phillips, and which he had obtained from Pope, or from the poet's granddaughter.

"The learned and laborious Dr. Thomas Birch edited in 1738 a new edition of the prose works; and in the Life which he prefixed to it, his researches enabled him to add several interesting particulars. He was the first to direct attention to what is called the Cambridge Manuscript of Comus and some of the other poems.

"Newton's edition of Milton's Paradise Lost appeared first in 1749. The Life is tamely but impartially written, and contains hardly any additional matter.

"The Life of Milton has since been written by the vigorous but strongly prejudiced Johnson, the tame and super-elegant Hayley, the dry and ponderous Todd,* the impetuous and violent Symmons, the

* "We trust we shall be excused, when we say that, in our opinion, Todd's Life of Milton is the very *beau idéal* of bad biography."

just, moderate, and elegant Mitford, and others; but of necessity they could add little to the previous stock. Thomas Warton had, however, in the second edition of the Minor Poems, in 1791, brought to light, from the archives of Doctors' Commons, Milton's Nuncupative Will, and the Depositions connected with it, which furnish some very interesting particulars respecting the domestic life of the poet in his latter years. Early in the present century Mr. Lemon discovered in the State Paper Office various documents relating to the Powell family, and also made extracts from the Orders of Council during the time of Milton's secretaryship, all of which appeared for the first time in 1809, in Todd's second edition of the Poetical Works. Finally, in 1823, the researches of Mr. Lemon brought to light the long-lost De Doctrina Christiana, and some documents connected with it, which will be found in the Bishop of Winchester's Preliminary Observations, and in the later editions of Todd's Milton. Additional particulars relating to Milton and his family have been discovered by Mr. Hunter, and published by him in his tract entitled 'Milton.'

"For our account of Milton's family and friends we have been chiefly indebted to Warton in his edition of the Minor Poems, and to Godwin's Lives of Edward and John Phillips." — pp. 114–116.

The Life by Mitford above referred to is prefixed to the beautiful edition of Milton's Complete Works published by Pickering in eight octavo volumes, books which it is a luxury even to look into, and which every lover of Milton, or even of a beautiful book, should endeavor to possess. It is, besides, the only complete uniform edition of the Prose and Poetical Works that has been published. A briefer sketch by Mitford, copied from Pickering's so-called Aldine edition, is to be found in the excellent Boston edition of the poets now in the course of publication by Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co., whose liberality and enterprise deserve the thanks of the whole community.

We must admit that, after reading the Preface to Mr. Keightley's volume, we expected to lay it aside with but little more than a glance of curiosity; for with much that it was well to mention, he has mingled passages that it would have been far better to omit. It is to be expected of writers of "forty thousand copies sold in a week," that they should chant their own praises, and we believe it is common in this country for persons ambitious of fame to insert their memoirs, with a

photographic portrait attached, in works which find a fit resting-place on the tables of steamboat-saloons. But there is a want of dignity in a scholar's making an idol of himself for his own worship. He thus lays himself open to a suspicion of vanity, and to unkind censure and ridicule, while he should consent to have his merits, his learning, and his industry judged by their fruits alone. Mr. Keightley had previously given us a remarkable Preface, that prefixed to his Fairy Mythology, published in Bohn's series, which perhaps borrows its peculiarities from the nature of the work. There he truly says, that, like a prologue to a play, a preface to a book is often "an agreeable, but by no means necessary precursor." That some portions of this under consideration have not the "agreeable" quality, the following passages may indicate.

"I cannot, it is true, say that I regret having written the Mythology of Greece and Italy, for it has procured me consideration abroad, and, alien as the subject is from the usual turn of the English mind, it seems to have taken a place in our literature. But though I may have best elucidated the rural poetry of Virgil, and though I look back with pleasure to an excursion to Mantua to ascertain the scenery of the Bucolics, and to other circumstances connected with the Classics, yet I *do* most sincerely regret the time I devoted to them; for it was an act of the merest folly in one unconnected with Schools and Universities, more especially in me, whose views of what is of real importance in the languages and works of the ancients differ so much from those which generally prevail in our seats of learning. From these works I have derived no advantage whatever, and I have not even had the satisfaction of knowing in what estimation they are held, as those who read such books rarely give public expression to their opinions. Had I devoted that time and labor to modern literature, the result might have been widely different. The present volume may perhaps decide the question." — p. vii.

"The reader of Milton should be acquainted with the state of public affairs in his time. I will here follow a rather unusual course, and boldly recommend my own History of England. I do so both on account of its conciseness, and because I believe it to be the only one that can lay any just claim to impartiality." — p. ix.

"As in writing this volume I have been actuated solely by a regard for truth, and reverence for the fame of Milton, — years and their at-

tendant evils having nearly quenched my love of fame, — and as I live in seclusion, with little society beyond that of my own family, I may perhaps say, without presumption, that I am almost indifferent to criticism; praise cannot elate, or censure depress me. To the public expression of either, especially the latter, my ear is little used, and I have long been accustomed to be content with the silent approbation of my own mind. Conscious, then, of having exerted myself to the utmost of my powers to do justice to my subject, justice is all I ask of any, while to the friendly critic I would say, —

'Approve it only, — 't is too late to praise.'

— pp. x., xi.

We trust, nevertheless, it is not too late to praise, for we cannot do otherwise, and this is not the first time that the author has finally closed his literary career. But Mr. Keightley may think he can afford to permit his readers to find fault or make sport with his prefaces, without detriment to the instruction and pleasure which they prelude; and if in them he manifests a morbid feeling when speaking of himself, it must be allowed as a venial offence when we know that he is a victim to illness and pecuniary misfortune. We are pleased to find that this unhealthy tone does not extend into the volume, in which the subject is handled in a clear, independent, and vigorous style, and the materials are arranged in a manner that commands our admiration.

The first Part — nearly one third — of the book is devoted to everything that is known relating to Milton's life, his family and friends; the second Part discusses his opinions; the third gives an account of his works in prose and poetry, with the exception of the "Paradise Lost," and the volume closes with an Introduction to that poem.

A new Life of Milton, which should be full and complete, including all that research has brought to light, has been much needed, — a Life which should be continuous, so as not to perplex the reader with notes and digressions that leave him in doubt where to resume the thread of the narrative. This we now have, written, with a few exceptions, in a pleasing style, and it may be read with a "new sensation" by even those who have become weary of the innumerable biographies of the poet. We are not at this late day to look for anything new in the facts of Milton's life, although Mr. Keightley en-

deavors to elucidate some few points which have escaped the notice of former biographers, as in his attempt to assign the time of the year when Milton visited the different cities of Italy. The following account of the closing days of Milton is a well-conceived picture.

"Thus calmly, thus gently, quietly, and unostentatiously, glided away the closing days in the life of a man who possessed a secret consciousness that he had well performed the part assigned him on earth; had well employed the talents committed to him; had achieved a name among the most illustrious of the sons of men, which was to last perhaps coevally with the world itself. All these cheering thoughts and anticipations were illumed and gilded by the light that beamed on his inward sense from the future world, in which he was to enjoy the fulness of bliss. Surely such a man could not have been unhappy, however narrow his circumstances, however undutiful his children, however disappointed his religious and political aspirations. Nor should be omitted, in enumerating the blessings bestowed on this illustrious man, his total exemption at all periods of his life from the miseries of a dependence on and solicitation of courts and ministers and the worldly great, — miseries described by his great poetic sire, from bitter experience, so truly, so vividly, and so feelingly: —

'Full little knowest thou, that hast not tried,
What hell it is in suing long to bide.'"

— pp. 72, 73.

In the following passage relating to the Paradise Lost, an opinion is expressed which may in one sense be true, but which in its entire meaning we must doubt. The Italics are our own.

"The first edition of fifteen hundred copies sold fast enough to entitle the author to his second £5 at the end of two years; and when we consider the state of the times, the ill odor which the name of the author must have been in with the greater part of the aristocracy, the clergy, and the classes in general who were the chief purchasers of books, and other circumstances, we cannot regard the sale as a bad one. We should recollect the slow sale of the poems of Wordsworth and Southey in our own days. As to the assertion of the poem being above the age in which it appeared, we cannot regard it as correct; the knowledge of the Scriptures, the classics, and the Italian poets, *was probably greater at that time than it is at the present day;* and this is the knowledge requisite for understanding the Paradise Lost." — p. 67.

We hardly know what is here meant by the term "greater"; but if Mr. Keightley intends to say, as we presume he does, that learning was more confined to the study of the Scriptures, the Italian poets, and the classics, and consequently that the general knowledge of them by every educated man was greater than it is to-day, — in short, that the scholar knew more of what there was to be known than can be expected of the scholar of our own time, —we may agree with him. But to say that in any other sense the knowledge of that day was greater than it is with us, is erroneous; for he himself tells us in his Preface, that it is neither a merit nor a boast that his scientific knowledge should be more extensive and correct than Milton's, coming into the world as he did nearly two centuries later. Although it is true that great attention was given to the Latin authors and to Latin composition in Milton's age, and though there were many men of vast erudition, yet Hallam writes: "Greek, however, seems not much to have flourished even immediately after the Restoration. Barrow, who was chosen Greek Professor in 1660 [the Paradise Lost was published in 1667], complains that no one attended his lectures. 'I sit like an Attic owl,' he says, 'driven out from the society of all other birds.'" * For more than a century, Italy had been the leader and teacher in the advancement of knowledge, yet the interpreters, so to speak, had been few; and even if fifty years ago, as we have been told, there were more persons in England acquainted with the Indian tongues than with the Italian, yet the increasing taste for the modern languages makes us receive Mr. Keightley's assertion with hesitation, even in regard to the Italian poets. In England, and certainly in New England, the knowledge of the Scriptures necessary for the understanding of the Paradise Lost as a grand and beautiful poem is by no means wanting, and as to systematic theology, the knowledge is without doubt greater than when it was written, albeit the pedantic theologians of that day knew

> "What Adam thought of, when his bride
> Came from her closet in his side."

In every branch of learning, as in the mechanic arts, there is a

* Literary History of Europe, Vol. III. p. 249. See also same volume, p. 606.

necessity for the division of labor, and the accuracy of knowledge thus acquired has been especially shown in every new exegesis both of the Scriptures and of the classics. Aided by the working of this principle, even the casual readers of to-day, we think, would not suffer in a comparison with their ancestors as to "the knowledge requisite," although their knowledge would exhibit itself in a different form.

In the closing narrative of the Life proper, there are some reflections which we think must strike all favorably, and we fancy that the copious and slovenly edited diary of Moore was not out of the mind of the writer when he alludes to some of the biographies of modern times.

"In what precedes, we have endeavored to arrange and narrate all the circumstances relating to the life, manners, pursuits, and occupations of the ever-illustrious John Milton. Scanty as they may appear to be, they are, in reality, more copious than those which have reached us of any other distinguished man anterior to the eighteenth century. Thus, what do we *know* of the lives of Dante, of Shakespeare, of Spenser? Almost nothing. Of Torquato Tasso and a few others we know somewhat more, yet still comparatively little. And perhaps — though we are far from asserting it of Milton — it is better for the fame of great writers, that their history should be involved in a kind of mythic envelope, and that thus, like superior beings, they should be known to the after-world only by the products of their creative genius. We say this, knowing no human being to be exempt from imperfection, and judging by the effects of some of the copious biographies of modern times." — pp. 77, 78.

Part Second is devoted to the consideration of Milton's opinions on Religion, Inspiration, Philosophy, Toleration, Government, and Education, concluding with some observations upon his Learning. In the chapter on Religion, we have a short review of what was known of Milton's theology from his writings, previously to the discovery of the Treatise on Christian Doctrine. This treatise is then fully analyzed, and the author gives us, "to supply the deficiency of Milton's work," a brief essay upon what should be the true foundation for the evidences of Christianity, — a treatise not wholly unacceptable as presenting the writer's own views, but utterly worthless for its alleged purpose. No writer can approach

theological ground without finding an adversary for every word he utters, and we are confident that this portion of Mr. Keightley's work, at least, will not go unchallenged. We refer particularly to this portion of the work at the present time, as the recent publication of Brewster's enlarged "Life of Newton", has given more information upon his religious views than was previously open to the public. Milton and Newton have been placed in the front rank by the advocates of a certain form of Christian belief, as foremost among their greatest minds; and the new "Life of Newton" will doubtless suggest to many the renewal of their acquaintance with the opinions of him whose Paradise Lost has "tinged the faith of the English world." But let all such persons bear in mind the words of Dr. Channing, in his admirable Essay on Milton: "We owe it to truth to say, that we put little trust in these fashionable proofs. The chief use of great names in religious controversy is to neutralize one another, that the unawed and unfettered mind may think and judge with a due self-reverence, and with a solemn sense of accountableness to God alone."

For his age, Milton was certainly not intolerant; his Muse was bound by no conventional chain, and in religion, although he opposed the Established Church as a dangerous political engine, he considered no Protestant as a heretic, saying, "It is a human frailty to err, and no man is infallible here on earth." Popery he would have suppressed, as a system of idolatry, aside from its usurpations in matters of church and state. Mr. Keightley seems inclined to think that Milton's conclusions were not far from right, reasoning himself from different premises; but adds a view which, if it were more generally disseminated in this country, might put an end to much of that feeling now so rife, and which to-day savors too strongly of intolerance and bigotry. Speaking of the Church of Rome, he says:—

"But her impotence is our security; the spirit of the age is against her, and she struggles, and ever will struggle, in vain, to recover her former power. The educated classes are everywhere opposed to her pretensions, and therefore she may with safety be tolerated. She will also always have votaries and make proselytes, for weak, trifling minds

will be caught with her gaudy, theatric ceremonies; the feeble worshippers of antiquity and authority will submit to her pretensions." — p. 224.

Our author's illustrations of Milton's writings are marked by good sense and discrimination; his reasons for differing from other commentators are fully stated, and many of his strictures upon their peculiar views are clever, and, as we think, entirely just. As to the prose works we have an abstract of the most striking parts, with frequent quotations. To the student of history, Milton's political tracts possess a sterling value, furnish ample material for thought and curious information, and, full as they are of the fire of no vulgar enthusiasm, illustrate a stormy page in England's struggle for self-government; while the Areopagitica, that "noble treatise," should be read by every man who glories in or is striving for the freedom of opinion and expression. The spirit with which Mr. Keightley approaches the difficult subject of Milton's poetical works, — difficult from the fosse of criticism that surrounds them, — may be best understood from his own words.

"In treating of Milton's poetry, we will not venture, in imitation of Johnson and others, to erect ourselves into critics, and sit in judgment on it, pronouncing authoritatively on the merits and demerits of the pieces that come under consideration. For this purpose, a mind nearly equal to the poet's own would be required; and few, we apprehend, can lay claim with justice to a possession of such eminence. For our own part, we frankly declare that, conscious of our immense inferiority to the poet in mental power, we would not presume to sit in judgment on what bears the stamp of his own approval; for it should always be remembered that these poems were not — as is but too much the case now-a-days — given to the world immediately after they had been composed, but were, for the most part, retained in the poet's desk for many years, and were not published till the time when his judgment was in its full maturity and vigor. In our eyes they are, we may say, all beauty and perfection, bating that compliance with the false taste of the age to be discerned in some of the earlier pieces, but from which he speedily emancipated himself. The other apparent faults all vanish when we obey that primary but too often neglected law of criticism, of placing ourselves, as far as possible, in the position of the poet, and bring to our mind the opinions that prevailed, and the meaning that words bore, in his time. All then that we propose to do is to offer such illus-

trations of the various pieces as will enable the reader to enter into their meaning, and enjoy their manifold beauties." — pp. 249, 250.

This is the true catholic spirit in which our old writers should be approached, far removed from that too prevalent feeling which, exalting the critic into the observer's chair, and reversing the telescope, — to use a familiar figure, — exhibits all nature and art in miniature, or which, even when the glory of a planet is revealed by the usual modes of observation, dwells upon the magnified spots alone, forgetting the luminous whole of which they are but a fraction, and whose brightness they render more vivid by contrast.

During the winter of the last year, the inhabitants of several of the Atlantic cities and towns were invited to be present at an autopsy of Milton; and although the knife was applied according to certain dicta of the schools varied by some very original cuts of the practitioner, the pupils could not but doubt the skill and ability of the operator for the labor he had undertaken. The difficulty seemed to be, that the subject was too large for him to obtain a comprehensive view of it from his stand-point, and the *disjecta membra* of the Paradise Lost were treated as though, strangers to one another, they had been brought into the theatre from a dozen different hospitals.* The anatomy of common minds differs from that of intellectual giants to so great a degree, that, in approaching the latter, a rigid adherence to fixed critical laws must be waived; somewhat of inspiration must be borrowed from the genius opened to our view; and if even then we fall far short of complete success in our demonstration, we shall at least avoid the abyss of absurdity, on the borders of which so many tyros hover.

Our author, in this part of his work, indulges in several digressions suggested by the topics under consideration. He differs from those conservatives who think that a severe adherence to the earliest printed text, where the manuscript is not procurable, is the surest mode of approaching purity, and that for one true point or rendering of modern correctors we

* Milton's Paradise Lost not a Work of Art. A Series of Lectures, by Charles H. Goddard, of Cincinnati. Delivered in Boston, February, 1855. Reported in the Boston Courier.

have two blunders. But it is with no spoiler's hand that this delicate question is touched.

"We cannot refrain from making a digression here on the state of our typography in former times. We have seen that Milton was utterly careless about punctuation, and that even a most important word could be omitted in one of his poems, without himself or his friend who read the proof-sheets becoming aware of it; and yet we are called upon to receive as almost immaculate the first folio of Shakespeare's plays, printed after the death of the author, and edited by men who probably had never before in their lives corrected proof-sheets! In fact, it is almost wonderful, all things considered, that we should have these divine dramas in so perfect a state as they are, and infinite is our obligation to Hemming and Condell; but still we must acknowledge that, as compared with the works of Spenser, Ben Jonson, and some others, they contain numerous errors, caused most probably by the ill-written manuscript that was placed in the printers' hands,* and the absence of the author's own supervision.

"A compositor in a printing-office is to be regarded as a copyist. Speaking then from our own experience, in copying passages for this work, we would say that the errors he would be likely to commit, and which nothing but the eye of the author might be able to detect, — and that not always, — are omission, addition, transposition, substitution." — pp. 297, 298.

In speaking of the complaints made of a want of harmony in Milton's verse and in that of other poets, the author rightly considers them to have their origin not in the verse, but in the reader, and adds a note which we give below, as we have seen the authority referred to quoted as an excuse by those who have been wanting in the requisite skill. There is nothing more grateful to an ignoramus than to find some screen for his insensibility or stupidity in the example of noted men. Carefully separating in them the wheat from the chaff, he detects in the latter a striking resemblance to his own peculiarities, fancying in the fulness of his conceit the blemish to be but the index of hidden worth.

"Moore (Diary, April 14, 1819) tells us that himself and Lord Lansdowne found Chaucer 'unreadable.' The reason was, they did not know how to read him." — p. 327.

* "Compositors have to work against time: it is therefore little less than positive dishonesty to send illegible manuscript to the printers."

The following is pertinent to the same subject: —

"The verse of Paradise Lost — we might indeed say, our blank verse in general — does not seem to be as yet generally understood. It is really painful to read Johnson's essay on the subject, and to see him signalizing some of the most melodious lines of the poem as wanting in the very quality which most distinguishes them. But Johnson had no ear whatever for the variety of poetic melody, he could only discern and enjoy mechanic forms; the heroic verse, in which the accent falls regularly on every alternate syllable, he regarded as perfect, what varied from that standard as faulty, imperfect, and inharmonious. In fact, he reminds one of the decision of the ass, in the Italian poet's ingenious apologue, when chosen to decide whether the palm for musical skill should be given to the nightingale or the cuckoo. 'It may be, Madam Nightingale,' said the donkey to the former, 'that your song has more trills and turns in it than that of the cuckoo, but the cuckoo's has more method.'" — p. 440.

The Introduction to the Paradise Lost, from which this last quotation is taken, exhibits the research, acumen, and learning of the writer. There is a digression upon the subject of Dante's Inferno, in which Mr. Keightley takes strong ground in support of his theory regarding the concealed object of that poem, suggested by his dissent from Hallam and Macaulay as to the parallelism they attempt to trace between Dante and Milton. We shall close our extracts by one of our author's quotations, with his introductory remarks.

"One quotation, however, we will make, because it is one which must be inaccessible to most readers, and because it is the opinion of a man who was a true poet himself, — we mean Esaias Tegnér, bishop of Vexiö, in Sweden, and author of the Frithiofs Saga, perhaps the most beautiful poem of the nineteenth century. In his panegyric on Count Oxenstjerna, when he comes to speak of that nobleman's translation of Paradise Lost, he thus expresses himself respecting the original author: —

"'Milton, with his sublime genius, is, in a certain point of view, the most irregular of all poets. For he not only departs from rules, but he casts them down with the strength of a giant, and builds up a new poetic world on their ruins. For this reason, his wonderful poem cannot be assigned a place in any of the departments which are usually regarded as the only possible ones for poetic creations. He takes at once into his great poetic ocean the whole of the four paradisal rivers

of poetry, the epic, the lyric, the didactic, and the dramatic. It has therefore been justly observed, that the proper object of the poem is didactic, as the poet will, by means of it, justify the ways of God to men. It is epic merely by the greatness of the action and the episodes respecting the war in heaven. But the action itself is dramatic, both in design and execution, and the main interest from beginning to end dwells about a single great tragic character, the fallen archangel. Finally, the poem is lyric, not only in single passages, but even in general, in its whole tone and expression. Thus then the Paradise Lost, in a poetic point of view, forms a species in itself, without a model, and as yet without a copy; but to think of rejecting it on this account would be to sacrifice the just rights of genius to the crotchets of the schools. The power with which this wonderful poem seizes on every mind of a deeper and more serious cast, only proves the poverty of our ordinary poetic theories.' " — p. 409.

Here, then, we have a book which is the most thorough and concise introduction to Milton's writings that has been produced, a work complete in itself, and, although especially designed as a companion to an edition of the Paradise Lost now in the press, well adapted to serve as a hand-book to any edition of the poet. We heartily thank Mr. Keightley for his labors, which we hope may lead others to find, as he professes to have found, in the study of Milton, " a source of delight in prosperity, of strength and consolation in adversity."

It is a pleasure to know that our own countrymen have not been backward in the homage they have paid to the genius of Milton. Dr. Channing's Essay will always stand in the front rank. Several years ago, Philadelphia furnished in Mr. John Hall an admirable translator of the " Epistolæ Familiares "; in the first American edition of the prose works, published in the same city, there is an enthusiastic tribute to Milton's powers by Rufus W. Griswold; and the posthumous Essays of the lamented Henry Reed contain many pleasing pages upon our poet. Keightley, in his notes, has occasion to refer to Ticknor's History of Spanish Literature, which reminds us that, if we have not been misinformed, there are in the portfolio of that learned gentleman many manuscript sheets upon the subject of Milton, with the literature bearing upon whose writings and those of his commentators his library is very choicely furnished. Nor can we forget the graceful

lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute in Boston by Mr. George Stillman Hillard and Professor Lowell. Could we possess these various manuscripts in a permanent form, they would be widely read and prized, adding, if possible, to the debt of gratitude we already owe their authors.

Mr. Hunter, whose little tract, entitled, "Milton, a Sheaf of Gleanings after his Biographers and Annotators," we have given in our caption, we might almost claim as being an American from his work on the Founders of New Plymouth, full of valuable historical information. The genealogical investigation to which the tract is chiefly devoted has elicited some new facts for which Keightley has acknowledged his indebtedness, and the notes on some of the poems, aside from their merit, are curious, as showing how every line, nay, almost every word, of Milton's verse, has furnished scope for commentators.

In closing our review, we must not omit referring to a contemporary sketch, entitled "Milton the Londoner," to be found in those delightful volumes of Charles Knight, "Once upon a Time," and would add, that one and all of these charming stories of the old *régime* will well repay perusal.

Art. VI. — *India, Ancient and Modern, Geographical, Historical, Political, Social, and Religious; with a Particular Account of the State and Prospects of Christianity.* By David O. Allen, D. D., Missionary of the American Board for twenty-five years in India, Member of the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, and Corresponding Member of the American Oriental Society. Boston: Jewett & Co. 1856. Large 8vo. pp. 618.

The conquest of India by England, and her present empire in the southern part of Asia, are the most remarkable political changes in the Eastern Continent within the past century. One hundred years ago the English possessions in India consisted of the island of Bombay, and the cities of Calcutta and

Madras, with a few square miles of territory around them. Now, more than two thirds of India, containing one hundred millions of inhabitants, are subject directly to England, while her power extends indirectly over all the remaining territory, the entire subjection of which, with its population of fifty millions, appears to be only a question of time, and is likely to be accomplished with little if any resistance on the part of the present rulers or their subjects.

The English East India Company was incorporated in the year 1600, and thus is now more than two centuries and a half old. The objects of the Company were purely of a commercial nature. Conquest and commerce in the southern countries and islands of Asia were united in the plans of the Portuguese, the Dutch, and other nations on the Continent, but the acquisition of foreign possessions for themselves or their nation appears not to have been the object of those who formed the English Company. Sir Thomas Roe, who in 1615 was sent as ambassador to the Emperor of Delhi, and who remained some years in India, advised the Company not to seek for territory. "At my first arrival in India," says he, "I understood a fort was very necessary; but experience teaches me that it is better not to have any. If the Emperor would offer me ten, I would not accept of one." And he then proceeds to give, in detail, his reasons for this advice.

But some agents of the Company were of a different opinion. Their factories often contained property of great value, and as the districts around them were not unfrequently in a state of revolution and anarchy, they felt the need of better security for their lives and property. For this purpose they had sometimes to support a large police in their factories, which gave them the appearance rather of forts and castles than of trading establishments. Increasing experience and knowledge of the country and its inhabitants showed the importance of their having places which they could fortify and defend. With this view, in 1640 they obtained Madras, with a few square miles around it, by a treaty with a native prince. It was then a small village, but was soon fortified, and became their principal factory on that coast. In 1668 they obtained the island of Bombay from Charles II., who had received it a

few years before as part of the dowry of his queen from her father, the king of Portugal. Bombay was then estimated to contain only 10,000 inhabitants. But its excellent harbor rendered it of great importance, and it early became the principal seat of British commerce on the western coast. Calcutta, the political and commercial capital of India for nearly a century past, did not become an English possession till 1688. It was obtained "by a generous present" from prince Azim, who was a grandson of Aurungzeb, and then in charge of Bengal. It was then a small village, but was at once fortified, and became a place of large business.

The English had never any war with the Emperors of Delhi, but there was much difficulty at different times between the agents of the Company and the imperial governors and deputies. In 1687, Aurungzeb became so much vexed with some proceedings of Sir John Child and other agents of the Company, that he issued orders to his subordinates to expel the English from every part of his dominions. Their factories at Surat, Masulipatam, and Vizagapatam, were seized, and some of their agents were put to death. The island of Bombay was attacked, the greater part of it was taken, and the governor was besieged in the castle. "In these circumstances," says Mill, "the English stooped to the most abject submission, and at length succeeded in pacifying the Emperor, obtaining their factories, and renewing their trade." Referring to the same transactions, Murray says: "Our countrymen were compelled to have recourse to the most humble submission."

Near the close of the seventeenth century, the proprietors and directors of the Company made a careful review of its history, and examined the political state of India; and the result was a determination to acquire territorial possessions, as well as to carry on trade. The directors wrote to their governors and agents in India thus: —

"The increase of our revenue is the subject of our care as much as our trade; it is that must maintain our force, when twenty accidents may interrupt our trade; it is that must make us a nation in India. Without that, we are but as a great number of interlopers, united by his Majesty's royal charter, fit only to trade where no body of power

thinks it their interest to prevent us; and upon this account it is that the wise Dutch, in all their general advices which we have seen, write ten paragraphs concerning government, their civil and military policy, warfare, and the increase of their revenue, for one paragraph they write concerning trade."

The East India Company, having resolved to become a nation, and to acquire an independent position, instructed their governors and agents to purchase every city and district which the native princes could be persuaded to alienate. But some years passed without any opportunity of acquiring territory in this way.

The Portuguese and the Dutch, from their first arrival in the East Indies, were often at war with the natives in different places. But the English were engaged in no such war for nearly a century and a half. In 1744, war commenced between England and France, and soon produced a state of warfare between all the foreign possessions of the two nations respectively. The English and French powers in India were engaged in active hostilities, which continued with little intermission for nineteen years. This war was chiefly in the Carnatic; but the struggle was for national ascendency in India, and it was the intention of each party to expel the other from the country. They had become acquainted with the weakness of the native governments, and saw that these could present no effectual obstacle to European conquest. Labourdonnais, Dupliex, and Lally, who were successively at the head of the French interests in India, were men of great ambition, ability, and energy. Their views and aims as to power and empire were scarcely inferior to those of the great Asiatic conquerors of earlier ages. No war between the English and French ever involved more important consequences, and none was ever carried on with greater vigor, perseverance, and valor. The European forces at no time exceeded four or five thousand men on each side, but each party endeavored to strengthen its interests by alliance with the native governments. Not only the petty princes in the vicinity, but some of the largest powers in India, as the Mahrattas, the Nizam of Hyderabad, the Nabob of Arcot, and Hyder Ali, became involved in the conflict. These princes appeared in

the field at the head of their armies of thirty, forty, and fifty thousand men; some of them on the side of the English, some on the side of the French, and some of them alternately on both. Indeed, so complicated were political matters for a while in the peninsula, and such were the intrigues, the duplicity, and the treachery pervading them, that these princes often knew not who were their allies and who were their enemies, and their armies knew not with what confederates, nor for what purposes, they were fighting.

In the course of this war, every city and fort belonging to the English was once or oftener in the hands of the French, and every place belonging to the French was once or oftener in the hands of the English. In 1755, there was a short suspension of hostilities. The French then possessed six hundred miles of sea-coast, and their territory and revenue were ten times as large as the English. Dupliex, the French governor, assumed Mohammedan titles, and adopted the costume of a Nabob. His palace at Pondicherry had all the splendor and magnificence, and his court all the pageantry and ceremony, of an Oriental prince.

But hostilities were soon renewed, and another hero appeared on the field in Robert Clive, subsequently Lord Clive. He also could suit his conduct to his circumstances and exigencies. When Madras was taken by the French, Clive was among the prisoners, and he escaped in the disguise of a Mohammedan. His remarkable military talents, and the success of his plans and efforts, inspired the English with hope and courage, and turned the fortune of war in their favor. One victory followed another, till Pondicherry, the capital of the French possessions, was besieged and taken, and the French power in the peninsula was destroyed.

We have read the history of this arduous struggle between the English and French in India, and quite concur in the opinions and sentiments of the following extract from the work named at the head of this article.

"These wars between the English and the French in India, though they occupy no prominent place in general history, and even in the history of the country appear small, when compared with the great armies engaged, and the great battles fought, in the wars between the

English and Hyder Ali, Tippoo Sultan, the Mahrattas, the Afghans, and the Sikhs, yet, when considered in their consequences, were the most important wars in the European history of the country. These wars, though limited to the Carnatic, were yet in reality a severe and long-continued struggle for ascendency, and for the government of India. The issue of these wars was to be no other than whether the English or the French should be the governing power of the country, whether India should become a dependency of England, or of France. Such was the view of Labourdonnais, Dupliex, and Lally; and had the French power in India been supported by their own country, they might have kept the ascendency they had acquired, and for some time held, and they might have expelled the English from the country. But France failed to support her cause in India, and censured and punished, even with imprisonment and death, the distinguished men who had done their utmost to support her cause and extend her power, while England supported her cause with great vigor, supplying money, men, and all the materials of war, and rewarding those who distinguished themselves in her service (as Clive, Hastings, Cornwallis, and others) with wealth and honors. And the consequences of this different course of policy were, that the French were expelled, their power annihilated, and India has long been included in the foreign possessions of England.

"In view of this whole subject, we cannot but feel some satisfaction in looking at the result. Had the French succeeded in their object of becoming the controlling power of India, there is reason to believe they would have pursued a course of conquest in ways and by means at least as unscrupulous as the English have used. The French have never succeeded so well as the English in governing their foreign possessions, and there is reason to believe that the state of India has been better under the government of England than it would have been under the government of France. Had France become the governing power of India, the religion of the European population in it would have been Roman Catholic; and, if we may judge from the French policy in their foreign possessions, no other form of religion would be tolerated; or if tolerated, they would allow no means to be used for propagating any other form of Christianity; and so all the inhabitants would be shut up to receive the Roman Catholic faith, or to continue in their present religious state of ignorance, superstition, bigotry, and idolatry. There is reason, therefore, in contemplating the present religious state and prospects of India, for thankfulness to Him who rules among the nations, and disposes of countries and kingdoms according to his pleasure, that this country, with its vast population, has come under the government of England, rather than of France, or any other European nation." — pp. 217 – 219.

During the war, many French officers engaged in the service of the native princes, and began to introduce European discipline and weapons into their armies. The English had much to fear from such changes, and it soon became a leading part of their policy to exclude other Europeans from the country. With this view they made it, as far as possible, an article in their treaties with the native princes, that they should employ no Europeans but Englishmen, and only such as the governors and agents of the East India Company should approve. By steadily pursuing this course of policy, the English succeeded in excluding nearly all other Europeans from India, and so prepared the way for their future conquests.

The English obtained but little territory by this long struggle with the French. But the other advantages gained were important. They had annihilated the French power in India; they had acquired great influence among the native princes; they had obtained a large military force from England, which remained in India; they had laid the foundation of their native army, and they had gained much knowledge of the country and its inhabitants.

The battle of Plassey, in 1757, established the British power in India. From that time the Nabobs of Bengal were the mere creatures of the English. These native rulers were set up, changed, deposed, and finally deprived of all power, as suited the will and the interest of the East India Company's governors and agents. Oppression, exaction, and extortion made a fearful part of the government of the English rulers, and of those who acted under their control, or were sustained by their authority. The amount paid by the native princes to the governors and agents of the Company for their official aid and influence, between 1757 and 1765, as ascertained by a Parliamentary committee, exceeded ten millions of dollars. In these proceedings Lord Clive was the most prominent actor. He went to India in his eighteenth year, as a clerk in the service of the Company, and he went home to England before he was thirty-five, one of the richest men in the kingdom. The Company appointed him Governor and Commander-in-chief, and he returned to India in 1765. In his government he exhibited great decision and energy, but his second resi-

dence in India did not exceed eighteen months. His measures were satisfactory to the Company, but by many of its agents they were regarded as arbitrary and oppressive. They occasioned him much trouble after his final return to England, and were among the causes that led to his suicide, before he was fifty years old.

For some fifty years after the battle of Plassey, the state of Bengal was one of revolution, anarchy, and misery. Lord Clive, on his return to India, in 1765, as Governor and Commander-in-chief, in a letter to the Court of Directors says: "A very few days are elapsed since our arrival, and yet what do we hear of, and what do we see, but anarchy and confusion, — and what is worse, an almost general corruption?" In another letter he says: "Upon my arrival, I am sorry to say, I find your affairs in a condition so nearly desperate as would have alarmed any set of men, whose sense of honor and duty to their employers had not been estranged by the too eager pursuit of their own immediate advantages." And the Court of Directors in their letters to Clive say: "We have the strongest sense of the deplorable state to which our affairs were on the point of being reduced, from the corruption and rapacity of our servants, and the universal depravity of manners throughout the settlement." In 1772, Warren Hastings, then appointed Governor of Bengal, thus described the Company's affairs in India: "The treasury was empty; the Company was involved in debt, its revenue was declining, and every region of Hindostan groaned under different degrees of oppression, desolation, and insecurity."

The British possessions in India were long in a very anomalous position. The East India Company, a corporation holding its charter under the authority and protection of Parliament, had acquired a territory and a population as large as the first kingdom in Europe, and claimed the sovereignty over these possessions, and the right of excluding their countrymen from them, while in England the members of this Company were only private citizens. In 1773, the affairs of the Company, and the relation of its possessions to the British nation, were subjects of laborious consideration and earnest discussion in Parliament, and among the resolutions then passed

were the following: "That all acquisitions made under the influence of a military force, or by treaty with foreign princes, do of right belong to the state"; and "That to appropriate acquisitions so made to the private emolument of persons intrusted with any civil or military power of the state is illegal." These resolutions declared that the sovereignty over the possessions of the East India Company belonged to the English nation, and opened the way for Parliament to govern India on the same principles with other foreign possessions. In the same year Parliament enacted a law called the Regulating Act, which was designed to reduce the distracted state of affairs in India to order and system. This act gave to the Governor of Bengal the control of all the British possessions in India, with the title of Governor-General. It prescribed the number of Councillors, established the Supreme Court, and made other important changes. Warren Hastings was the first Governor-General under this act, and he held the place for twelve years, a longer period than that for which it has been filled by any other man. This government was a great improvement upon that which previously existed; but the complaints against Hastings's maleadministration were so loud, that in 1784 another act was passed, creating a "Board of Control of the Affairs of India." The senior member of this body, though commonly called President of the Board of Control, is really Secretary of State for India, and he is always one of the Ministry. In this way the Ministry became responsible to Parliament for the general government of India. These acts of 1773 and 1784 may properly be called the Constitution of the British Government of India, and they have continued, with but few changes, to the present time.

The Company by its original charter had a monopoly of the trade between the United Kingdom and all places east of Africa, and this monopoly they retained for nearly two hundred years. At the renewal of the charter, in 1793, the trade between the United Kingdom and India was partially opened. The capital of the Company was increased to £ 6,000,000, at which sum it still remains; but as part of this capital was subscribed at advanced rates, the amount paid into the Company's treasury for the stock was £ 7,780,000. At the same

time, the dividends, which for a hundred years had fluctuated from five to twelve per cent, were fixed by Parliament at ten and a half per cent, and they have remained unchanged for more than sixty years past. Since 1790, the renewals of the charter have been for periods of twenty years.

It appears strange that a commercial and manufacturing nation like the English should allow a private company to have a monopoly of their trade with so large a part of the world for so long a period. But it must be remembered that this Company early acquired great wealth and influence, and that among the stockholders and directors were some of the most influential men in the kingdom. Only seventeen years after the Company was formed, it contained fifteen dukes and earls, all the King's Council, and many others high in office. Their charter was changed at different times to agree with public opinion. They were required to export annually a certain quantity of English manufactured goods, and were forbidden to export more than a certain amount of gold and silver. They were required to import a stated quantity of certain other articles, and to keep the market supplied with them. The Company sometimes lent large sums of money to the English government. They also paid the government large sums at different times for their privileges. The sums paid for this purpose in forty-six years were more than twenty million dollars. And they sometimes resorted to less honorable expedients. Once, when important changes had been made in their charter, and it was suspected that they had secretly given money for influence and votes, Parliament appointed a committee to examine their accounts, and it was found that they had that year paid $ 450,000 for such purposes. This was more than a hundred and fifty years ago. When the right of the state to all the possessions which the Company acquired, or might acquire, had been decided by Parliament, the Ministry appears to have been willing to devolve the complicated affairs of India upon a body of men who would be responsible for their management, and who could at any time be called on to give an account of their proceedings. It was seen that the proprietors and agents were continually bringing much wealth into the country, to swell

the national resources. They were also frequently engaged in successful wars, and were acquiring large territories, which would ultimately belong to the nation, and they were doing all this, too, without adding to the national taxes or debts. It is a remarkable fact that

"The East India Company has added India to the British foreign possessions, and made India pay for the conquest of itself, and that the expenses of this conquest have, to a considerable extent, been paid to England. 'Our wars in India,' says Dr. Wilson, 'though attended with loss of life, as all wars are, *have not cost our nation a single farthing*, but have been defrayed from the revenues or credit of that country itself. Even when they have been waged in different provinces of the land, large advantages of a pecuniary kind have accrued to our nation.' The numerous European officers and agents employed in these wars and conquests were English. All were well paid, and many of them by salaries and other means acquired princely fortunes." — p. 295.

In 1833 the charter of the Company was again renewed for another twenty years. Up to this time it had a monopoly of all the trade between England and China. But it now ceased to be a trading corporation, and became the governing power of the territories which had been acquired. From this date all the revenues of the Company have been derived from India. And so all the disbursements, including the dividends on the stock as well as the interest on the debt, and all other expenses, are charged to and paid by India, the Company having no other source of income.

As the close of the period of twenty years, fixed in the charter when renewed in 1833, approached, the future government of India was brought before Parliament in 1852. Large committees were appointed in each House, consisting of men known to feel a deep interest in the state of India, and supposed to have different views concerning its government. These committees examined a great number of men who had lived in India. Among them were missionaries and chaplains, merchants, manufacturers, physicians, military officers, judges, generals, governors, and governors-general. The opinions and evidence thus obtained were all printed for the information of the members of Parliament. The natives of India sent petitions and memorials to Parliament, containing

complaints and suggestions. There had long been a strong party in England opposed to the East India Company. They now formed an association called "The India Reform Society," consisting of a large number of politicians, merchants, and manufacturers. Among these were thirty-six members of Parliament, and several of them were prominent men in that august body. This society prepared and published a series of pamphlets containing reasons why the government of India should no longer be vested in the East India Company. Various plans were suggested by different parties for its future government, but no well-arranged system was proposed. The parties were united in opposition to any further government by the Company, but they could not agree upon any alternative plan.

The renewal of the Company's charter, or the future government of India, was formally brought before Parliament by Sir Charles Wood, then the President of the Board of Control, in June, 1853. There was much able and earnest discussion, and strong opposition; but as the Ministry and the Company were in favor of the charter's being renewed, or rather continued, the opposition could only effect certain specific changes in its terms. Mr. Bright, the well-known manufacturer of Manchester, was the leader of the opposition. At the second reading of the amended bill, which is generally the great struggle in such measures, Mr. T. B. Macaulay, the historian, who was for some years in the employment of the Company in India, made an able speech in its favor. The bill was before Parliament for several months, and was finally passed by a large majority. This act was not a renewal of the charter, as in former cases, for a specific period, but "continued the British possessions in India under the government of the East India Company until Parliament should otherwise provide."

Some of the changes made in the charter are important. The number of Directors was reduced from twenty-four to eighteen, and the period of service was increased from four to six years. Formerly all the Directors were elected by the proprietors of India stock; now one third part of them are appointed by the crown. Formerly it was not necessary that

any of the Directors should have any personal knowledge of India; now the six appointed by the crown, and six of those elected by the proprietors, must be men who have resided ten or more years in India. The Company has long had a College at Haileybury, in England, for the education of men for their Civil Service, and another College at Addiscombe for the education of men for their Military Service, and all admitted into these institutions are expected in due time to be employed in India. Formerly the Directors and the Board of Control had the power of admitting candidates into these colleges; now the institutions are open to competitors upon examination. By this arrangement India is likely to have men of much higher qualifications in its government. A large reduction in expenses is also anticipated, as one reason for very high salaries has been, that the Directors in this way provided for their families and friends. Some important changes have also been made in the manner of administering the government in India. But the advantages resulting from these organic changes are not likely to be so great as might be expected from the spirit infused into the proprietors and directors by the searching inquiry into the state of India, and the free discussion of its affairs in Parliament and by the public press, and also from the pledges given and the promises made in order to obtain a continuation of the chartered rights and powers.

In England the East India Company have no more powers and privileges than a private corporation. Since 1834, they have had no business except the government of their possessions in Asia. The capital of this Company is nominally, as we have said, £ 6,000,000. Previously to the last renewal of the charter, the price of the stock for many years was 275 – 290 per cent. Since the renewal of the charter, the price has been 230 – 250 per cent. Thus the real value of the stock is $70,000,000 – $75,000,000. The number of proprietors varies from time to time, but is generally about 3,500. Owners of £500 stock can speak in the meetings of the proprietors, but cannot vote; owners of £1,000 have one vote; owners of £3,000 have two votes; owners of £6,000 have three votes; and owners of £10,000 or more have four votes. The affairs

of the Company are managed by eighteen Directors, of whom twelve are elected by the proprietors, and six are appointed by the Queen. The expenditures of the Company in England, for dividends on the stock, and for their colleges, salaries, pensions, and agencies, amount to nearly or quite $ 20,000,000 annually.

But this Company, though in England only a private corporation, in India and the other southern countries of Asia, for a century past, has exercised all the prerogatives and exhibited all the powers of a great nation, negotiating treaties, making war and peace with potentates of every name, appointing and receiving ambassadors, supporting armies and navies, collecting and disbursing the revenues of countries, coining money for the currency of kingdoms, and making laws to regulate commerce among nations. Among those who have been dependent upon this Company, and pensioners upon its bounty, are titular emperors, kings, and princes.

The English acquired possession of India by conquest, and they retain it by a large military force. This army, including its subsidiaries, exceeds 300,000 men, and is in a highly efficient state. Of the troops, about 50,000 are from Europe, and 250,000 are natives of India. These last are called *sepoys*, the common name of soldiers in the native language. The native soldiers are under English superior officers, and all are disciplined and equipped after the European manner. This army, if not equal in natural courage and physical energy to the armies of Europe, is yet far superior to any other army in the southern countries of Asia. These sable regiments have followed their English officers, not only into every province of India, but to Afghanistan, to Persia, to Arabia, and Egypt, on the west; to Ceylon and Mauritius on the south; and to Burmah, Java, Malacca, and China, on the east,—everywhere displaying fidelity and valor.

We quote the following account of the constitution of this native army.

"It was in the great struggle between the English and the French for ascendency in the south part of India, that the latter are said to have first brought into the field a battalion of native troops, armed and disciplined

in the European manner, and commanded by European officers. This was at the siege of Cuddalore, in 1746, and so great was the success of the experiment, that, before the close of the year, the English commenced the nucleus of their native army, which has been continued to the present time, and now contains 250,000 men. Important changes have at different times been made in the constitution of this army, but its essential features have always been the same; namely, native soldiers, armed, dressed, and disciplined after the European manner, and commanded by English officers. There is a set of native officers in each regiment, generally of as many different ranks as exist among the English officers. But the pay of these officers is small, and the highest rank, the reward generally of thirty or forty years' service, is much lower than the English ensign, who has just joined the regiment. In respect to caste, which has so much influence in religious and social intercourse among the Hindus, the English have shown some indulgence in the army to the superstitions and prejudices of the natives, and these in turn have yielded somewhat to the wishes of their masters, and to the exigency of their own circumstances. The more important rules of caste pertaining to eating, drinking, and intermarriage, are carefully observed in the army. These usages are also regarded in free social intercourse, but give way to more important matters when on duty, and under the immediate inspection and order of their superiors. When on duty their dress is nearly the same in appearance, though much inferior in quality, to the English soldiers. When not on duty, they wear the ordinary native dress of their caste or class.

"The pay of the native army varies in different parts of the country, and also in different departments, the cavalry and artillery receiving more than the infantry. The wages of a sepoy in the infantry do not often exceed three or four dollars per month. A subadar or captain, a rank not often acquired before twenty-five or thirty years' service, receives about eighteen or twenty dollars per month; and a subadar major, a rank not attained till thirty or forty years' service, receives rather more than one dollar a day. The sepoys have generally families, and after a certain number of years, or when incapable of further service, they receive pensions for life. The system of pensions is much thought of, and has great influence in the native army. Each sepoy hopes to live till he can return to his native village, or some eligible place, with an income for life for his past services. In Oriental countries there is generally a strong desire to be employed in the service of the government, and the English have no difficulty in forming regiments and obtaining recruits for their army. The regiments are generally raised and recruited in one part of the country, and then em-

ployed in another, and they do not often remain more than three years in the same place. Thus separated from their own people, from their own nation it may be said in respect to most of them, and often removed from place to place, they become dependent directly upon the government, are a distinct community by themselves, form few connections and have little sympathy in common with the great body of the inhabitants. To enlist regiments in Germany and then employ them in Spain, or in Holland and then employ them in Italy, or in France and then employ them in Russia, would resemble the course generally pursued by the English in managing their native army in India. The nations of Europe do not differ more from each other in language, religion, customs, and manners, than the people of the different parts of India differ from each other. The sepoys and lowest class of officers in the army of the East India Company are better paid, and, including the system of pensions, are better supported, than in the armies of the native princes, while in dress, arms, and discipline they are far superior to any other military forces in the southern countries of Asia." — pp. 308 – 310.

This army, though so efficient for the support of the English power in India, is not popular among the higher classes of natives, who composed the strength and chivalry of the armies of the country under its former emperors, nabobs, and rajas.*

To many people in this country, the political state of India has appeared to be confused, while to some it has seemed quite unintelligible. This has been occasioned in part by the rapid increase of the British possessions, and their changing and complicated relations with the remaining native powers.

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* "No native gentleman ever thinks of putting on the uniform of the regular army. It would be marvellous if he did, for length of service furnishes, and has long furnished, the only claim for promotion, and it takes from twenty to thirty years to earn the epaulets of a subadar.

"The pay of a sepoy is about five pence half-penny a day, out of which he is obliged to furnish his linen and the materials for keeping his arms and accoutrements in order. It takes him on an average from five to seven years to become a naik, or corporal, about ten more to reach the grade of havildar, or sergeant, and twenty, or it may be thirty in all, to earn his first commission, when his pay is raised to 1*s.* 4*d.* (32 cents) per day. In his turn he becomes a subadar, or captain, with pay at the rate of half-a-crown per diem; and finally, if he live, and his constitution does not fail altogether, he may become subadar major with five shillings a day. The average age of the native subalterns in the East India Company's service has been taken at forty-five, of the captains at fifty-five, and of the subadar majors (the highest rank) at sixty-five, or from that to seventy years of age." — p. 310.

The following account of the state, circumstances, and prospects of these native powers is the most satisfactory we have seen.

"The native princes yet remaining in India are of two classes, namely, those who receive pensions or annuities for themselves and their families, in consideration of their former power and possessions, or of their loss and misfortunes, and those who still retain some possessions and power.

"Oriental princes have always been fond of pageantry, and of indulging in habits of capricious extravagance. These tastes and habits have generally made their personal and family expenses very large. The pensions and annuities given by the East India Company to these fallen princes have commonly been on a princely scale, but not unfrequently united with some conditions of a humiliating nature, though regarded by the English as necessary for the public safety, or for the stability of their own power. Some of these conditions are as follows: — Some are required to reside in certain specified cities or districts, and not to go out of them. They are not permitted to have any personal intercourse, nor correspondence with other pensioned princes, nor with any princes still retaining power and territory in India or out of India. They are not permitted to have any personal intercourse or correspondence with any European, except the English agents of the government. In short, these fallen and deposed princes, though retaining their titles, and living in pageantry and luxury, are yet kept in circumstances which are painful and humiliating. Among these pensioners upon the East India Company are the titular Emperor of Delhi the Great Mogul, the Nabobs of Bengal and the Carnatic, the Rajas of Burdwan, Benares, Tanjore, and Malabar, the families of the late Peishwa, and of Tippoo Sultan, and many others. The amount of pensions and annuities given to persons and families of this class and character amounts to about $ 7,000,000 annually. These are generally continued to their descendants, but as such families often become extinct, and some of them forfeit their claims by improper conduct, the number of pensioners, and the amount paid on their account, are yearly diminishing. The very liberal manner in which the English in India have provided for this class of people has contributed much to facilitate their conquest of the country, and to consolidate their power.

"The native princes and nobles who yet retain some power and territory, are numerous. They are to be found in nearly all parts of the country, and their territories vary from a few villages to provinces containing several millions of inhabitants. These scattered remains of

former kingdoms and governments were lately estimated to contain nearly one third of the population, or 50,000,000 of people, and rather more than one third of the whole territory of India. Some of these princes retain but little power, their territories being chiefly managed by English agents, while others are nearly independent in their own dominions. But none of them are permitted to hold any political intercourse with each other, nor with any nation or power out of India. Their relations to the East India Company, now the paramount power in the country, vary according to treaties and agreements made at different times. Their armies, so far as they are permitted to keep any, are commonly more or less under the command of English officers, and a certain amount of English force is generally stationed in their territories. An accredited English agent generally resides in or near their capital. In this way their policy and the state of their territory are always well known to the English, who have the means of restraining or deposing them, should there at any time appear to be reasons for doing it. The courts of these princes have the usual amount of intrigue, treachery, feuds, and profligacy, found in Oriental governments. Hence there is frequent occasion for the interference of the English agents, and such interference generally results in loss to the native princes, and the increase of the English power.

"Formerly it was the opinion of the leading English statesmen in India, that these scattered remains of the former sovereigns and princes increased the stability of the English, and so were to be perpetuated. But for some years past, it has been the policy of the English governors and agents to annex all such territories to their own dominions as soon as the failure of male descendants, or political disturbances, or misgovernment, should furnish occasion or excuse for doing it. Formerly it was an established usage or law among Hindus and Mohammedans, that, if any prince had not any male issue, he could adopt a son, and if such adoption was made in the prescribed form and accompanied by certain religious rites, then such a son became the legal heir of the honors, titles, and possessions of the family. In this way the dynasties of the native princes were perpetuated. The English formerly allowed the native princes dependent upon them to transmit their power and perpetuate their family honors and possessions by adoption. But for some years past, they have generally refused to allow this right, and when princes and noble families have become extinct in the direct male line, they have annexed their possessions to their own dominions. In this way, within a few years past, the English have taken possession of the dominions of several deceased princes, as of the late Raja of Berar, estimated to contain 4,000,000 of inhabitants, of the

late Raja of Sattara, estimated to contain 1,000,000, and some others. The remaining princes and their families have reason also to expect the loss of their honors, possessions, and wealth, whenever male heirs in the direct line shall fail. This change of policy in the English, of annexing and absorbing the territories of the native princes, instead of sustaining, protecting, and perpetuating them, which they formerly did, and to which these princes and their families have claimed a right, has produced strong excitement in India, and called forth earnest memorials, appeals, and protests. These princes and their families must contemplate this course of policy, and the consequent prospect before them, with feelings of deep anxiety. And many others have similar feelings, who have looked upon these princes and their possessions as remaining witnesses of their former nationality, and who have cherished some vague hope that they might in some way recover their former power and dignity. But when they see these dynasties annihilated, or the representatives of them reduced to the state of the common people, and no native powers remaining to raise a banner, and no territory on which it could be raised and which could be made a basis for any political organization, their hopes of any future national government vanish, and they feel an increasing sense of their conquered, humbled, and dependent state. There are far more and stronger feelings of this nature among the middling and higher classes of both Hindus and Mohammedans, than Europeans generally suppose. It is not likely there will be any change in the present policy, which has been deliberately adopted in India and in England. The prospect is, that all the territories now in the power of the native princes will be gradually brought under the direct government of the English, and that the descendants and representatives of the emperors, kings, nabobs, and nobles of India will decrease in number and power, until they eventually become extinct, or their posterity, if any remain, will have no social or civil distinction among the common people." — pp. 338 – 341.

The revenue of British India, in the latest annual accounts we have seen, was £ 27,753,314. Of this amount, the sum of £ 15,178,676 was from the land tax; £ 4,562,586 was from opium; £ 3,289,214 was from salt; and only £ 946,561 was from the customs. In this system the great item is the land tax, which is a heavy burden on the agricultural classes, who are generally poor and often in embarrassed circumstances. This tax is thus described: —

"The principal source of revenue in India from remote antiquity has been the tax or rent on the land. It was so when the country was

divided into several different kingdoms, and the Hindus lived under their own sovereigns. It was so when the country became subject to the Mohammedans, and the original Hindu kingdoms became provinces of the empire of Delhi; and it has continued to be so since the country became subject to the English. In some territories it has been called a tax, and in others it has been called a rent, the government being regarded as the proprietor, and the occupants as only tenants. This tax or rent has varied in different parts of India, and sometimes in the same territory, according to the pretended exigencies of the government and the supposed improvements made in the land. In some places it has been one half of the produce, or of the supposed value of it; and in others it has been one third, one fourth, one fifth, etc. The general opinion and practice have been, that the occupants might dispose of their right in the soil, whatever this might be, and that the government might increase the tax or rent at pleasure, the occupants of the land for the time being having no assurance or security against any increase, and no means of redress when it was exacted from them. And when the produce of the land would no longer pay the tax or the rent, and for the expense of cultivation, then it might be abandoned or changed into pasture, when the tax would be of another kind, or according to another rate." — pp. 312, 313.

The next item in the revenue is from opium. In all territories subject to the English, the cultivation of the poppy and the manufacture of opium are a monopoly of the government. In the territories of the native princes, the poppy is cultivated as freely as grain; but these princes have no sea-coast, and the English exact a heavy transit duty on goods carried through their territory to their seaports for exportation. By far the greater part of the opium produced in India is exported to China. The tax on salt, which is also a monopoly of the government, presses heavily on the lower classes. The customs, which are the principal source of revenue in the United States, and one of the principal sources generally in civilized countries, in India produce only one twenty-fifth or one thirtieth part of the revenue. The system of taxation in India thus bears severely on the poor and agricultural classes, but is light on the wealthy, the commercial, and the manufacturing classes. It requires great changes, else the principles of political economy, on which the financial and revenue systems of the governments of Europe and America are based, are false and should be reformed.

When the sums paid in pensions and annuities to native princes and their families, the interest of the public debt, and the expenses of the Company in England (called the home charges) are deducted, the amount of the revenue available for the purposes of the government in India is much reduced. The amount payable to native princes and their families is yearly diminishing, as those families are gradually becoming extinct, or the conditions of the payments no longer subsist. The expenses of the Company in England for some years past have exceeded £ 3,000,000 annually, and are expected soon to amount to £ 4,000,000. "This transfer of so much of the revenue of India to England," says Professor Wilson, "is an exhausting drain upon the resources of the country, the issue of which is replaced by no reflux; it is an extraction of the life-blood from the veins of national industry, which no subsequent introduction of nourishment is furnished to restore."

The debt of the East India Company now exceeds £ 50,000,000. When the act prolonging the charter was passed, in 1853, about half this debt consisted of loans at five per cent, and half of it was at four per cent. Soon after the renewal of the charter, the Company began to pay off the five per cent loans, or to exchange them for four per cents at the option of the holders, and in a few months all the loans at five per cent were cancelled or exchanged, so that the yearly interest on the debt was reduced more than $ 1,500,000. Such a large and successful financial operation shows that the pecuniary resources of the Company must be great, and its credit of the best character. Much complaint has been made against the government of the Company on account of its financial affairs. But we can see no cause here for alarm or anxiety. A fund of £ 2,000,000, called the "Guaranty Fund," was provided out of the commercial assets of the Company when it ceased to be a trading corporation in 1833, and this, with its accumulated interest, will be sufficient to cancel the stock in 1874. Such expensive wars as have caused the present debt are not likely soon to occur again. The amount of property belonging to the Company, such as money in their treasuries, their public buildings, ships, and

munitions of war, is very large. The current expenses of the government will admit of much reduction, and it is confidently expected that important retrenchments will soon be effected.

Much complaint has been made against the Company for not encouraging education. And for such dissatisfaction there was certainly some reason. But it is gratifying to know that this cause is now engaging the attention of the Directors in England, and of the government in India, and that they are prosecuting it with vigor and liberality. Large appropriations for universities, colleges, high schools, and common free schools, have been made, or pledged to be made, as soon as the necessary arrangements for establishing such institutions can be completed. In these measures the education of females occupies an important place, and promises great improvement in the social state and moral character of the people.

Among the charges made against the government of India, none were urged with more zeal, and apparently with more reason, than their negligence as to the construction of public works, such as roads, railways, and canals for irrigation. In the United States, and in most of the countries of Europe, such works can be constructed and managed by private enterprise through incorporated companies, and no further aid from the government is required than to give them corporate powers, and then protect them in their rights. But the state and circumstances of the inhabitants of India are very different. The people are generally poor, — the great body of them miserably so. Corporations, or joint-stock companies of any kind, are little known, and those who possess property have not sufficient knowledge of such matters, nor confidence in such enterprises, to engage in them. The people have always looked to the government for the construction and management of such works. It has always been the general sentiment that it is the business of the government to construct them, and it is certain that otherwise they never can exist. And some of the former governments, Hindu and Mohammedan, constructed noble works of this character. Ferishta, the most reliable of the Mohammedan historians,

says that Feroze Toghluk, who was Emperor in Delhi nearly five hundred years ago, constructed fifty canals and thirty reservoirs to promote agriculture by irrigation, and one hundred caravanserais and a hundred and fifty bridges to facilitate travelling and encourage commerce. These works were all in the valley of the Ganges. In the Madras presidency, on the east side of the Ghat Mountains, are more than fifty thousand works for promoting agriculture by irrigation. Some of these are on a grand scale, and all were the works of Hindu Rajas before Europeans obtained possession of the country. The state of public opinion in India and in England at length became such, that the government of India could no longer delay undertaking what they ought to have commenced many years before. Some noble canals have been constructed in the valley of the Ganges,* and other works are in the process of construction. And as these works have proved to be remunerative to the government, and very useful to the inhabitants, it is expected that this system of internal improvement will be continued. There are many tracts of land which only require similar means for their irrigation to make them highly remunerative to the government and to the cultivators. In this way the government can confer incalculable benefits upon the country.

The government of India is now engaged in constructing railways on a large scale. One of these commences at Calcutta, and is to be extended to Delhi, and thence to the Punjab, 1,200 miles. The section of this road nearest to Calcutta has been completed, and is now in operation. Another commences at Bombay, and is to be extended to Delhi, 900 miles, where it will form a junction with that from Calcutta. The part of the road nearest to Bombay is completed and now in operation. Another is to commence at Madras, and to be extended, *via* Bangalore, across the peninsula, 400 miles, to the western coast. Another is to commence at Bangalore, and to run north into the Deckan. The capital for these works is chiefly obtained from England, on fixed dividends of four and five per cent, guaranteed for a term of years by the

* See No. 161, October, 1853, Art. VI., and No. 169, October, 1855, Art. XI.

government of India. These railroads, when completed, will form the grandest system of internal improvement yet accomplished in any country. Intersecting a country containing 150,000,000 of inhabitants, and rich in natural resources, yet, to a great extent, unimproved and undeveloped, they will effect greater results than have yet been produced by the introduction and extension of railroads in any part of the world.

In no measures has the British government in India exhibited a more enlightened spirit, and greater confidence in its own policy and in the native population, than in the laws concerning the press. These laws require every printing-press, with the name of its locality and owners, to be registered, and they forbid any press to print anything without the name of the place and of the owner or printer upon it; and this has been the only restriction upon the press in India for twenty years. The journals, of which there are many in the native languages in different places, can publish political articles of every description, and can comment on the laws and proceedings of the government as freely as they please. Thus the British government in India, though their countrymen form only one sixth part of the army, in the civil administration not more than one twenty-fifth part, and not more than one in a hundred of the inhabitants in their own territory, or one in fifteen hundred of the entire population of the country, have yet so much confidence in their own policy and in the inhabitants, that the latter are allowed to print what they please in their newspapers concerning the conduct and character of their rulers, and to discuss all the various measures of their administration, as freely as such matters are printed and discussed in England or in America. The press is protected by law in its proper and legitimate use, and individuals and the public are in the same way protected from its misuse and abuse. How different from the state of the press in the nations on the continent of Europe, though all these claim a much higher civilization than India, or any of the southern countries of Asia!

What have been the results of the English conquest and government of India to its inhabitants? The debates in Par-

liament and the English journals, when the renewal of the charter was lately under consideration, contained conflicting opinions, and often apparently conflicting facts and figures, on this subject. It must be admitted that India enjoys more peace and quietness under the English government, than she ever did under her own princes; also that there is more security to life and property generally, and that justice is more equally and impartially administered among all classes of people. The English have likewise exhibited a noble spirit in prohibiting suttees, superstitious suicides, infanticide, and human sacrifices. They have also passed laws to give and secure civil and religious liberty equally to people of all castes and classes. But the princes, the old nobility and the chivalry of the country, have been much reduced in number, many of them have been deprived of all power, and having no suitable rank or employment, they are often in straitened circumstances, are humbled and degraded, and are gradually becoming extinct.

The English conquest and government of India have had a very unhappy influence upon the manufactures of the latter country. This result is shown in the following extract.

"India and the other countries of Southern Asia supplied Europe and the western parts of Asia with cotton and silk manufactures for many centuries. The traffic of the English and other East India Companies for two centuries was chiefly in articles of this kind, and such would apparently have continued to be the course of trade to the present time, if new causes had not occurred to interrupt it. The invention of machinery, and its application to the various purposes of manufactures, have made great changes in the commerce between Europe and the southern countries in Asia. Fine fabrics of cotton goods to a great amount are now annually sent from England to India, and the manufacture of such articles in India has nearly ceased. The coarser kinds of cotton goods for domestic use are still made there in large quantities, but even in these articles manual labor holds very unequal competition with machinery. This change in the manufactures of India has been a great injury to those districts where the inhabitants were formerly largely engaged in such labor. High or moderate protective duties would have greatly diminished these evils, but, unhappily for India, the power to regulate all the commerce between the two countries has been in the Parliament of England and in the East India Company, and the commerce between

England and those parts of India subject to the English (which now includes nearly all India, and all the seaports) has been managed on terms for the benefit of the manufactures of England, and much to the injury of the manufacturing interests of India. Villages, towns, and cities, which formerly subsisted by their manufactures and were in a flourishing state, are now becoming dilapidated, and are falling to decay and ruin. The population in some such places I have seen exhibit the appearance of extreme poverty, and they know not what to do for means of support, nor where to go for employment. A late Governor-General of India, in a communication to the Directors of the East India Company, says: 'Some years ago the East India Company annually received of the produce of the looms of India to the amount of 6,000,000 to 8,000,000 pieces of cotton goods. The amount gradually fell, and has now ceased altogether. English goods made by machinery have now superseded the produce of India. Cotton piece goods, for ages the staple manufacture of India, seem for ever lost. *And the present suffering to the numerous classes in India is scarcely to be paralleled in the history of commerce.*'" — pp. 448, 449.

But there is reason to hope for better times. Machinery has hitherto been but little used in India. The laws and policy of the government have not encouraged Europeans to invest capital in manufactures, and the natives have not had sufficient assurance of success to invest their property in such business. There has also been a want of motive power, as the rivers over the greater part of the country furnish but little reliable and permanent water-power, and the coal-fields have been generally too difficult of access to be of much use. But the railroads now in the process of construction will unite the districts containing the coal-fields with the great populous and cotton-growing plains and provinces. When this is effected, we see not why India, with land to produce cotton enough for half the world, and millions of people ready to work for two or three dollars per month and support themselves, may not again become a great manufacturing country, manufacturing cotton cloth for home use, and supplying England and other countries, as formerly, with fine fabrics at a cheaper rate than those nations can produce them.

The English conquest and government of India have effected great changes in the commerce of the country. The principal seats of foreign trade for the first century after European

ships reached India, as Cambay, Surat, and Calicut on the western coast, Tuticorin, Masulipatam, and Vizagapatam on the eastern coast, Dacca, Hooghly, and Patna in Bengal, are now all second-rate cities, and some of them are almost in ruins. It is seldom that a foreign ship now goes to any of these places. And yet the foreign trade of India has been greater under the English government than it ever was under the native emperors or princes. This commerce now nearly all centres in Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay. These cities were mere villages when they became English possessions, but now each of them contains more than half a million of inhabitants. The great change in the seats of trade is to be ascribed in part to the superior natural advantages of these cities, but more to the greater security of English laws, and the better protection of property under the English government.

The natives complain, and not without reason, of the large salaries given to the European agents employed by the government, when compared with what is given to them. The following are some of the English salaries. The Governor-General has $120,000* yearly. The Governors of Madras and Bombay have $60,000 each. The Members of Council in Bengal have $48,000 each, and in Madras and Bombay $30,000 each. The Chief Justice in Calcutta has $40,000, and the Puisne Justices have $30,000 each. In Madras and Bombay the Chief Justices have $30,000, and the Puisne Justices $25,000 each. The Bishop of Bengal has $25,000, and the Bishops of Madras and Bombay have $12,500 each. The officials in the "Civil Service," who obtain their commissions in England, and proceed to India at ages varying from eighteen to twenty-eight, receive on an average more than $10,000 yearly.† The salaries in the

* The pound sterling is here reckoned at five dollars.

† "On first reaching India a civilian is allowed about £30 per month, till having passed the necessary examination in one or more of the Oriental languages (which must be within twelve months after his arrival), he is attached to the service, the emoluments of which vary from £500 to about £10,000 per annum. The Members of Council receive £9,600 each per annum in Bengal, and £6,000 per annum in Madras and Bombay. Civil servants must have three years' actual residence in India, to hold a situation of over £1,500 per annum, nine years' residence to hold a

"Clerical, the Medical, the Military, and Naval Services" are not so large as in the "Civil Service." But the salaries of the European functionaries generally are too high, and call urgently for reduction. The natives also ask for a larger share, as well as more emolument, in the government which is over them, and which is wholly supported by them. And this request is reasonable.

If the English government in India will pursue with energy the plan of internal improvements now commenced, carry into effect the system of education now begun, reduce the salaries of the European agency to a proper standard, and admit the natives to such participation and co-operation in the government as they reasonably demand, and are fully competent to share, then the English conquest and government of the country may prove as advantageous to its inhabitants in future, as it has been profitable to England in time past.

In reviewing the history of the British conquest of India, and considering the power which England has acquired and the influence she now exerts in the southern countries of Asia, we naturally look forward to see what appears likely to be the future history of those countries. On this subject the following extract will be read with interest.

"The question is often asked in this country, How long will India continue to be subject to England? To this inquiry no answer can be given. The native kings and princes of India having been subdued, — some dynasties annihilated, and all prostrated, — the withdrawal of the English power would leave the country in a state of anarchy. But England has yet made no adequate return for the immense wealth she has drawn from India, and it remains to be seen whether she will ever make any such return. At each renewal of the charter of the East India Company (as in 1813, 1833, and 1853), some changes were made in it, which were expected to have an important influence on the well-being of the country. At such times pledges were given and promises were made, but complaints soon followed that the former were not redeemed, and the latter were not fulfilled. Still considerable progress or improvement in the government has been made, and there is now

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situation of over £3,000 per annum, and twelve years' residence to hold a situation of over £4,000 per annum. No civil servant can receive a greater salary than £5,220 per annum, unless he be a Governor or Member of Council." — pp. 301, 302.

reason for expecting that this progress will be greater during the period of the present charter than all that has been hitherto made since the English obtained possession of the country. These changes, if made, will greatly strengthen the connection between the two countries. As no English colonies have been or are likely to be formed in India, there can be no people there of European origin who will desire a separation from England. For the mixed classes, partly of European and partly of native origin, are not likely to be sufficiently numerous to be of any considerable political weight and importance, and what influence they have will be in favor of the English government. The army, though consisting chiefly of natives, yet is not likely to prove unfaithful, if constituted of the same classes which now compose it, and treated in future as they have hitherto been. The difference in language, religion, and caste will long be an obstacle to any organization or co-operation among the native population against the English government. The native kings, princes, and nobility are diminishing in number and power, and there will soon be none of them remaining to raise the standard of war, or to make his territory the rallying-ground for conflict or for attack. There will be no party which will have the pecuniary means or the confidence of their own people enough to originate and sustain any efficient and permanent opposition. The diffusion of knowledge and the progress of Christianity will not produce those changes in the character of the inhabitants, at least not for a long time, which some people confidently expect. Considering all these facts and circumstances, and that England may be expected to be as determined in using all her possible policy and power to retain India in permanent subjection, as she formerly was to sustain her power over her North American Colonies (now the United States), — considering all these things, it appears probable that India will be subject to England for some generations yet to come.

"The question is also sometimes asked, Where will be the limit of British conquest and power in the East? The answer to this inquiry is yet more in the future, — more in the future providence of God, — than the previous one. A century ago, the English possessions in India consisted of only five or six forts for the protection of their trade, and a few square miles of territory around them. Now they are masters of the country; their territory contains 100,000,000 inhabitants, and they control indirectly, but effectually, 50,000,000 more, who live upon the scattered fragments of the kingdoms of the former sovereigns of the country. Nor is the English power limited to India properly so called. They have acquired a large part of what was formerly the Burmese Empire. And yet farther east they have Singapore, Penang, Malacca,

and Hongkong, which are surrounded with nations and tribes who are likely soon and often to furnish occasions for the English to interfere to secure their own rights, or to preserve the balance of power among their neighbors, as is said of their interference in the present war between the Turks and Russians. Looking at the history of the British power in the southern countries of Asia, and to the present state and prospects of those nations, we believe their power has not yet there reached its limits. In 1852, they engaged in a second war with the Burmese, in the course of which the Governor-General, unable to effect a satisfactory treaty with the court of Ava, took possession of Pegu, and by proclamation annexed it to the British possessions, with such declarations as were expected to bring the war to a close, by inducing the Burmese to cease from further hostilities, if they wished to preserve their national existence. This proclamation, with the reasons for it, and the policy that dictated it, was the subject of numerous articles in the English papers of India. These articles doubtless indicated the general sentiment of the English in that country, which was, that the annexation of Pegu was only one step in their progress eastward, and that extension of territory, by conquest or annexation or treaty, would continue till the Pacific had become their eastern boundary; that their reaching that boundary was merely a question of time, depending upon the policy of their governors, and the revolutions and changes which were taking place in the intermediate countries. The *Friend of India*, which has always been supposed to indicate the English sentiment in India more than any other paper in the country, in its remarks concerning the proclamation annexing Pegu, said: 'Every one out of England is now ready to acknowledge that the whole of Asia, from the Indus to the Sea of Ochotsk, is destined to become the patrimony of that race which the Normans thought six centuries ago they had finally crushed, but which now stands at the head of European civilization. We are placed, it is said, by the mysterious design of Providence, in command of Asia, and the people of England must not lay the flattering unction to their souls that they can escape the responsibility of this lofty and important position by simply denouncing the means by which England has attained it.' Whether England is thus to include among her foreign possessions 'the whole of Asia from the Indus to the Sea of Ochotsk,' comprehending India, China, and all the intermediate countries, and containing more than half of the human race, remains to be seen. But the present state of England, and her achievements in India, indicate that she possesses the pecuniary and physical means thus to extend her possessions, and also the moral and intellectual power then to govern them. And it does not now appear so improbable that

before the close of this century her power will extend over all these countries and nations, as it appeared at the beginning of this century that her power would by this time reach its present limits.

"In the mean time another great power is beginning to take an active part in the politics of Asia. The Afghan war of 1838 – 42, the most severe and unhappy war in which the English were ever engaged in India, originated Russian influence and intrigues in Central Asia. The results of this policy not corresponding to her expectations, Russia withdrew her agency from the scene, but, as was then believed and has since become evident, only to renew it in more favorable circumstances. The war in which Russia, Turkey, France, and England are now engaged, originated in the aggressive attack made by Russia upon Turkey. But no one can doubt that other motives than the defence of Turkey have induced England to engage in this conflict. England wishes to check the aggressive spirit of Russia, as it is likely to affect her possessions in Southern Asia. Papers recently from India contain accounts of Russian agency, pecuniary and political, again at work in Central Asia. And the same papers contain accounts of her interference in the affairs of China, of her having obtained a large territory from its northern part; and it appears not unlikely she will take the advantage of the present distracted state of that empire to extend her power over a considerable part of it. It now appears likely that, at no distant day, the greater part of Asia will be divided between Russia and England, each power extending its border till they meet, and no one can now say where this will be, or what Asiatic nations will receive their laws from London, and what nations will receive them from St. Petersburg." — pp. 351 – 354.

We believe that the English conquest and government of India are preliminary to yet greater changes than any which have ever taken place in that part of the world. We believe they are designed, in the providence of God, to prepare the way for the spread and triumph of Christianity over the systems of error and superstition, polytheism and idolatry, which have so long enthralled the southern nations of Asia.

In the early history of the East India Company, the proprietors and directors were well disposed to the propagation of Christianity, and in several cases gave missionaries a free passage to India in their ships. Their governors and agents in India also extended their protection to missionaries and their converts, and assisted them in their work by liberal con-

tributions. They employed Schwartz in diplomatic negotiations with Hyder Ali, gave him a salary through all the latter part of his life, and erected a beautiful and expensive marble monument to his memory.

In the latter part of the last century, the territory belonging to the East India Company in India became much enlarged. The moral character of the European population in the country was generally of a low order, and sentiments adverse to any means for the propagation of Christianity, as endangering the stability of British power, became common. The proprietors and directors in England, influenced by the opinions and representations of their governors and other agents in India, embraced similar views, and the policy was deliberately adopted of not allowing any interference with the religion of the native population. In accordance with this policy, the English Baptist missionaries were compelled to live at Serampore for some years, under the protection of the King of Denmark, to whom Serampore then belonged; and the first American missionaries who reached India were ordered to leave the country in the same ship which had brought them thither.

This determined policy of the governing power of India, to allow no interference with the religion and superstition of the inhabitants, was made the subject of much discussion in England, especially in Parliament, in 1813, when the renewal of the Company's charter came before that body for consideration. Through the influence of Mr. Wilberforce and others, the charter was so modified as to allow missionaries to reside in India, and to secure protection to them in the use of all proper means of propagating Christianity. This was really the most important change in the charter and policy of the Company from its origin to the present time. India, thus opened for the propagation of Christianity, has ever since presented such a field for benevolent enterprise as was never before seen. Some missionary societies commenced operations there immediately, and, as the state of the country and the character of the people became better known, other societies followed, and the work has been prosecuted with a good degree of vigor. But though India, with its great population, and the protection afforded by its government, has presented

uncommon inducements to missionary efforts, it has also presented some uncommon obstacles. There is an hereditary priesthood of high pretensions to learning and sanctity, and of great influence. They have sacred books of great antiquity, and in the opinion of the mass of the people these books are of inspired authority. They have the religious and social distinctions of caste, believed by the Hindus to be of divine origin, and to involve in their observance the sum of nearly all moral obligation. This country, though generally called by one name, and supposed to contain a population of similar character and religion, yet, when once entered and surveyed, was found to comprehend ten or twelve races, differing as much in their languages, religion, customs, and manners, as the nations of Europe differ from one another.

We have nowhere seen the missionary force in India so clearly stated, and the results of its operations so fully described, as they are in the work under review. It appears that twenty-two missionary societies are now engaged in the propagation of Christianity in India (including Ceylon), and that these societies have 443 ordained missionaries, of whom 48 are natives of the country. There are also 698 licensed preachers and catechists. The number of missionary stations is 313, at which are 331 mission churches. Some of these churches are large, containing two or three hundred members, and the average number is sixty-four. This may appear to be a small number when compared with the large churches in our cities, yet there are more than three hundred Congregational churches in New England which have not sixty-four members each. In some of our States, not one half of the Presbyterian churches have so large a number, and probably the same may be said of other denominations.

It is gratifying to see how prominent a place education occupies in the missionary operations of India. The number of boarding-schools for boys is 93, containing 2,414 scholars; and for girls 102, containing 2,779 scholars. The reason for this greater number of boarding-schools for girls, and also of scholars in them, is that these schools furnish the only means girls have for the higher kind of education, while boys can go, as great numbers do, to the public schools. The schools of

this class are under the special superintendence of missionaries, and the scholars are generally supported or assisted from mission funds. In these schools the English language commonly forms a part of the course of instruction. The scholars are in a great measure removed from the corrupting and debasing influence of heathenism, and thus are in favorable circumstances to form Christian habits and characters.

Connected with the different missions in India are 126 English schools or institutions, which contain 14,562 scholars. Some of these schools have only thirty or forty scholars under one teacher, but others contain three or four hundred scholars under the care of a principal and several highly educated assistants. These institutions correspond to the academies, high schools, and colleges in this country. In the schools, Christianity, with its history, evidences, precepts, and doctrines, in connection with European science and literature, makes a part of the course of instruction. They are open to all classes who will conform to their regulations, and the instruction is to a great extent gratuitous. They have been among the most efficient means for spreading a knowledge of Christianity. Of the native missionaries, licensed preachers, and catechists now employed in the missionary work, a large part were educated in them. They were at first Hindus, or Mohammedans, or Parsees, but when they acquired such a knowledge of Christianity, as enabled them to compare it with their own faith and with other forms and systems of religion, they became convinced of its truth, and cordially embraced and openly professed it.

One reason for teaching the English language in all the higher missionary schools, and for including the acquisition of this language in the course of study for all native missionaries and catechists, is the fact that no vernacular language in India contains any proper *materiel* for education. To exclude the English language, and consequently the literature, science, and theology which the people can obtain in no other way, from the course of education for native missionaries, and to restrict their education to what they can learn in their vernacular languages, would be more unreasonable than it would be in this country to restrict the education of the ministry for

our churches to what they can learn in the common district and village schools. Ministers thus trained would never feel themselves qualified for their work; they would not have the confidence and respect of their native communities, and they would have little influence among educated men. Indeed, experience has shown that the easiest and cheapest way to raise up a native ministry is by vigorously pursuing the system of education now followed in the English schools, and then by employing those who profess Christianity in missionary operations. And not only is a native ministry in this way raised up in the shortest time, and at the least expense, but, professing Christianity under such circumstances, they will generally belong to more respectable classes in society, and they will have higher social positions and family connections, than men taken from Christian communities, who generally belong to the lower classes, and who often form an isolated and *out-caste* class of the native population.

Education is producing other results in India too important to be here omitted. We refer to the condition of women. On this subject we give the following extract from our author, who, during his long residence in different parts of the country, had many opportunities of seeing what he has described.

"The general and inveterate prejudices against female education among the Mohammedan and Hindu population in India are well known. For a long time these prejudices were an effectual obstacle against all efforts to introduce female education. But by persevering and repeated efforts, some schools expressly for girls were opened in some different missions, and now in nearly all the missions there are such schools. In some places girls and boys attend the same schools, especially where the scholars belong to native Christian families, but it has generally been found to be expedient to have schools expressly for girls. There are now in connection with the different missions 347 free common schools for girls in India, and the scholars in them amount to 11,549, a number which would have appeared incredible, had any one predicted it a few years ago.

"In nothing have the native prejudices yielded more to European civilization and example, than on the subject of female education. This department of education was commenced by missionaries, and for some years encountered strong prejudice and opposition. But the educated young men were at length able to see the advantages of it in some na-

tive girls, who had been educated in the mission schools, and also in the superiority of European females over their countrywomen of corresponding wealth and social position. These young men began to feel a desire that the girls to whom they had been betrothed in their childhood, and also that their sisters, should be educated, and they commenced a few schools for this purpose. English ladies of rank, and gentlemen of high official and social position, encouraged this spirit and enterprise. Donations and subscriptions were freely made, and female schools were commenced in Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, and some other large cities. Commenced under such auspices, these schools were not likely to fail. Encouraged by their betrothed husbands and their brothers, many girls of the most respectable native families began to attend them. The scholars were soon numbered by hundreds, and now amount to some thousands. The examinations are public, and are attended by English gentlemen and ladies of the highest rank. Prizes for improvement and good scholarship are given, and a zeal, interest, and liberality are manifested in the cause that would have appeared quite incredible a few years ago, to those acquainted only with the bigoted and apathetic Hindus as they then were. Some of the aged and more orthodox Hindus still retain their prejudices, and are much concerned at the changes they see taking place; and they sometimes predict the ruin of female virtue, and the disgrace of all respectable families. But the young men of the higher classes are carrying on their cause with prudence, energy, liberality, and success.

"The government of India, aware of the changing state of native views and feelings, and of the importance of this cause to the well-being of the native population, have recently included female education in their reformed system of education. In a late despatch from the Court of Directors to the Governor-General of India in Council, they say: 'The importance of female education in India cannot be overrated; and we have observed with pleasure the evidence which is now afforded of an increased desire on the part of many of the natives of India to give a good education to their daughters. By this means a far greater proportion of impulse is imparted to the educational and moral tone of the people than by the education of men. We have already observed, that schools for females are included among those to which grants in aid may be given, and we cannot refrain from expressing our cordial sympathy with the efforts which are being made in this direction. Our Governor-General in Council has declared, in a communication to the government of Bengal, that the government ought to give to native female education in India its frank and cordial support, and in this we heartily concur.'

"How different from the state and prospect of India, when the missionaries could not find a native woman who could read, and when no man wished his wife or his daughter to learn to read, believing, and frankly avowing his belief, that it would be better for men and for families and for society, for all women to continue ignorant as they then were! Who can doubt that a new era has commenced in the social, moral, and political state of India? A few years have seen changes on this subject, which, considering the inveterate prejudices and peculiar character of the people, we could scarcely expect to see in as many generations." — pp. 569 – 571.

The translation and circulation of the Scriptures in the vernacular languages have occupied a prominent place in the means used for the propagation of Christianity. By some, the good influence of the Scriptures has been exaggerated, and by others underrated. The Roman Catholics have never furnished the people of India with any versions of the Scriptures. Protestant missionaries, on the other hand, deem it their duty to furnish translations of the whole Bible, though the number of complete copies used is small when compared with those of the New Testament, and these, again, are few when compared with the separate portions used, as the Gospels, Genesis, and Psalms. Of these versions the author thus speaks: —

"The whole Bible has been translated and printed in ten different languages, and the New Testament has been translated and printed in five more languages of India. The amount of talent and learning employed and of labor expended upon these versions, cannot possibly be appreciated nor well understood by persons not living in the country, or who have no experience in work of this kind. No one pretends that any of these versions are perfect; none are so sensible of their imperfection as those who have bestowed most labor upon them; and none are more ready and willing to consider every objection to them, and every suggestion concerning them, and then bestow more labor upon them for their improvement. But though no one of the languages of India has yet a standard version of the Scriptures, — a version satisfactory to all who use it, and to continue for generations without change, — yet all has been done which the number and circumstances of missionaries, in connection with the state of these languages and the character of the inhabitants, could accomplish. A great work has been begun, and much progress made in it, and a great blessing has been bestowed upon the people.

May the former soon be completed, and the latter be realized and appreciated by the one hundred and fifty millions of India, and all become able to read, each in his own language, of the wonderful works and yet more wonderful love of God." — pp. 563, 564.

Of hardly less importance is the creation of a sound moral literature, in the place of the corrupting and frivolous trash that now composes the indigenous literature of the country. In this enterprise good progress has been made, and every year now adds more really valuable works to the literature of India, than all the original works which had appeared in the country a few years ago.

In looking at the summary of the means now in operation for the moral renovation of India, we have been surprised at their extent. Twenty-two missionary societies are engaged in propagating Christianity in that country. These societies are connected with nearly every Protestant church in Europe and America, and they show a far greater amount of talent, wealth, influence, and piety engaged in this cause than is generally supposed. We do not wonder that John Foster, in view of the communities thus associated, the end they are aiming to accomplish, and the agents and agencies employed in their operations, should have called "the spirit of missions the glory of the age." To some, who are not aware of the inveterate nature of the obstacles to be overcome and the difficulties to be removed, and who have not considered the magnitude of the work, the progress of this cause may appear to be slow. But this progress includes the obstacles which have been permanently removed, as well as the conversion of the people to the public profession of Christianity. And some of these obstacles, as the East India Company's support of the religions and superstitions of the country, and the laws concerning caste, were of a nature necessarily to prevent, to any considerable extent, the conversion of the inhabitants to Christianity, unless it was accompanied by the evidence of miracles, as it was in the time of Christ and his Apostles. The progress made also includes such work as the preparation of grammars, dictionaries, and school-books in the languages of the country. The preparation of such books has required

a great amount of labor, and they are indispensable in the work of Christianization.

Such comprehensive and systematic means, steadily and perseveringly pursued, cannot fail of effecting great changes in the social state, the intellectual character, and religious principles of the people, and we cannot doubt the ultimate triumph of Christianity. And yet the causes, political, social, educational, and religious, now co-operating to produce these changes, are so various and discordant, and the ignorance of the people is so great, their superstition so obstinate, and their pantheistical philosophy so mystifying and bewildering, that we can scarcely conjecture what forms of error or kinds of heresy may find a place in the future history of Christianity in India. But the moral character of the people of that unhappy country for many centuries past has been such, that every man, possessing the common feelings of humanity and philanthropy, must earnestly desire the success of all means and efforts to introduce and extend Christianity. Macaulay says: "The conversion of the whole people of India to the worst form that Christianity ever wore in the darkest ages, would be a most happy event. It is not necessary that a man should be a Christian, to wish for the propagation of Christianity in India. It is sufficient that he should be a European, not much below the ordinary European level of good sense and humanity. In no part of the world is heathenism more cruel, more licentious, more fruitful of absurd rites and pernicious laws."

Our copious extracts from Dr. Allen's work upon India, with the extended remarks already made, will give some idea of the character of this volume. Its design, as specified in the Preface, of furnishing to the American public what has hitherto been a *desideratum*, — namely, a "work including as much information concerning India, ancient and modern, as people generally would wish to read, and to which they could refer as often as they might have occasion," — seems to be fully answered. Its style, matter, and general character are adapted to make it a standard work of history, — a book of permanent value and of frequent reference. The present state of India, as connected with the great political movements of

England in Southern Asia and the designs of Russia in that direction, together with the state and prospects of Christianity in that region, suggests topics of inquiry of the largest magnitude. And the manner in which these various subjects are here discussed is so clear, so candid, and so full, that it cannot fail to interest every reader. We hope this truly *American* work will have an extensive circulation, and find its way into many private, as well as all public libraries.

ART. VII.—*Manual of Human Microscopical Anatomy.* By A. KOLLIKER, Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Würzburg. Translated by GEORGE BUSH, F. R. S., and THOMAS HUXLEY, F. R. S. Edited, with Notes and Additions, by J. DA COSTA, M. D.

THE work whose name we have given above is one which marks an important era in medical literature. The value of the microscope in its application to general science is becoming more and more justly estimated by those whose attention has been drawn towards the discoveries which have been made, or are promised, by means of it. Its interest to the medical practitioner, and its weight as an umpire in cases of doubtful diagnosis, have undoubtedly been overrated by its too ardent admirers. Yet few or none acquainted with the subject will deny that it is often in such cases an auxiliary, the attainment of which may be justly considered as one among the many grand steps which have been made during the present century in the advancement of practical medicine.

The translation of this work, in very nearly its present form, constitutes one of that admirable series of publications, which in such beautiful shape are semiannually laid before the English public by the "Sydenham Society." In adapting it to the American reader, but slight alterations have been made, and those chiefly in the addition of notes which the editor intended to append if he had pursued his original purpose of making a primary translation.

The author in his Preface very briefly states the object of his undertaking, and describes those whom it is his intention to benefit by his labors. He says: "It seems, therefore, to be the task of the cultivators of this branch of science, to communicate their researches not only to their fellow-inquirers, and to those who have in other ways gone more deeply into medical science, but to all who are devoted to the study of man in general, and especially to render them easily available to students and practitioners." This, then, is his purpose, — to aid in the study of man's physical nature, of the structure in its full development, and of the infinitesimal particles which go to make up the great whole, — to trace the aggregation and arrangement of these particles from their earliest formation, until they result in a wonderful casket, which has become fitted to receive that glorious emanation from the Divinity, the human soul.

In the posthumous writings of the late Henry Ware, Jr., there is an article entitled "The Poetry of Mathematics." His arguments are conclusive. The grandeur, the sublimity, of the conceptions which this study has opened to our contemplation, and the sensations of awe and admiration with which we follow Newton or Laplace through deep and bewildering calculations to their glorious results, involve feelings in the highest degree poetical. With yet greater justice, however, may this term be applied to a study which comes much nearer to us, — so close as to implicate the structure of the heart and brain, — all the varied phenomena connected with that hidden and mysterious principle which we call life. We may be permitted to adopt the definition given us by the writer to whom we have just referred, who himself possessed the inspiration of the poetic temperament in no limited degree. We freely acknowledge, with him, that "that object which in itself or in its essential relations excites the emotions which pertain to the sublime or the beautiful, — causes a glow both of the imagination and the feelings, — may lawfully be regarded as possessed of a poetical characteristic. Whatever it may be, — whether a scene in nature, or a trait of humanity, or an abstract truth, — if its presentation to the mind excites the imagination and the feelings with that glow of pleas-

ure or interest which springs from the beautiful and sublime in any of their forms, it is so far poetical."

The idea of examining and pointing out the true relation which exists between poetry and the sterner sciences, is but beginning to find its way to the light, and to receive a share of the consideration it deserves. It is one which must have been consciously or unconsciously entertained by many an enthusiastic and devoted laborer in the numerous and extensive fields of scientific research, but has never until recently found utterance. Those higher, more refined, and more beautiful conceptions of the human mind as it enters the realm of imagination, and as it approaches the glowing and almost inspired efforts of the poet, have been too generally placed in direct antagonism to the results which are attained by the plodder in the apparently dull, wearisome, and unattractive domain of philosophical investigation.

The study of anatomy is one which we have long deemed to possess as truly the elements of poetry, as any of those objects upon which its glowing imagery has been commonly expended. There is no subject in the whole range of the Creator's works, the contemplation of which is more admirably adapted to ennoble and expand the soul, or to fill it with emotions of wonder, admiration, and delight. Although its wealth of marvel and beauty is not spread out before the eye, is it the less glorious, the less real, the less poetical, because study, labor, and research from the very commencement are necessary to its just appreciation?

Look at the stethoscope, — that little instrument, so simple in its construction, yet capable of revealing tidings of such immense importance. With the telescope we soar through the vast expanse, and read the skies, as a scroll in which each letter is a sparkling gem. But with this we explore the depth of the human breast, where every breath whispers to our ear its cabalistic symbol, and to him who is a true and gifted interpreter of its mystic warnings speaks a fearful omen of the dark future, or tells a tale that causes many a friendly tear to flow from excess of gratitude and joy. The throbbing heart, as it pulsates beneath the open disc of the stethoscope, yields in its every murmur a sound betokening good or ill.

And now, behold, suddenly a new planet appears upon the medical horizon, — a new power rushes with startling abruptness within the reach of the physician's grasp, — leaps from the arcana of science, from the secret recesses of the laboratory, to become the soother of man's sorrows, the assuager of his pains, Heaven's last, best gift. No longer need the feeble frame of the sufferer writhe in mortal anguish beneath the stroke of the surgeon's knife, — no longer need appalling fear of agony worse than death to be endured, aid with its terrific shapes the inroads of disease. The dread season may be passed amid sweet thoughts of happiness, and its approach be awaited with calmness and tranquillity. What a field for poetic inspiration! Observe him, whom a few short moments ago death seemed already to have embraced, now entranced with dreams of unspeakable happiness, and wandering amid bright fancies of heavenly bliss. Hear him relate his story of seraphim and cherubim, of angel faces, of his joyous meeting with dear friends long since numbered with the dead, and then say if medicine has not its poetry, and surgery its romance.

Let us extend our observation somewhat further, and look at one branch of our subject somewhat in detail. What a glorious object of contemplation is the phenomenon of the fluid circulation, which is constantly going on within the animal frame! Whether we view it in the less intricate and more easily studied forms of grosser anatomy, or whether we strive after a greater degree of transcendental minuteness, each aspect presents a sublimity, a beauty, and a fascination, of which those who have not experienced it can form no conception.

The comparison of the structure of animals, commencing at the very lowest in the scale of the creation, and tracing its variations through the intermediate stages, until we arrive at its highest development as shown to us in man, has been termed Comparative Anatomy. These investigations have shed a light upon our researches in other directions which cannot be too highly estimated, and have given us the solution of many problems which without them would have remained for ever wrapped in darkness. We beg leave, in the first

place, to take a rapid glance at some of the less complicated forms of apparatus, which have been contrived for the performance of so indispensable a function as the circulation of fluids through organized bodies. The simplest plan with which we are acquainted occurs in the Polypi (that curious group of half-animal, half-vegetable existences, which is regarded with so much interest by the zoölogist), in the Medusæ or Sea-Nettles, and in Worms. In the common polyp the stomach or general cavity is prolonged into the arms, and the nourishing element permeates the canals thus formed. It is carried towards the periphery, or outwardly, not by a pulsating heart, nor by vessels whose walls contract upon their contents, but by small vibrating hairs or fins called *cilia*. These little members perform the whole circulation in the classes of animals which we have mentioned, and they also conduce to important ends in the economy of all animals, not excluding man. The motions of these cilia are remarkable, and well deserving of our attention. By the aid of the microscope we observe, on certain membranes of the body, numerous transparent filaments, leaflets, or little hairs.* They are placed side by side in rows, and bear a certain resemblance to eyelashes, from which circumstance they have derived their name. In man and the Mammalia they have been discovered on the mucous membrane of the tear-duct, of the nasal passages, the inside of the eyelid, the back part of the mouth, and also on the surface of all the cavities of the brain. They have a continued wave-like, vibratory motion, which acts in such a way as gently to propel the atoms that come within their reach onward in a given direction.

In the *Stella marina*, or Starfish, where the stomach, as in the polyp, extends into the rays, these cilia are so disposed on one side of the vessel as to waft the fluid in an outward direction, and again, on the opposite side they are arranged in such a manner as to act toward the centre, thus sustaining to and from the extremities an active circulation, by which the animal is nourished. In some instances this motion is hook-like, that is to say, the point of each of the cilia bends upon

* These are the cilia. Their size is infinitely minute, being often not more than one thousandth of a line in diameter.

itself and is instantly stretched out again, as a field of corn bends and recovers itself beneath a sudden blast; in others they are simply vacillating, each row nodding in perfect harmony. Now and then, under the microscope, small detached portions of the membrane are seen skimming across the field of vision, propelled, as is a boat by its oars, by two or three cilia which still remain attached to it. They have also the power of attracting toward themselves, or repelling, objects of relatively considerable magnitude.

The most singular fact, however, in respect to ciliary motion, is its independence of the nervous system, and almost of vitality itself; for it sometimes has been observed to continue for weeks after life was extinct. That system which affects so sensibly all other parts is here nugatory. The power governing the motion of organs which are themselves, with the agencies we at present possess, so minute that they may be said to stand upon the very confines of vision, is one of those enigmas for the solution of which the realm of imagination must be invaded; and he whose fancy is the most vivid in depicting infinitesimal water-currents, and transcendental muscular fibres, shall be crowned poet laureate in the domain of anatomy.

Circulation is carried on in insects by means of a contractile heart consisting of numerous cavities. This heart admits the fluid from the stomach through certain slits or apertures guarded with valves. It is then forced on from cavity to cavity, and finally transmitted into one large arterial trunk. This vessel empties itself, not into any other vessel, but abroad under the brain, whence, by means of the muscles and the numerous spiral air-tubes, its former contents make their way into every part of the body, even to the finest points of the antennæ and the joints of the extremities. In the lobster family, in the snail family, and in the earthworm, there is a regular vascular system. As we ascend in the scale of being, the apparatus by which the great element of life is circulated becomes more and more analogous to that of man. We find in some animals, as in the fish, one or more additional hearts, which receive the blood from the primary organ, and send it forth again with increased impetus.

Thus, to sum up the whole, wherever accurate observation and decisive experiment are possible, there new proof is obtained that the juices and the blood are distributed by purely mechanical means. It is in regard to vegetables alone that we are compelled to betake ourselves to hypothesis. And here (at the risk of becoming tedious) we can scarcely resist the temptation to deviate from our direct course, and add a few words on the interesting subject of vegetable anatomy. We find in plants, trees, and vegetables no heart, neither do we discover cilia. The power by which the sap is conveyed through the various parts has never yet been determined. We can only say that it appears to be twofold. In the first place, there is the force arising from the absorption constantly going on in the roots, which, as the fluid accumulates, compels the sap to ascend. This ascending force has been found sufficient to raise a column of mercury forty inches, or to support continually a column twenty-six inches in height. The foliage of a tree, or plant, is constantly demanding nourishment, and thus we have another cause of motion. That this need should be in reality a source of efficient power seems almost incredible, yet we have abundant evidence of the fact. If, for example, we graft a branch of evergreen upon the stock of a tree which is completely stripped of leaves in autumn, we have throughout the winter a continual ascent of sap in the tree for the nourishment of that branch. Again, if we plant a vine on the outside of a greenhouse, and conduct its growth into the interior, that vine will vegetate and flourish all through the cold weather, obtaining its sustenance of course from roots which are exposed to the inclemency of the season. Here the leaves make a demand to which the roots are compelled to accede.

Plants originate in cells, and are composed of cells. In the leaf of the banana, which has been known to grow four or five inches in a day, these cells have increased at the rate of four or five hundred per hour. The matter which nourishes their growth is dissolved from the earth in water, and ascends from cell to cell. As it pursues its course, the sap has three varieties of motion; — first, that of the crude sap, which ascends to the leaves, where all its more watery particles are evaporated; secondly, the motion which is peculiar to the cells;

and thirdly, the circulation of the cambium (a milky juice), which is a vital fluid analogous to the blood of animals. This is distributed throughout the entire plant. In one species, with the aid of the microscope, the sap is observed to branch off, and the globules of which it is composed are traced running along the floor of a cell or chamber, up one side, along the roof, and down the opposite side, where it rejoins the ascending current. All the while, neither contraction of the parietes of the cell, nor ciliary movement of any kind, can be detected as the efficient cause of the current. In another species it has been found to spring from the centre of the cell, like a *jet d'eau*, and, on touching the roof, to divide into innumerable fine and almost invisible branches, which run down the sides and again mingle with the parent stream. Thus the plants in which this curious structure has been observed may be said to consist chiefly of an immense multitude of little fountains, side by side, and story upon story. The charms of art with the grace of nature form a perfect combination. Here is the poetry of both indissolubly united with vegetable anatomy.

We have been examining the powers of circulation. The observation of the actual phenomena, as they occur in a living being, is, as may well be imagined, one of the most beautiful and wonderful spectacles that can be presented to the sight. We spread beneath the glass the membrane of a bat's wing, or the web of a frog's foot, and, behold! a new world of interest and delight is opened upon us. We see innumerable vessels interwoven and forming a network of infinite beauty. These vessels are of various sizes, and soon we become sufficiently skilled in the art to be enabled to distinguish the arteries, or vessels which come out from the heart,—not only by the opposite direction of their currents, but also by their jerking pulsatory motion,— from the veins running towards the heart, in which this motion is entirely wanting.

Of what is this fluid composed, and what share does it take in building up the solid framework of bone and muscle? If a drop of blood is placed beneath a lens of high power, the separate particles of which it is composed can be distinguished. We see that it is made up almost entirely of a multitude of minute round bodies, which are called the blood-globules or

blood-discs. These are swimming in a comparatively small quantity of limpid, colorless, or slightly yellowish fluid. They are distinctly seen to be shaped in the form of a disc, and have been found to vary between the three-hundredth and the four-hundredth of a line in diameter. Sometimes they are seen separate, lying with their flat side towards us, at others we see them edgewise, and again a large number have become accidentally piled the one on top of the other, forming columns similar to those made by a number of coins laid one upon another. In addition to these blood-globules, we observe yet other bodies, also rounded or globular, which are composed of lymph or chyle, and which, upon a still more careful examination, have been discovered in a yet more primitive state, that is, in the shape of a nucleus not exceeding the thousandth of a line in diameter. Now the former of these two chief constituents of the vital fluid has, by chemical analysis, been found to contain, among other important elements, such appreciable quantities of iron and oxygen, that each globule, as it is pursuing its tour through all the various rivers of the system, may be properly looked upon as a ship (one of small tonnage to be sure), with a cargo of gas and metal on board; which it discharges when the destined port is reached, or, in other words, when it shall have arrived at the spot where, by parting with its properties, strength and firmness will be given to the structure.

The lymph-corpuscles of which we have spoken go probably to nourish and renew the blood-globules. Having once been formed, each of the latter becomes possessed of an independent existence, and, still more wonderful to relate, each is now gifted with the power of reproducing itself. For the knowledge of this interesting fact, we are indebted to the profound investigations of Dr. Barry. The first change in them which he observed was the formation of delicate radiating lines, shooting from the centre towards the circumference of the wheel or disc, by which it is divided, generally into six segments. These gradually become indented more and more deeply, until at last a complete separation takes place, and we have six young globules, each of which speedily assumes the form of its parent.

If now once more we carefully inspect the bat's wing, the knowledge which we have just acquired will give new zest and zeal to our investigations. Making use of a magnifying power of some two or three hundred diameters, we observe the capillary circulation. The blood is flowing rapidly. The red globules crowd the middle of the stream, and whirl on with great speed. Those which are white move slowly, leaving all the severer labor to be performed by their more vigorous companions. Each little molecule is seen alive, and in ceaseless motion, and it is exceedingly amusing, as well as interesting, to watch their progress. At one time a single globule is seen rushing forward, until it reaches a point where an artery takes its rise. Against the angle thus formed, a wave more impetuous than its predecessors hurls it with great force, and there it remains adhering to the sides until another of equal strength sets it free, once more to pursue its onward course. Now, borne on by a gentle undulation, they advance in serried ranks, and anon they thread their way in single file, all these varied movements being entirely dependent upon the heart's activity or quiescence. The size of the vessels in which this disturbance is taking place is almost infinitely diversified. We may have found it difficult to conceive of any bodies so minute as those we have attempted to describe; how nearly impossible then is it to imagine tubes of still smaller dimensions, through which these bodies are enabled by their natural flexibility to pass! Krause, a German physiologist, tells us, that the finest capillaries of the retina, the inner membrane of the eye, are a five-hundred-and-fortieth part of a Paris line in diameter, and those of the *tibialis anticus* muscle, one of the muscles of the leg, not more than an eleven-hundredth. Although we may be possessed of a fancy the most fertile that ever poet was blessed with, yet here it is evidently inadequate to the task, and we listen to the numbers without comprehending the ideas they are intended to convey.

Leaving now these minutiæ, we will ascend to the highest point in the scale. We find in man the perfection of animal mechanism, the glory of the creation, the last and most exalted work of the Great Father. Let us consider the structure and the functions of the human heart, that all-important in-

strument. Without its never-ceasing action, not another moment of existence would be ours; and yet it may be considered as the simplest, least complicated, and most easily comprehended of all the organs which bear part in the creation and sustenance of the principle of life. Who that has looked for the first time upon a diagram, accurately drawn and colored, of the human heart, with its innumerable arteries and veins, sending their fertilizing branches to every portion of the system, but has felt his own heart throb with an increased action, and his mind so far overcome with emotions of astonishment and admiration, that it has required some moments to render him sufficiently calm and collected to enter into a more detailed appreciation of the subject? How much, then, have these sensations been increased, as, upon further examination, the beautiful symmetry, the order, minuteness, and extent, the harmony, regularity, and completeness, with the intricate mutual connection and dependence, of the several parts, have been forced upon his notice! Such indeed must be the experience of all who have souls capable of enjoying concord, as well when combined with that which is more material, as when presented to us in the melody of musical sound, or the flowing cadences of poetic inspiration.

This little muscular bag, no larger than the closed hand, lying here, concealed within the breast, is in very truth an object of the deepest interest to each one of us, and with its structure all should in some degree at least be acquainted. It is situated much nearer the middle of the chest than we are apt to imagine, and it is divided into four muscular chambers, two upper and two lower. Each of these has a distinct purpose and a distinct power; each accomplishes its purpose during life and health with unerring accuracy; and within each we find many objects which excite our curiosity and interest. We observe columns, — whether of the Egyptian, Doric, or Corinthian style of architecture, we are not prepared to decide; numerous valves, some resembling in shape the half-moon, and others reminding us of the bishop's mitre, which have in accordance with these fanciful resemblances been styled the semilunar and mitral valves; and still others, which, by a beautiful arrangement, similar to that which has

been applied to our steam-boilers, act as safety-valves, and in like manner save life, and prevent many of those frightful accidents which would otherwise occur. What astonishing energy is exerted by the walls of one of these little apartments, especially by the basement on the left! It is, by its own inherent force, equal to the power of thirteen pounds at every stroke, continually pumping the vital fluid from its cavity. Through channels at first large it sends its revivifying influence. These gradually diminish into less than hair-like proportions, until at length they attain a minuteness so extreme as to require a microscope of great power to enable us in any measure to distinguish them. This beauteous crimson rivulet reaches every nook and corner of the remotest extremity. On it flows, and is ever flowing, so long as life remains. Repeated impulses urge on the brilliant waters, which are rendered, by a curious elastic arrangement, an equable and continuous current, until every particle, the most infinitesimal that is necessary to a healthy performance of life's every function, is searched out and has partaken of the nourishment it is its office to administer. And now, having performed its mission, is it lost? Is the remainder, of which there is an abundance, having thus parted with its most important qualities, allowed to be wasted and thrown off, as some secretion unnecessary and of no account? By no means. Channels as minute as the preceding now take up the purpled fluid. On it flows again and still on, in a retrograde direction, the stream gradually increasing as it receives added waves from innumerable sources. But the power by which it is now propelled is even yet a mystery. Whether it be an inherent contractile force belonging to the tissues of which these vessels are composed, which, stimulated by the contact, is urging it forward, often operating against the power of gravitation and the pressure of superincumbent weight, until another chamber of the heart is reached; or whether it is drawn towards its destination by a suction power, exerted by the heart at the moment of its relaxation, by which a vacuum is necessarily created; or whether it may not be simply the *vis a tergo*, the force from behind, that causes this phenomenon, — we know not. Suffice it for us in this place, that the process and the result are well ascertained.

And how beautiful the arrangement! No retrocession is permitted here. When once the upward course is taken, valves, placed at certain distances along the vessel's sides, give the necessary support to the ascending column, and prevent all downward tendency.

Our bag now once more receives into the upper right of its four chambers, as into a parent fountain, its wandering child, that has travelled so far, distributing its riches on every side, and that now returns poor and itself requiring sustenance. Here the two opposing currents mingle,—that which has come from below, and that which, having passed through various other channels, has come from above, where it has been nurturing and endowing with life and vigor the seat of the mind itself, imparting those all-important physical properties without which even the most powerful intellect becomes imbecile, and the heaven-descended soul is no longer capable of manifesting itself. The impoverished fluid, however, does not for an instant remain stationary. It immediately descends into the lower chamber on the same side, and at the instant that a new stream is propelled from the other side of the thin partition, to go upon the same errand from which this, whose wanderings we have already followed, has but just returned, it darts upward to the right and left, and is distributed in ramifications infinitely minute through the exquisitely delicate cellular structure of the lungs. Now a new change takes place, to be explained only by the science of chemistry. That which was old and unfit for use is renovated; that which was purple is changed to a brilliant crimson. In this new field through which it has spread itself is found that which it needed. A plenteous draught of an element which a bounteous Providence has bestowed with an unsparing hand is taken. This by a power belonging to itself it decomposes, and, extracting that which is to renew its powers, dismisses that which is no longer of service. Now are the divided waters gathered into yet other channels, and pour onward once more to their source, there to be received into a third chamber, and from a fourth again to start on their wonderful course. Who will attempt to describe all that has been done during this long journey of this little stream, gifted with a living and life-

giving power, and moving like a thing of life, as in truth it is, or flying like an immortal spirit, as of old it was in sober earnest believed to be? Not to speak of the nerves endowed by it with vigor, and the strength it has given to muscles which breathe in chiselled forms of surpassing grace, or which have moved the limner's pencil when he has drawn features of exquisite and heavenly beauty, who can tell of the powers of intellect which it has unfolded, of the glowing images and aspiring hopes to which it has given birth, of the genius which it has inspired, of the scientific ideas which it has developed, of the lofty conceptions and glorious thoughts which at its touch have sprung into being, or of the determined resolve or the spirit of calm and silent fortitude which it has cherished? Its pencillings by the way would have been most certainly eventful, — abounding in topics of excitement and full of deep and even tragic interest. It has climbed over the Alps of the cerebral convolutions, and descended into the vales of the *pia mater;** it has bathed the foot of the tree of life (*arbor vitæ*),† and crossed the *pons variolii*,‡ encircled the ciliary zone,§ and peered through the optic lens, circumnavigated the globe of the eye, and flowed through the canal of Petit.‖

Again, let us take a passing look at another tributary branch of the subject we have named. It is not necessary, nor is this the place, to dive into the amazing intricacies, the wonderful and delicate machinery, of the nervous system, its labyrinthine tubes and innumerable filaments, all regulated by such perfection of order, beauty, and skill. Examine this large white cord, but in your scrutiny disturb it not, touch it not, do not disarrange even the smallest thread; for if this is done, a sudden torpor may seize upon the whole structure even to its very centre, every spring may be in a moment stopped, the whole glorious work be instantly destroyed and rendered for ever unfit for use. But to your eye muscle and

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* The nutrient membrane of the brain.

† A very beautiful arrangement of the gray substance of the cerebellum, resembling the trunk of a tree with its numerous branches and twigs.

‡ One of the commissures of the brain.

§ This is a vascular layer which surrounds the optic lens.

‖ This canal also surrounds the lens.

bone, and all the various tissues, must become as transparent as glass, if you would watch that which is passing within; and through this somewhat dense medium we must observe the inner world. You would scarcely imagine this cord to be a bundle of strands, each one, even the minutest, created to perform a distinct and important office in the human economy. Yet this is indeed true. Every fibril, although too small to be discerned by the unassisted eye, serves as a telegraphic wire, a hollow pathway, through which intelligence is conveyed. But these are apparently mere instruments in the hands of a superior. You may ask: What is the overruling power? what the message they are intended to communicate? We will trace this band, from which diverge, and to which converge, all these other roads of greater and lesser magnitude, — we will trace this to its source. It ascends and continues to ascend, until at length a large and glorious temple is reached. The walls of this temple are hung with glossy and shining tapestry of surpassing delicacy and lustre.* We find numerous apartments all dressed in the same rich drapery. Numerous as they are, yet each has, it may be, an appropriate function, and it is not impossible that they are separate offices where in their individual capacity preside the various mental qualities, — that in these they severally dwell as local genii awaiting the call of the ruling power. And here in high majesty enthroned is that ruling power. We see it not, we feel it not; it escapes our keenest search; the most powerful microscope is of no avail; and we exclaim with the sacred poet, "Whence then cometh wisdom, and where is the place of understanding, seeing it is hidden from the eyes of all living?" In a sublimity and grandeur, in a beauty and glory invisible to our coarser faculties, the immortal soul here reigns, and through its corporeal agents holds communication with the external world. Here its allotted term of mortal existence is passed. This is the spot where are presented those scenes, from which every volume of romance, every poem, be it epic or tragic, derives its whole power and its chief beauty. If it interest the heart, or excite the imagination, it is here that the poet and the

* The lining serous membrane.

novelist have looked for inspiration. And it is to him who has approximated most closely to a truthlike delineation of what is going on within this narrow compass, that has ever been awarded the highest meed of praise. Song has expended itself upon this theme, and volumes have been written, yet it is ever new and fresh in its continually changing phases. It is from the fierce conflicts and scorching passions, from the elevated and ennobling thoughts and heroic deeds, which have here originated, that have been drawn those word-pictures of stirring interest, which have fixed the hearer in breathless attention, whether on the utterances of the improvisatrice of the South, or the "Wizard of the North." Here it is that every sweet virtue of heavenly origin has taken root and ripened into maturity, and that every vice has sprung up to pollute and contaminate those within the sphere of its influence. Yes, here is the temple of the spiritual sovereign to whom has been confided the direction of this curious and complicated structure, the human frame. From this high seat she issues her commands. With more than telegraphic speed, the remotest extremity of her little realm is attained, and a message is returned. Always the correct tube or path for the outward-bound mandate is selected, always by another and peculiar route is the answer transmitted. Volition is conveyed and movement accomplished by one route, and sensation carried back by another. A lengthened train of servants obey her orders and bring her information. She looks from her hiding-place by the aid of a telescope more exquisitely delicate in its construction than the most perfect apparatus of man's creation, and of which his most successful attempts have been but feeble imitations. This all-important instrument is far too complex to permit of a description here; it is the wonder of the anatomist, — it is the theme of the poet; all know its sparkling brilliancy when youth and health are ours, its expression of drooping sadness when sorrow or pain has darkened our experience. It is the index of the soul, it speaks the language of the heart.

So beautiful an organ must need much care to prevent constant disarrangement, and a kind Providence has furnished means for its shelter and protection. Water, supplied by an unfailing spring, is unceasingly flowing over its transparent sur-

face, by which it is cleansed, kept smooth, and retained in order for constant use. By night shutters close over it to exclude all injurious influences, and by day self-regulating curtains of the richest hues shade and defend its sensitive membranes.

Again, the presiding spirit receives information from far beyond her own dominions through the medium of another apparatus, which by means of sonorous undulations communicates its varied intelligence. Here the internal arrangements, likewise intricate and complex, contain parts the use of which is as yet unknown, and possess, like those of vision, mysterious and incomprehensible attributes. It is still an enigma to the physiologist, in what way the picture of the exact appearance of an object, with its varieties of color, light, shade, and position, is so accurately and vividly painted upon the retina, or how it is possible that a correct and discriminating conception of aerial vibrations, their direction, pitch, quality, and distance, can be obtained.

Yet other avenues present themselves, through which the enclosed offspring of divinity holds converse with that which is without; and in all, the elements of pleasure, of beauty, in a word, of poetry, are clearly discernible.

Travelling on one of these convergent pathways, let us continue our ramble through the silent corridors of the brain, and enter one of its galleries. This is, it may be, the seat of memory, that power whose pleasures have been so fittingly portrayed in the poet's glowing verse, — the treasure-house in which she has stored her innumerable reminiscences.

> "Hail, memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine
> From age to age unnumbered treasures shine!
> Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
> And place and time are subject to thy sway!
> Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone,
> The only *pleasures we can call our own.*"

The long experience of years has helped to fill these never-full chambers. How vain the attempt to describe their contents! Here hang pictures bright, joyful, glowing, over which the rays of the early sun have shed their gladsome influence, and youth, beauty, and happy hearts fill the foreground. And here, in painful contrast, may be seen one where vice and passion stand alone predominant, the inspection of which,

even after the lapse of years, inflicts a pang as fierce, as bitter, and as fresh, as though but a day had passed since the occurrence. Another rises here, where sickness and pain, recollections of mental or bodily anguish, of misfortune or bereavement, have left their dark and sombre coloring. It is in truth a varied gallery through which we pass. Here every thought, hope, feeling, every incident, whether of joy or grief, which the tide of subsequent events has long since buried from our sight, has found for itself a resting-place, to be aroused when we least expect from its transitory slumber. How strange and incomprehensible the power! How utterly beyond the utmost stretch of our imagination to conceive the process by which all this has here left an indelible stamp! And yet we know the fact, and we know that if the frail cell wherein is lodged the memory of certain particular events, of numbers, dates, or language, be but touched by disease or injury, its office is no longer fulfilled, it is no longer the instrument by which this faculty of the mind displays itself. Memory is in this respect, so far as our mortal vision extends, completely annihilated. Proceeding a little further on, we may easily believe that it is from this spot Imagination soars on triumphant wings, filling the whole temple with her song of gladness, or sends forth her bright creations to enlighten and instruct, her pleasing fancies to cheer and animate; that in this, Association weaves her heterogeneous web; that here resides Invention, and there Judgment.

Thus far all is possible, and not improbable. But beyond this, all is unfounded theory; and the principles of that science which has fancifully mapped out the exterior of the skull, taking it as a type of the interior, (whereas anatomy fails to discover any more than a slight trace of similarity,) were undoubtedly based, and rely for their chief support, upon the facts to which we have alluded.

We may perhaps be assisted in more firmly establishing the justice of the position from which we started at the commencement of this article, if we cast our eyes still farther back than we have hitherto permitted ourselves to do, and refer to the earliest visible trace and development of a living being. In this respect what more applicable to our purpose, and what

more beautiful and interesting in itself, than the history of the life enclosed within the shell of an egg, and what presents itself more clearly and accurately to our observation? There are, it has seemed to us, the germs of poetry in the mere formation of a living, sentient being from this inert amalgam. More strongly still are we drawn toward our investigation if we are made acquainted with the fact, which has been well ascertained, that up to a certain point the creation of man, of a bird, of a reptile, or of a fish, takes place upon the same general plan. The early processes are the same, the final results how diverse! A most curious and interesting task it is to watch the gradual transformations and developments.

First, sunk in the midst of the yolk, a small round vesicle or cell is discernible. In the centre of this vesicle one or more dark granules are observed, from which there arises, by a process of gradual yet rapid reproduction, a cluster of cells which somewhat resembles a mulberry. We now examine further, and in the centre of this mulberry-like mass we see a cell differing from all the others in size and appearance. This is the embryonic granule. It is so small, that a glass of high power is necessary to distinguish it, yet it is from this cell that, in the short space of a few days, or weeks, a new being will spring into existence, and commence to be a fellow-traveller with ourselves through this great and beautiful world. With man, as we have said, it is the same as with the bird, or the plant. Our first appearance is as a small globule or cell, we grow by the addition of other cells, we live by the interchange of cells, as one disappears another taking its place, and we die by cellular decomposition.

The primary germinal cell is soon endowed with great activity. It changes its position from the centre of the yolk to the surface. By that mysterious power of reproduction to which we have before referred, a new cell is brought forth, and yet another and another, until they become so numerous that it is impossible to count them. Minute vessels may now be seen coursing their way along. About the fourteenth hour of incubation the first rudiment of the embryo chick is observed, in the guise of a delicate, white elongated streak. Soon, however, out of this vesicular mass, there gradually arise,

as it were by magic, a head, a limb, an eye, and the various other most important organs. But, what is more curious than all, each is going on in its own course, without the slightest apparent reference to its fellows; each is alone occupied in the formation of its own separate individuality. Watch yet further. The life-creating blood is still at work, making for itself new passages, and, by its own incomprehensible capacity of self-increase, filling them with itself. Infinitesimal cells or globules arrange themselves side by side in long columns. In the centre of each an aperture is soon apparent, and by the union of these apertures, or fusion of the cells, a canal is formed, through which the blood quickly makes its way. At about the twenty-seventh hour, the heart begins to be visible, in the shape of a mere prolonged canal, which however soon bends upon itself and becomes divided into separate chambers.

After a time, a general tendency of all the parts towards a common centre may be discovered. Delicate white threads, which in their initial form we had previously traced, are seen mingling with this strange, disconnected, and to all appearance disorderly creation. All finally unite, each with its own kind, the vessels to form by their union larger vessels, the white threads to form bands. The vessels proceed to, or come from, that little central knot, in which a pulsatory motion is now perceptible. The threads, more ambitious, stop not. Why do they still continue their course, all making for that remote point, — that curious mass of jelly-like substance? The whole interior of this substance is of a glassy white, over which a delicate coating of gray is everywhere spread. These threads are the reins by which the entire animal machine, having thus wonderfully from all parts gathered and connected itself, is to be guided. Hither they have hastened, to put themselves under the control of some invisible agent. This agent, be it instinct or mind, has been placed here in a union, utterly incomprehensible to our finite capacities, with this gray coating. Thus all finally merge their various organizations, each acting in harmony with the rest, into one life, to which they become henceforth subservient. Do not such facts as these, ever-living miracles as they are, most truly excite the "emotions which pertain to the sublime and the beautiful, — cause a glow both of the imagination and the feelings?"

There is yet another study, which, although having no direct connection with our main subject, is closely and indissolubly linked with that of which anatomy forms so important a part. This has for its aim the explanation of the laws and operations of the mind, — a subject which comes as fully and truly within the province of the physician as any other that can be named. Involved, as the mind is, in doubt and mystery, in clouds which the golden rays of a better knowledge have scarce yet begun to illumine, — subject to, and affected by, the ever-varying conditions of the frail tenement in which it is enclosed, and reacting on that tenement with redoubled force, — it is all-important that he who would restore the one to a state of activity and usefulness should be well acquainted with the influence of the other, — that he who would operate on the physical, should have a clear and deep insight into the state of the mental organism, and should be able to apply those remedies which a calm watchfulness, a thoughtful consideration for the trembling fears, the racking anxieties of others, and a quickened perception, can alone suggest, and without which as coadjutors all his varied learning is of no avail. And what study more attractive can be presented to one who has a love for thought? What can better inspire us with perfect faith in the existence of an immaterial and immortal principle, than an intelligent and reasoning knowledge of this tabernacle of clay? It has been said, that those sciences to which the attention of the physician and the surgeon is constantly turned, have a direct tendency to produce disbelief in immortality, and that in fact a great majority of these professions have been materialists. Let so base and unworthy a thought be for ever banished from our minds; let it be scouted with indignation and disgust. It is only a superficial and exceedingly imperfect acquaintance with the mysteries of our organization that can give origin to such a belief. It can exist only in those whose powers of reasoning are so limited, that, from mere inability to take enlarged and ennobling views, or to look beyond the senseless and decaying form before them, they are incapable of grasping that more solid truth which lies but slightly hidden from their sight, — a truth more distinctly proved, more incontrovertibly and undeniably rendered cog-

nizable to our reasoning powers, than the existence of matter can by any possibility be made to be. That *I am*, is a fact which each of us from the first moment of consciousness intuitively realizes. That matter exists beyond and external to ourselves, and enters into the formation of our bodies, and that through it we have communication with other minds, is only a proposition which a process of reasoning purely metaphysical renders highly probable, but of which we have no incontrovertible proof. By this same process of reasoning and experience, we learn that all matter is unceasingly undergoing change, that nothing in the whole material universe is stable, and that our bodies, more rapidly it may be than any other form of matter, are becoming metamorphosed into some other substance. This apparently solid framework, — do we call it our own? We are deceived. It is passing from us with every gallon of air, which, loaded with carbon, we exhale from our lungs. Some part of our body is sinking into the grave every moment we live. Every word we utter, every movement of our muscles, and every thought, which circulates with increased energy the nervous fluid through the brain, or its nourishing life-blood, is most surely a death-warrant to numerous particles which but a moment before appeared inseparably to form a part of our living textures, and which perhaps we had imagined would remain subject to our will so long as we were united to the flesh. That which we call ourselves is ever escaping our control. The death to which we refer only with solemn countenances, with feelings of awe and sometimes terror, is but a more rapid, sudden, and complete crumbling of those delicate textures which have been constantly dissolving during our whole previous existence. How absurd, then, is the theory of the materialist! How does he throw away and disgrace his own noblest powers! How does he, with an unaccountable blindness, overlook an argument which in this respect is incontrovertible! Amid all these changes, have we any one of us lost our identity? Years have elapsed, and we, physically speaking, have died and been regenerated, it may be a hundred or a thousand times, and still are we not each one of us the same? Have we suffered change, save that these years, as they have silently flown over

our heads, have, by means of the experience which they have brought with them, ripened our judgment, matured our intellectual faculties, and added, it is to be hoped, some rich jewels of holy purposes earnestly fulfilled, — duties, pleasant or painful, perseveringly accomplished? How repeatedly has it been said, "Could we but once know from personal observation an instance of the soul's surviving the body, then indeed should we be convinced!" Now here is constantly taking place before our eyes the very phenomenon which we would have presented to us. The fact of death is the chief argument of those who would prove that the mind is mortal. Here, then, let us show to the doubter an opposing argument, the most powerful that can be imagined, completely unimpeachable, before which his own vanishes like the early dew beneath the scorching beams of an August sun. It is that of life, continued life, — life which remains vigorous when all else tends to decay, — life amid perpetual death.

Let none, then, tell us of materialism as in any way connected with the study of anatomy. They may affirm that matter, that our own bodies and all the numerous forms which we see around us, are but fanciful and deceptive vagaries of the imagination, which have no real existence. But let them not utter so gross an absurdity as to say, that the mind, which even by their own acknowledgment creates these forms, does not exist, or exists only as an accidental result of a peculiar combination of atoms.

Even the argument which we here urge, all powerful as it undeniably is, stands not alone. Facts, which each individual's experience serves but to accumulate, can be readily brought forward. At this time, however, we will direct our attention to but one other consideration, which, although not more decisive than that already advanced, possesses a rare and peculiar beauty.

A most interesting and instructive task it is to watch the progress of the soul, from the moment of its awakening in early childhood, when the first ray of the dawning intellect just begins to shine through and dispel the difficulties preventing its clearer annunciation, on through youth, with its buoyant anticipations, till manhood's prime is reached, when the

corporeal frame has attained the period of maturity. This is a period when either every part of our system, having arrived at its highest point of development, must remain stationary, or we must commence our descending path, and enter upon the enjoyment of those many calm and rational delights, which accompany our decline into the vale of years. What more interesting, when man has arrived at this stage of his progress, than to watch the directly opposite courses which are pursued, for a certain number of years, by the body and the mind? The body having reached the middle period of its life, having attained the zenith of its strength and activity, no further increase of power is, in the natural course of events, to be anticipated. But how directly the reverse with the mind! Nothing stationary is here discernible; no rest is needed; but, pushing on with a renewed vigor, an increased energy, it leaves its frail companion far back in the distance. It would seem as though this additional strength had been acquired from the circumstance that the body, being no longer obliged to expend any part of its forces upon its own advancement, now finds itself at liberty to render full assistance to the designs of its immortal inmate. It is an undoubted fact, that the mind before extreme old age, for thirty or forty years of diminished bodily powers, is often sounder and capable of greater exertion than at any previous period of its existence, and that in some cases, even after many years more of continually increasing physical decrepitude, its faculties still not only retain their accustomed vigor, energy, and clearness, but are ripening into a more perfect maturity. Can it then for one instant be imagined, that the time has arrived for the soul's destruction, at the very moment when it is best fitted for worthy undertakings? Such a supposition is directly opposed to the analogy of nature, and sets the plainest inductions of our reason at defiance. Never before have we known the mind to exhibit such vigor of thought, such intellectual depth, or analytical acumen. And this state of things continues, until at length the willing slave can no longer sustain his burden; the instrument, becoming useless and out of tune, no longer fulfils its accustomed office, yields but a few faint and discordant notes, in place of those noble and exalted strains to which we have so often listened,

and is resolved into its native dust, setting free the skilful workman to pursue his labors and accomplish far loftier tasks untrammelled by those crass fetters which have here so limited his efforts.

From these semi-physiological facts, inferences may be deduced which open to our view a bright and cheering prospect, of which no logician, be his phrases ever so skilfully put, can deprive us. We see that, however intimate the connection between the spiritual and the material, however identical their existence may appear to a superficial observer, yet in truth the tie which binds them together is but a feeble one, since the former is unaffected by the constant though gradual death of the latter, and each is evidently permitted to pursue, unmolested by the other, its separate path during life's brief pilgrimage. We all have been forced at times but too painfully to feel how very slight may be the touch which snaps the thread that united them, and separates a spirit, endeared to us by lovely qualities of mind and heart, from its frail and perishing companion.

We might proceed with these remarks much further. We might speak of yet others of those kindred sciences, each one of which, when pursued individually and extended into its minute details, possesses food for thought, material for delight, admiration, and improvement, more than sufficient to interest and absorb the attention through every hour of the longest life, and which in union form that *one* glorious and comprehensive science, known as the science of medicine. We might speak of botany, that beautiful and fascinating branch of medical literature, with its varied combinations of flowers, herbs, trees, — all that pleasing diversity which has lent to the surface of the earth its most charming and attractive features, and without which the loveliest scene in nature were but a bare and repulsive spectacle. We might say much of chemistry, with its startling and inexplicable principles, which teaches of the power of cohesion and attraction, that incomprehensible agency by which every atom in the vast universe is retained in its position, and innumerable worlds hang suspended in their spheres, — of galvanism, of ponderable and imponderable bodies, of mysterious affinities and repulsions, — of the labor-

atory, its various tests, and curious modes of analysis, which have been for ages woven into the poet's verse, and made the fruitful source of many an appropriate and demonstrative simile.

But we will refrain. We believe it is of the highest use to divest this subject of Anatomy, one from which we are so apt to shrink with an instinctive tremor, of all repulsive properties, and to show it in that true and ennobling light with which the Creator has surrounded it. "The creation of the beautiful," has been said to be the essence of poetry. To this we would add, that in a just and deep appreciation of the beautiful consists the poetic temperament. Truly all things may wear a poetic aspect to him who has a spark of poetry in his composition, and as to him who has not, "Heaven preserve him in his destitution!" We believe that in anatomy, and also in physiology, chemistry, and botany, there are the elements of the grand and the sublime, — that the same hand which has scattered abroad so much to attract, so much to excite feelings of admiration, awe, and reverence, has likewise traced with a more refined and delicate touch the lineaments of beauty in the structure of our own frames. In this we cannot be mistaken, and most assuredly, thus viewed, the walks of science which have been deemed dry and barren are strewed with flowers, and our most severe and earnest investigations receive an added interest.

The study of medicine is one which, with the single exception of that which has for its object to expound the revealed truth and will of the Deity, is the most ennobling to which man can devote himself. To this he is, or should be, incited by aspirations the most elevated, — the relief of human suffering, the attempt to reduce to order or to repair, when disarranged, that most exquisite piece of God's workmanship in which he has enshrined an immortal spirit, and to remove as far as to human skill is possible all that would cramp or impede its action through the means of this glorious and magnificent instrument. We believe that medical literature has been most unnaturally divorced from those adorning associations which in truth belong to it, which spread a halo of beauty and poetry around every step in our onward progress,

and cause a beam of devotional and religious feeling to sparkle on every object in which we find irresistible evidences of an overruling and an all creating and sustaining Power.

ART. VIII. — *New England Historical and Genealogical Register.* Vols. I. – X. Boston: S. G. Drake.

"'I SAY,' the lad resumed, after a pause.

"'Say what you say,' said the father.

"'Is that all true what 's in the peerage, — in the baronetage, about Uncle Newcome and Newcome; about the Newcome who was burned at Smithfield; and the old, old Newcome who was bar— that is, who was surgeon to Edward the Confessor, and was killed at Hastings? I am afraid it is n't; and yet I should like it to be true.'

"'I think every man would like to come of an ancient and honorable race,' said the Colonel, in his honest way. 'As you like your father to be an honorable man, why not your grandfather, and his ancestors before him? But if we can't inherit a good name, at least we can do our best to leave one, my boy; and that is an ambition which, please God, you and I will both hold by.'"

It was in this manner that Colonel Newcome and his boy Clive discussed the subject of pedigree; and surely if so vigilant a foe to nonsense as Jeems Yellowplush treats our pride of ancestry thus tenderly, there is but little danger in avowing our taste for the noble and gentle science of heraldry and genealogy.

It seems at first sight a positive misnomer to speak of American genealogy. What, in this land of equality, where every man is as good as every other, can it be possible that any man believes his ancestors to have been greater and better than himself and his friends? It is even so; for as no man ever rejoices in the fact that his grandfather made his exit with a hempen collar upon his neck, it is to be presumed that an author is satisfied with his new-found relatives before he introduces them to the notice of the public. In proof of this satisfaction, we have but to look at any of the well-known Genealogies now in print, to recognize the fact that a gover-

nor, a general, or even a "colonel of militia," is a source of pride and self-complacency to every one of the same name, even to the remotest limits of cousinship.

We have had indeed no Norman barons to head our pedigrees, but we have our Conquest, and all New England claims descent from the Pilgrims of the Mayflower. We have had no peerage and no landed gentry; but our Governors and Assistants have dignified certain families with an hereditary claim to respect. Virginia has her first families; New York her Patroons and names of ancient honor; and New England has had Winthrops, Wyllyses, Adamses, and Phillipses, leaders by ancestral prescription in politics and society. Theoretical equality and practical exclusiveness have pervaded New England ever since the Puritans set foot on its shores. No plantation was too small to have its governor (witness Roger Conant), — no town too insignificant to furnish its dignitaries of the church and the train-band. Fruitful in strife was the seating of the congregation in the village church, "due regard to rank being observed"; and great the elation of the captain or lieutenant at receiving the title which he punctiliously retained till death. Our very graveyards testify to merit like that of Humphrey Atherton and Reinold Marvin.

After this preamble as to the tastes of our forefathers, it will seem the less strange that the number of family records, or genealogical monographs, now extant in print, is much larger in America than in aristocratic England. In England, indeed, there are yearly editions of peerages and baronetages, which from their nature contain endless repetitions; but the number of family memorials is much smaller than in New England. How many there are, who have always classed genealogy and heraldry among the most senseless and offensive exhibitions of feudal pride! But since sober and practical America is the largest present producer, there must be in these documents some hidden elements of interest and profit which have not presented themselves to the literary public.

Our quotation from Thackeray gives the true light in which practical men regard this matter. Smith in England says: "I am only a soap-boiler; but more peerages in England have come from the boiler than the sword. If I write my name

Smythe, and improvise a neat crest for my note-paper, I think my fortune would not savor too strongly of its origin, even in London." Cisatlantic Smith says: "John Smith was the hero-founder of Virginia; I guess my pedigree will prove passable, if *properly* investigated." Smith, the parvenu, knows more of stocks in Wall Street, than of his own ancestral trunk, properly displayed on a smooth sheet of parchment. Smith cannot write a book; but his cousin of the same name, some starving minister, or briefless barrister, can. Smith the rich and Smith the poor enter into a limited copartnership of money and brains, and ere many months the friends of the family rejoice in the present ("with the author's regards") of a resplendent, hot-pressed octavo, on "The ancient and honorable Family of Smith, proving their descent from Tubal-Cain, with many interesting particulars concerning the House of Smith, now in possession of the Earldom of D——, the allied House of Smithson, — the family-name of the Dukes of N——, and that eminent voyager, Captain John Smith." Then follows, in the smallest type, "Also the record of the descendants of John Smith of Boston, *anno* 1635." Now this record shall be every word of it true, the glorious coats-of-arms of D—— and N—— shall flaunt on every page, and persons seeing the Earl of D——, a Smith, on one page, and John Smith, Esq., of New York, ex-candidate for the Presidency, etc., on another, will be convinced of some mysterious but intimate relationship between them; so that the name of Smith is accordingly glorified throughout the land. This is only one of the many methods in which genealogies have been ushered into light; but it is a fair exponent of some of our books.

On the other hand, some men have written their books because they loved to clear the moss from decaying, mouldering monuments. They have rejoiced in extending the bounds of recognized kindred, because their hearts and sympathies were large enough to embrace a host of friends. When we see such a work, we must confess a willingness to pardon a little vanity, in consideration of its tendency to draw closer the sacred ties of blood, and its contempt of the influence of the forms of society in fostering a false shame for poor relatives and "country cousins."

With this introduction, we offer the following list of such of the genealogies that have appeared in print in this country as we have been able to discover.

Families.	Authors.	Publishers.	Place of Publication.	Date.
Abbot	A. and E. Abbot	J. Munroe & Co.	Boston	1847
Adam	Wm. Adam	J. Munsel	Albany	
Adams and Quincy	Memoranda concerning those families.		Havana	
Ames	Richard Ames		Easton	1851
Appleton	S. A. Jewett		Boston	1850
Bellows	H. W. Bellows	J. A. Gray	New York	1855
Bowdoin	(See Temple.)			
Brown		H. H. Brown	Providence	1851
Chapman	F. W. Chapman	Case, Tiffany, & Co.	Hartford	1854
Clark (and three others)	Miss Sarah Robinson		Bennington	1837
Cushman	H. W. Cushman	Little, Brown, & Co.	Boston	1855
Dane	John Dean	S. G. Drake	do.	1854
Davenport	A. B. Davenport	S. W. Benedict	New York	1851
Day, 1st ed.				
Day, 2d ed.		J. S. Metcalf	Northampton	1848
Deane	W. R. Deane	Coolidge and Wiley	Boston	1849
Dodd	Stephen Dodd			1839
Drake	S. G. Drake	S. G. Drake	Boston	1845
Dudley	Dean Dudley	D. Dudley	do.	1848
Eliot	Wm. S. Porter	G. B. Bassett & Co.	New Haven	1854
Farrar		S. G. Drake	Boston	1850
Foote	Nathaniel Goodwin	Case, Tiffany, & Co.	Hartford	1854
Frost			Phila. (?) ?	1853
Gilbert	J. W. Thornton		Boston	1850
Goodhue	S. Goodhue			1845
Greenleaf	J. Greenleaf	E. O. Jenkins	New York	1854
Hall	W. H. Whitmore	J. Wilson & Co.	Boston	1855
Harwood	(See Clark.)			
Haven, 1st ed.		S. A. Dickinson	Boston	1844
do. 2d ed.		E. Howe	do.	1849
Herrick	J. Herrick	S. S. Smith	Bangor	1846
Hodges, 1st ed.	Rufus Hodges		Cincinnati	1837
do. 2d ed.	A. D. Hodges	Dutton & Wentworth	Boston	1853
Houghton		J. W. Bell	New York	1848
Kilbourn	P. K. Kilbourn	Brown and Parsons	Hartford	1845
Laurence	John Lawrence		Boston (?)	1847
Lawrence, 1st ed.	F. S. Pease	J. Munsell	Albany	1848
do. 2d ed.	do.	do.	do.	1853
Leavitt	James Torrey	W. H. Waldron	Lewiston	1853
Lee	W. H. Hill	Weed, Parsons, & Co.	Albany	1851
Leland	S. Leland	Wier and White	Boston	1850
Locke	John G. Locke	J. Munroe & Co.	do.	1853
Marvin	T. R. Marvin	T. R. Marvin	do.	1848
Mather	John Mather	Elihu Geer	Hartford	1848
Moody	C. C. P. Moody	S. G. Drake	Boston	1847
Morse	Abner Morse	Wm. Veazie	do.	1850
Mygatt	F. T. Mygatt		Brooklyn	1853
Nash	Sylvester Nash	Case, Tiffany, & Co.	Hartford	1853
Olcott	Nathaniel Goodwin	do.	do.	1845

Families.	Authors.	Publishers.	Place of Publication.	Date.
Piper	S. Piper	Dutton & Wentworth	Boston	1849
Prentice	C. J. F. Binney		do.	1852
Rawson	S. S. Rawson		do.	1849
Redfield	J. S. Redfield	J. S. Redfield	New York	1839
Riddell	W. P. Riddell	{ John F. Trow, printer, N. Y. }	N. Orleans	1852
Robinson	(See Clark)			
Safford	do.			
Sears			Cambridge	1855
Sharples	Joseph Sharpless	J. Sharpless	Philadelphia	1816
Shippen	Thomas Balch	Crissey and Markley	do.	1855
Smith L.W.	Leonard & S.A.Smith	H. Kimball	Keene	1850
Smith		D. Bennett	Utica	1849
Spoffard	J. Spoffard	E. G. Frothingham	Haverhill	1851
Sprague, 1st ed.	Hosea Sprague		Hingham	1828
do. 2d ed.	R. Soule, jr.	J. Munroe & Co.	Boston	1847
Stetson	J. S. Barry	Wm. A. Hall & Co.	do.	1847
Stoddard		Coolidge and Wiley	do.	1849
Sumner	Wm. H. Sumner	S. G. Drake	do.	1854
Swett	J. W. Thornton		Roxbury	1851
Taintor	C. M. Taintor	Meriam and Mirick	Greenfield	1847
Temple	W. H. Whitmore	Dutton & Wentworth	Boston	1856
Thayer and 13 others	E. Thayer	J. Farmer	Hingham	1835
Thomas				
Turner	J. Turner	D. Turner, jr.	Boston	1852
Upham	A. G. Upham	Asa McFarland	Concord	1845
Ward	A. H. Ward	S. G. Drake	Boston	1851
Warren	J. C. Warren	J. Wilson & Son	do.	1854
Webster	Noah Webster		N. Haven (?)	1836
Wells	Albert Welles	Narine & Co.	New York	1848
Wentworth		S. G. Drake	Boston	1850
Whitman	E. Whitman	C. Day & Co.	Portland	1832
Whitmore	W. H. Whitmore	J. Wilson & Son	Boston	1855
Whitmore (Eng.)	W. H. Whitmore	J. Wilson & Son	do.	1856
Whittlesey		Whittlesey Ass.	N. Haven (?)	1855
Wight	D. P. Wight	T. K. Marvin	Boston	1848
Williams	S. W. Williams	Meriam and Mirick	Greenfield	1847
Winsor	Olney Winsor	L. W. Winsor	Providence	1847
Woodman		J. Coffin	Newburyport	1855
Yale	Elihu Yale	Stone and Stone	New Haven	1850

Of the preceding works the following *résumé* may be given. The Abbot Genealogy contains much information in an inconveniently condensed form. The Adams and Quincy Memoranda is a little work printed in Havana, and of such scarcity that we have seen but two copies. The Appleton is a beautiful work, especially rich in the English portion. The Bellows is principally occupied with an account of a family meeting, but has also a valuable pedigree annexed. The Bowdoin is a reprint, with corrections and additions, from the Genealogical Register. The Chapman is a handsome and learned volume

of 413 pages. The Clark is a little pamphlet, very scarce and curious. The Cushman is the largest and most laborious Genealogy yet in print, and most truly an honor to all of the name. The Dane and Deane are reprints from the Register. The Davenport is not clearly arranged, but contains much information concerning the early English branches of the family, not elsewhere to be found. The Dodd is a reprint from the East Haven Register. The Drake has become a standard work for the clearness and completeness of its plan. The Dudley and Eliot are interesting, but not so extensive as it is desirable they should be. The Farrar and Gilbert are reprints from the Register. The Foote and Olcott are the work of the late Nathaniel Goodwin of Hartford, and stand pre-eminent for accuracy; in which respect they are not approached by the works of any other genealogist. The Hall is a reprint from the History of Medford. To the Havens may be added an Address delivered at a family meeting in Framingham, by Hon. John C. Park. The Houghton contains the report of a messenger sent to England to investigate the antecedents of the name. The Kilbourn unfortunately had the greater part of the edition destroyed by fire, but a new edition will soon be in print. The Lawrence, by John Lawrence, contains the Watertown, Lexington, and Groton families of the name; that by Mr. Pease contains the descendants of Isaac Lawrence. The Leland Magazine is illustrated with many portraits, and includes many female branches; the plan, however, is not pronounced the best. The Locke may compete for the palm with the Cushman, and is undoubtedly the more valuable in a genealogical point of view, as containing very many female branches; it is a wonderful monument of industry and skill. The Marvin is chiefly the same as the account published in Hinman's Settlers. The Mather is a mere sketch. Of the Morse, Moody, Nash, Prentice, and Rawson, it is sufficient to say that they are extensive, careful, and highly creditable works. The Mygatt is a beautifully printed and complete record of a family of high standing in Connecticut for two centuries. The Sharples is perhaps the earliest genealogy extant, and is the record of a Quaker family,—certainly a great curiosity. The Whittlesey was published under the charge of a committee of the Whittlesey Association.

The Warren is the most magnificent work yet printed in this department of history, and, while it proves a most illustrious English ancestry, also embalms the memory of the patriot Joseph Warren. A more illustrious name cannot adorn the pages of any genealogy.

Besides these volumes and pamphlets, various other genealogies have seen the light in a different form. Our town histories have generally had appendices relating to the families settled within their limits, and of these we may especially mention the Histories of Duxbury, Scituate, Concord, Newbury, Medford, Salem, Boston, Shrewsbury, Glastonbury, and New Ipswich. The History of Westchester County, N. Y., contains many valuable pedigrees. There have also been Genealogical Registers of Bridgewater, East Haven, Shrewsbury (a reprint), and Litchfield. Of general and extensive registers, we have Farmer's Early Settlers in New England, — a new edition of which, much enlarged and improved, by Hon. James Savage, has been for some time a promised *bonne bouche* to genealogists, — Bond's Watertown Settlers, a truly immense publication, Hinman's Connecticut Settlers, first and second editions, and Holgate's American Genealogies, devoted principally to New York families. Bridgman has published collections of epitaphs from the Connecticut Valley, and from Copps Hill and King's Chapel burying-grounds, Boston; and the lamented Harris, the epitaphs in the Cambridge burying-ground. Memoirs and funeral sermons abound in countless multitudes, and country papers have rendered valuable aid in publishing town records. One book on Heraldry has appeared, written by Gwilt Mapleson, Esq., of New York, and printed in a beautiful form; and Boston can boast of a work on Surnames, by B. Homer Dixon, Esq., recently printed for private circulation. We may also add, that the Shattuck Genealogy is now passing through the press, and that the genealogies of the families of Rice, Leverett, and Usher are in an advanced stage of preparation.

There is at present but one Genealogical Magazine published in the United States, namely, "The New England Historical and Genealogical Register," issued quarterly, in Boston, by S. G. Drake. It is edited under the care of a

committee of the New England Historical and Genealogical Society, and entered with the present year upon its tenth volume. Its range embraces all American genealogy, and also every kind of information likely to be of service to the compiler of family records. It has already attained an age unprecedented in the annals of such publications, and, with the present increasing taste for historical pursuits, it promises fair to continue another decade. To ascribe to it a very potent influence in arousing the present interest in genealogy will seem to be but justice, when we consider that it numbers among its contributors a large proportion of the authors mentioned in the preceding table, and that a still greater number are members of the Society of which this Magazine is the organ. A list is subjoined of the principal genealogies and pedigrees which have appeared on its pages.

Adams	Jan., 1853	Doolittle	July, 1852
Addington . . .	April, 1850	Dudley	Jan., 1847
Allerton	July, 1854	Endecott	July, 1847
Ashley	Oct., 1848	Farmer	Jan., 1847
Balch	July, 1855	Farrar	Oct., 1852
Bangs	Oct., 1854	Foote	July, 1855
Bowles	April, 1848	Foster	Oct., 1847
Boylston	April, 1853	Franklin . . .	Oct., 1854
Bradford . . .	Jan., 1850	Frost	Jan., 1849
Bradstreet . . .	Oct., 1854	Frye	July, 1854
Bridges	July, 1854	Gachet	Oct., 1847
Brooks	July, 1851	Gilbert	July, 1850
Butler	April, 1847	Gookin	Oct., 1847
Carpenter . . .	Jan., 1855	Greene	Jan., 1850
Chase	Jan., 1847	Hancock	Oct., 1855
Checkley	Oct., 1848	Harris	April, 1848
Chipman . . .	Jan., 1850	Haynes	Oct., 1855
Coffin	Oct., 1848	Hobbs	July, 1855
Cotton	April, 1847	Howe	Jan., 1850
Cradock	April, 1855	Huntington . . .	Oct., 1847
Danforth . . .	Oct., 1853	Jenks	July, 1855
Dane	April, 1854	Johnson	Oct., 1854
Davenport . . .	April, 1850	Johonnot	April, 1852
Deane	Jan., 1849	Jones	July, 1852
Dearborn . . .	Jan., 1848	Josselyn	July, 1848

Leonard . . . . Oct., 1851
Leverett . . . . Oct., 1850
Lindall . . . . Jan., 1853
Litchfield . . . . April, 1855
Mascarene . . . July, 1855
Mather . . . . Jan., 1852
Metcalf . . . . April, 1852
Minot . . . . . April, 1847
Oates . . . . . April, 1852
Otis . . . . . July, 1848
Parsons . . . . April, 1847
Peabody . . . . April, 1848
Pearce . . . . July, 1852
Pease . . . . . Jan., 1849
Peters . . . . Jan., 1848
Prince . . . . . Oct., 1851
Rawson . . . . July, 1849
Ricker . . . . . July, 1851
Rogers . . . . April, 1851
Rolfe . . . . . April, 1849
Rollins . . . . July, 1854
Shapleigh . . . . July, 1851
Sherburne . . . April, 1855
Spofford . . . . Oct., 1854
Stebbins . . . . Jan., 1851
Stoughton . . . July, 1851
Sumner . . . . April, 1854
Swett . . . . . Jan., 1852
Taintor . . . . April, 1849
Talbot . . . . . April, 1855
Tully . . . . . April, 1849
Turner . . . . April, 1853
Vane . . . . . April, 1848
Varnum . . . . Jan., 1851
Waldron . . . Jan., 1854
Walter . . . . July, 1854
Ware . . . . April, 1852
Washington . . . Oct., 1852
Webster . . . . April, 1855
Weld . . . . . Oct., 1853
Wentworth . . . Oct., 1850
Willet . . . . . Oct., 1848
Winslow . . . Oct., 1850
Wolcott . . . . July, 1847
Wright . . . . Oct., 1850
Wyman . . . . Jan., 1849

ART. IX. — 1. *Speech of the* HON. LEWIS CASS *in the United States Senate, January* 28, 1856, *on Central American Affairs and the Monroe Doctrine.*

2. *Memoranda of a Residence at the Court of London, comprising Incidents Official and Personal, from* 1819 *to* 1825. *Including Negotiations on the Oregon Question, and other unsettled Questions between the United States and Great Britain.* By RICHARD RUSH, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States, from 1817 to 1825. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard. 1845.

3. *The Political Life of the Right Honorable* GEORGE CANNING, *from his Acceptance of the Seals of the Foreign Department, in September*, 1822, *to the Period of his Death, in August*, 1827. By AUGUSTUS GRANVILLE STAPLETON, Esq. Three vols. London: Longman, Rees, & Co. 1831.

4. *Register of Debates in Congress, comprising the Leading Debates and Incidents of the First Session of the Nineteenth Congress: together with an Appendix, containing the most Important State Papers and Public Documents to which the Session has given Birth.* Washington: Gales and Seaton. 1826.

5. *The Parliamentary Debates.* New Series, Vol. X. Comprising the Period from the 3d day of February to the 29th day of March, 1824. Published under the Superintendence of T. C. HANSARD. London. 1824.

IT is not wonderful that the political code of the Assyrian Empire should be involved in much obscurity, or that the municipal regulations of Nineveh should have received but little elucidation from the recent researches of a Layard and a Botta. That Thirlwall and Grote should find in the public polity of the Grecian states much that defies even their critical acumen, or that Niebuhr and Arnold should sometimes be puzzled (though the former never confesses it) by certain historical problems in Roman legislation, can surely afford no matter of just surprise, when we reflect upon the mists of antiquity which have gathered around the records of the ancients. But that in a modern country like these United States, not

yet a century old, in a country, too, where measures of state policy are subjects of popular appeal and revision, we should have our questions of political history as vexed and insolvable, to all appearance, as any in the ancient commonwealths, is not a little remarkable. Is it that, in the rapid succession of public events, they pass before the popular eye like a series of dissolving views before the gazers in some provincial theatre? Or is it that, in "the progress" of Young America, rejoicing like a strong man to run his race, he finds no time to look back upon each step in his career, and to note to-day the goal from which he started yesterday? Or is it that prejudice and party spirit distort our judgments and obscure our vision with regard to what is near, and thus engender among us the same misconceptions that are produced by the dubious twilight through which we view what is remote? However we may explain the fact, certain it is that not a few among the most important events recorded in our national annals are, at the present day, the subjects of grave and earnest controversy, waged not only in the arena of political debate, but on the field of historical review. One of these *questiones vexatæ* of American politics will occupy our attention in the present paper.

The "Monroe Doctrine," as it is called, has during the last few lustres of our political history loomed into a new prominence. Employed as a maxim to justify certain important measures of state policy, it has naturally become a theme for discussion among our statesmen, and for remark by the public press. And still more recently, in the negotiations between our government and that of England on Central American affairs, the "Doctrine" has been declared to be the policy of the present Executive of the United States. We therefore need no apology for bringing the whole subject to the attention of our readers.

The "Monroe Doctrine," as it is popularly designated, purports to be founded on certain declarations contained in the annual Message of President Monroe to the Congress which assembled in December, 1823. In that executive paper Mr. Monroe alludes to the progress of the negotiations then pending between our own government and that of Russia

respecting the boundary of our northwestern territory. After briefly stating the nature and extent of the conflicting claims advanced by the two countries, with regard to their respective possessions in that quarter, and while professing the hope that the controversy between them would find a satisfactory solution, the President takes occasion to add: —

"In the discussions to which this interest has given rise, and in the arrangements in which they may terminate, the occasion has been judged proper for asserting, as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power."

In the latter part of the same Message is also found another declaration, addressed to the European powers, and prompted, it would seem, by the unsettled condition of the late Spanish American colonies, whose independence had been already recognized by our government, though they were still in a state of nominal war with the mother country. This portion of the Message is conceived in the following terms: —

"In the wars of the European powers, in matters relating to themselves, we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy so to do. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparation for our defence. With the movements in this hemisphere we are of necessity more immediately connected, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers. The political system of the Allied Powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. This difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective governments. And to the defence of our own, which has been achieved by the loss of so much blood and treasure, and matured by the wisdom of their most enlightened citizens, and under which we have enjoyed unexampled felicity, this whole nation is devoted. We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers, to declare that we *should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety.* With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere; but with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration

and on just principles, acknowledged, *we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States.* In the war between those new governments and Spain, we declared our neutrality at the time of their recognition; and to this we have adhered, and shall continue to adhere, provided no change shall occur which, in the judgment of the competent authorities of this government, shall make a corresponding change on the part of the United States indispensable to their security.

"The late events in Spain and Portugal show that Europe is still unsettled. Of this important fact no stronger proof can be adduced than *that the Allied Powers should have thought it proper, on a principle satisfactory to themselves, to have interposed by force in the internal concerns of Spain.* To what extent *such* interposition may be carried, on the same principle, is a question in which all independent powers whose governments differ from theirs are interested, even those most remote; and surely none more so than the United States. Our policy in regard to Europe, which was adopted at an early stage of the wars which have so long agitated that quarter of the globe, nevertheless remains the same; which is, not to interfere in the internal concerns of any of its powers; to consider the government *de facto* as the legitimate government for us; to cultivate friendly relations with it, and to preserve those relations by a frank, firm, and manly policy; meeting, in all instances, the just claims of every power, submitting to injuries from none. But in regard to these continents circumstances are eminently and conspicuously different. It is impossible that the Allied Powers should *extend their political system to any portion of either continent without endangering our peace and happiness;* nor can any one believe that our Southern brethren, if left to themselves, would adopt it of their own accord. It is equally impossible, therefore, that we should behold such interposition, in any form, with indifference. If we look to the comparative strength and resources of Spain and those new governments, and their distance from each other, it must be obvious that she can never subdue them. It is still the true policy of the United States to leave the parties to themselves, in the hope that other powers will pursue the same course."

At the succeeding session, commencing December, 1824, President Monroe recurred to the subject in terms more brief, but not less emphatic. Speaking of the intestine divisions which had retarded the progress of the late Spanish American

colonies, after Spain had in fact ceased hostilities with them, he said: —

"Separated as we are from Europe by the great Atlantic Ocean, we can have no concern in the wars of the European governments, nor in the causes which produce them. The balance of power between them, into whichever scale it may turn in its various vibrations, cannot affect us. It is the interest of the United States to preserve the most friendly relations with every power, and on conditions fair, equal, and applicable to all. But in regard to our neighbors our situation is different. It is impossible for the European governments *to interfere in their concerns*, especially in those alluded to, which are vital, *without affecting us; indeed, the motive which might induce such interference in the present state of the war between the parties, if a war it may be called, would appear to be equally applicable to us.* It is gratifying to know that some of the powers with whom we enjoy a very friendly intercourse, and to whom these views have been communicated, have appeared to acquiesce in them."

These two declarations, sufficiently distinct from each other, though germane in their origin, as will appear in the course of this paper, have been not infrequently confounded together by the modern opponents of the "Monroe Doctrine," who, in attempting to prove the temporary purpose of the doctrine itself, have sought to compass their object by a process of reasoning which applies only to the latter of its branches; while the advocates of the doctrine as now popularly known among us, in relying mainly upon the first-named declaration as containing the announcement of a permanent principle in American policy, have fallen into the still graver error of wholly misconceiving its original scope and significance as propounded by President Monroe. These assertions with regard to the intent and meaning of each head of the Monroe Doctrine, we shall endeavor to make good by a reference to historical facts and documentary papers contemporaneous with its promulgation, and avowedly explanatory of its real bearing and object. And since, for the purpose of giving a greater unity to the present discussion, as well as with a view to a more forcible exhibition of its salient features, we find it more convenient, in our consideration of the two branches which compose the subjects of this inquiry, to reverse the or-

der of their declaration in President Monroe's Message of 1823, we shall first direct our attention to an historical review of the circumstances which determined the latter, and which, at the present day, throw the clearest light upon its origin and purport.

It has been supposed by some, that the language of this declaration points to the establishment and existence on this hemisphere of monarchical institutions as being in themselves necessarily dangerous to the peace and security of a republic like the United States. But such a supposition is manifestly without foundation, in any fair interpretation of its terms, and is in palpable contradiction with the President's recognition of the "existing colonies and dependencies" of the European powers; since, if proximity to monarchy was what he deprecated, these would have fallen equally within the scope of his warning; and when we remember that Mr. Monroe officially recognized the establishment of the Imperial government of Don Pedro in Brazil, and of Iturbide in Mexico, with the same promptitude that he had manifested in opening diplomatic relations with the South American republics, it becomes difficult to reconcile such conduct on his part with these imputed apprehensions of a mere form of government as being dangerous to our own because existing on the same continent with it.

A closer scrutiny of the successive declarations of President Monroe with reference to the Spanish American States, as found in his Messages of 1823 and 1824, will make it apparent that he protested, not against despotical institutions in themselves considered, but against their forcible extension by the Allied Powers of Europe to any portion of this hemisphere. *This* he pronounced "dangerous to our peace and happiness," and that his apprehensions of an interference on their part in the internal affairs of the Spanish colonies was the motive of this declaration is equally in consonance with the facts of contemporaneous history. What those facts were will therefore claim our attention, that by their light we may still more clearly elucidate the true meaning of President Monroe's language.

The Holy Alliance, of which the foundations were laid in

the treaty of Chaumont, and whose principles were ascertained and matured in the Congress of Vienna, and especially by the treaty concluded at Paris in September, 1815, between Austria, Russia, and Prussia, though ostensibly having France for the chief and primary object of its surveillance, early arrogated to itself the prerogative of determining what institutions and mode of government should be possessed by all the nations of the Continent. The principles of this alliance, as first constituted, were shared by the British government, which yet could not become a formal party in it, on account of that fundamental doctrine of the British constitution which restrained the Prince Regent from giving his autograph signature to the Alliance, (as did the other European sovereigns,) without the intervention of a responsible minister. When, however, this league adopted, as the bond of its union and the motive of its activity, the doctrines of "legitimacy" and of the "divine right of kings," and when, in pursuance of these principles, the Allies proceeded to claim the right of forcibly interfering in the domestic concerns of the European Continent, the British government recoiled from any active complicity in measures so contrary to the genius and history of British institutions since the Revolution of 1688.

At the congress of the European sovereigns held at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1818, which had among its principal objects a consideration of the relations between Spain and her revolted colonies in America, the British government, Lord Castlereagh being at the head of Foreign Affairs, tendered to Spain its *mediation*, but repudiated the plan of a joint *intervention by force* on the part of the Allies, as a means for the accomplishment of the end desired alike by Spain and the Holy Alliance, to wit, the restoration of the colonies to the allegiance they owed to the mother country. That some such purpose, however, was rather postponed than renounced by France, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, became sufficiently apparent by the principles they subsequently promulgated at the congresses of Troppau, Laybach, and Verona, of which the two former were held for the purpose of ratifying the suppression of popular risings in Naples and Piedmont, while the latter took into consideration the internal condition of the

Spanish peninsula, then under the government of a constitutional Cortes, and no longer subject to the arbitrary will of its "lawful sovereign, King Ferdinand." In their circular despatch, dated at Laybach, May 12th, 1821, the Allies distinctly declared that they regarded "as equally null and disallowed by the public law of Europe, all pretended reform effected by revolt and open force." In the Congress of Verona it was determined by France, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, to suspend diplomatic intercourse with Spain during the regency of the Cortes, and in their circular letter, dated December 5th, 1822, the allied monarchs declared to the world "their resolution to repel the maxim of rebellion, in whatever place, or under whatever form, it might show itself"; thus substantially repeating their claim made at Troppau, — "that the European powers have an undoubted right to take a hostile attitude in regard to those states in which the overthrow of the government might operate as an example." The subsequent action of the Continental sovereigns proved but too clearly that their hatred of "reform" did not limit itself to "reform effected by revolt and open force"; for when the king of Wurtemberg voluntarily granted his subjects a constitution, they suspended further intercourse with him, and withdrew their ministers from Stutgard.

With principles so arbitrary the British people and government could naturally have little sympathy; and accordingly the British plenipotentiary at Verona, the Duke of Wellington, refused to join in the measures concerted by the Holy Alliance for the reduction of Spain to the "unfettered rule" of Ferdinand. It was determined by the Allies at this conference to consign to France the duty of restoring order in Spain, with the promise on the part of Austria, Russia, and Prussia to make common cause with her if it were needed. In compliance with this arrangement, a French army, which had for some time been stationed on the Spanish borders under the guise of a *cordon sanitaire*, crossed the Pyrenees, in the spring of 1823, under the command of the Duc d'Angoulême, for the purpose of carrying into execution the decrees of the Congress of Verona, by reinstating Ferdinand on the throne of his fathers, and thereby re-asserting the indefeasibility of

hereditary right. Great Britain remained a passive spectator of this iniquitous invasion of the Peninsula, as before of the wrongs inflicted on Italy. Mr. Canning, however, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in a despatch of the 31st of March, 1823, to Sir Charles Stuart, the British Ambassador at the Court of France, announced that, "with respect to the Spanish American provinces which had thrown off their allegiance to the crown of Spain, time and the course of events appeared substantially to have decided their separation from the mother country"; and further intimated, that the government of Great Britain would not permit the employment of any foreign force for their re-subjugation. The silence of the French court was construed into an acquiescence in these propositions, when, as the invasion of the Duc d'Angoulême drew nearer and nearer to a successful termination, it began to transpire more and more distinctly, that the French government would, at the close of the campaign in the Peninsula, direct its attention to the Spanish American colonies. England, which had protested at Laybach and remonstrated at Verona, only to see, as Mr. Canning afterwards said, her protest treated as waste paper and her remonstrances mingled with the air, now determined to adopt a more decided and peremptory style of address. Her commercial interests as well as her political principles were deeply involved in any measures tending to increase the complications of Spain with "the Indies," as her provinces were called. Indeed, not only the larger part of the external commerce of those countries, but even the internal operations of mining and agriculture, were carried on in a great degree by British enterprise and skill. With such interests at stake in the existing condition of the Spanish American states, the English government saw in the clearer light the iniquity of any designs on the part of the Holy Alliance, or of any of its members, against the internal polity of the nascent republics in the New World.

It was at this juncture that Mr. Canning "sounded" Mr. Rush, the Ambassador of the United States at the Court of St. James, upon the questions at issue with regard to the Spanish colonies, and in a conversation held on the 16th of

August, 1823, inquired of him "whether the government of the United States would go hand in hand with England" in resisting any combined attempt directed to their re-subjugation. This conversation led to subsequent conferences, and to the exchange of confidential notes on the same subject, of which the result was an offer on the part of Mr. Rush to join with Mr. Canning in a protest, in the name of the United States and Great Britain, against any interference on the part of other powers in the controversy between Spain and her revolted colonies, provided the British government would place itself side by side with the United States by at once acknowledging the independence of the Spanish American republics. In a note to Mr. Rush under date of August 20th, 1823, Mr. Canning had said, — 1. That England conceived the recovery of the colonies by Spain to be hopeless; 2. That the question of their recognition as independent states was one of time and circumstances; 3. That England was not disposed, however, to throw any impediment in the way of an arrangement between the colonies and the mother country, by amicable negotiation; 4. That she aimed at the possession of no portion of the colonies for herself; and 5. That she could not see the transfer of any portion of them to any other power with indifference.

Only three days later Mr. Canning informed Mr. Rush that the English government had received authentic information, that, as soon as France had achieved her object in Spain, a proposal would be made for a European congress, to consult specifically on Spanish America. Copies of both these notes were immediately transmitted by Mr. Rush to the government of the United States. To Mr. Canning Mr. Rush replied as at first, urging upon the British government the acknowledgment of Spanish American independence as a condition to the promulgation of a joint protest, to be assented to on his own responsibility, though in the name of the United States, against the "ambitious designs of the European powers." As Mr. Canning still recoiled from this final step, alleging as his reason for such caution the unsettled policy of the Spanish American states in the administration of their own internal affairs, Mr. Rush declined to join with

the English Minister in any counter-declarations against the schemes of France and her partners in the Holy Alliance. But though no such joint movement was made by Mr. Rush in conjunction with the English Secretary for the purpose of warding off the threatened intervention in Spanish America, yet it cannot be doubted, as Mr. Rush himself suggests, that, by the early transmission to our government of the intelligence communicated by Mr. Canning respecting the designs of the Allies on the Spanish American republics, the Cabinet at Washington was definitely advised of the projects contemplated by the sovereigns of Europe; and it was in the prospect or possibility of an armed intervention in the independent states of this continent that President Monroe, in his Message of 1823, declared to the world that "we should consider any attempt on their part [i. e. of the Allied Powers] to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety," and that, though they had "thought it proper, on a principle satisfactory to themselves, to interpose by force in the internal concerns of Spain," yet with respect to the Spanish American republics "we could not view any interposition, for the purpose of oppressing or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States," since, as the President argues, "it is impossible that the Allied Powers should extend their political system to any portion of either continent [in America] without endangering *our* peace and happiness."

We have now arrived at the point in our historical review from which we can clearly perceive at what this declaration of Mr. Monroe was aimed. It was intended as a caveat to the designs of the Allies, and as an earnest protest against the extension to this continent of the "political system" on which they were based. What were those designs, and what was this political system, which endangered the peace and safety of the United States? The history of the Holy Alliance furnishes a sufficient answer to both of these questions. The designs of the European monarchs against the independence of the Spanish American states, prosecuted as

they would be in accordance with a political system which recognized only the doctrine of legitimacy and the divine right of kings, would necessarily menace the very existence of our own institutions, since these had been founded in a most contumacious disregard of the principles deemed most "holy" by an alliance which arrogated to itself the "undoubted right to take a hostile attitude in regard to those states in which the overthrow of the government may operate as an example." In what country did the overthrow of legitimacy then exert so potent an influence as in the United States? And if the Spanish American republics were now to be assailed for their imitation of our "example," could we hope, as the federal representatives of the free principles most obnoxious to the Holy Alliance, that we should escape their flaming zeal in the cause of "order and legitimacy," after they had finished with the South American republics? A blow aimed at them *because* they were republics was a blow equally aimed at the independence of our own country; and hence it was that Mr. Monroe declared, that any such armed intervention by the Allied Powers of Europe could not be regarded as "in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States," — a declaration characterized no less by the calmness of its delivery, than by the patriotic foresight in which it was devised. Originated for the purpose of meeting a particular conjuncture of events, it finds in them alone its real purport and its justification. Wise and seasonable with reference to the circumstances of the time at which it was promulgated, it ceased to be of any force, even as a presidential recommendation, so soon as the crisis which called it forth had passed.

To those who remember the state of public feeling in this country during the summer and autumn of 1823, we shall seem to assert nothing improbable when we venture to express the opinion, that Mr. Monroe would have deemed it his duty to direct the attention of Congress to the probable ulterior designs of the Holy Alliance, even apart from the authentic intelligence which he received through our able Minister at the English Court. The domination extended over Italy, the intimidation of Switzerland, whose press had

been placed under Austrian surveillance and censorship, and the invasion of Spain because she chose to be governed by a constitutional assembly, afforded a sufficient proof that the war of the Allies was, as Mr. Brougham said in the House of Commons in February, 1823, "not against freedom on the Ebro, or freedom on the Mincio, but against *freedom*, — against freedom wherever it is found, — freedom by whomsoever enjoyed, — freedom by whatever means achieved, by whatever institutions secured." Moreover, it was known that, before the Duc d'Angoulême had made his descent on Spain, M. de Châteaubriand, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, had tendered "a specific offer of succor" to the Spanish government in the protracted controversy with its revolted colonies. In view of these facts, we may readily infer that inquiring minds among our own countrymen early descried the dangers portended by principles so contrary to the genius of our own institutions. A writer in the North American Review for October, 1823, two months before the declaration of President Monroe was given to the world, held the following language upon the signs of the times as indicated in the European politics of that period: "The nature of the contest is such as almost necessarily to involve us in disputes with one or the other of the great contracting parties. If success should favor the allied monarchs, would they be satisfied with reforming the government of Spain? Would not the Spanish colonies, as part of the same empire, then demand their parental attention? And might not the United States be next considered as deserving their kind guardianship?"

That the warnings thus uttered with regard to the South American republics and Mexico were not chimerical, and that the declaration of Mr. Monroe was conceived to meet a *question brulante*, and no mere figment of the heated brain, was sufficiently evinced by the immediate progress of events. Only three weeks after the opening of Congress in 1823, and before, as yet, the message of Mr. Monroe had reached the shores of Europe, the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Conde de Ofalia, addressed a circular letter to the courts of Paris, St. Petersburg, and Vienna, inviting, in the name

of his "august master," King Ferdinand, "the cabinets of his Majesty's dear and intimate allies to establish a conference at Paris, to the end that their plenipotentaries, assembled there along with those of his Catholic Majesty, may aid Spain in adjusting the affairs of the revolted countries of America," for which "desired co-operation" it was very significantly intimated that late events in the Peninsula "had paved the way." Great Britain was invited to participate in the deliberations of this new congress, which, however, she declined to do, in terms that indicated the most unequivocal opposition to the measures which it was intended to take into consideration.

At this juncture of events, and just before the annual opening of the English Parliament, the message of President Monroe arrived in Europe, and, by its well-weighed and explicit language on Spanish American affairs, coupled with the refusal of England to take part in the proposed congress, "effectually put an end to the project of assembling one similar to those which had met at Vienna, Aix-la-Chapelle, Laybach, and Verona." Such, at least, is the testimony of Mr. Stapleton in his "Political Life of the Right Honorable George Canning." Mr. Brougham, in his Address on the King's Speech at the opening of the Parliamentary session on February 3d, 1824, spoke of the arrival in Europe of President Monroe's Message as an event by which "the question with regard to South America, he believed, was disposed of, or nearly so, and than which no event had ever dispersed greater joy, exultation, and gratitude over all the freemen of Europe." And at a later day in the same session, on the 18th of March, Lord John Russell contrasted its "decided language" with the fluctuating policy of the British ministry as represented at Verona, and uttered his lamentation over the humiliation of England, thus doomed to witness the forfeiture of the "commanding station" assigned to her by Addison in the lines "whose sense" his lordship had the good taste to pronounce "better than their poetry";—

> "'T is Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
> And hold in balance each contending state,
> To threaten bold, presumptuous kings with war,
> And answer each afflicted neighbor's prayer."

Such was the reception which the President's Message met in the English Parliament. Let us now examine what disposition was made of its suggestions on Spanish American affairs by the Congress of our own country.

On the 20th of January, 1824, Mr. Clay, who was Speaker of the House of Representatives, moved the following resolution in Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union:—

"*Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled*, That the people of these States would not see, without serious inquietude, any forcible interposition, by the Allied Powers of Europe, in behalf of Spain, to reduce to their former subjection those parts of the continent of America which have proclaimed and established for themselves, respectively, independent governments, and which have been solemnly recognized by the United States."

We need not state what was the fate of this resolution, as well as of a similar one offered by Mr. Poinsett of South Carolina. Its object, as appears from the face of it, was to give a legislative sanction to the principles enunciated in the President's Message; but, whether from prudent caution or timid counsels (as to which we venture to express no opinion), it was never adopted by the House of Representatives. As John Randolph of Roanoke sarcastically remarked, in commenting on the resolution only two years afterwards, "It was never even called up, — it slept, — it took a dose of Turkey opium, — a dose from the Levant, brought in a Greek ship, — it fell sound asleep, and has not waked up from that day to this." Mr. Randolph's satirical allusions to "Turkey opium" and "Greek ships" will be better understood by the reader who remembers that Mr. Poinsett's resolution embodied with that of Mr. Clay in behalf of the Spanish American states an expression of "deep interest in the heroic struggle of the Greeks," which at that time engaged the sympathies of the American people.

The "Monroe Doctrine," then, so far as it related to Spanish America, failed to meet the approval of Congress. Nor will it suffice to allege in explanation of this apathy, that the crisis had passed; for, at the time of the presentation of Mr. Clay's resolution, the courts of St. Petersburg, Vienna,

Berlin, and Paris had signified to Spain their readiness to meet her in conference at Paris "on the fate of her American dominions." Such a conference, it is known, was informally held, though the result of its deliberations has never transpired, save that the allies represented in it encouraged Ferdinand to make no composition with his revolted subjects in the New World. It is a remarkable fact, that while there was a perfect unanimity of sentiment and purpose in the English Parliament in favor of making a *casus belli* of any interposition by foreign powers in the struggle between Spain and her late colonies, there were not wanting those in our own Congress who refused to make of that contingency a belligerent issue; and it was in this same spirit that Mr. Woodbury of New Hampshire, two years after the promulgation of Mr. Monroe's declaration, "denounced" the principle (we quote from the record), "that Spain has not, by such alliances as national law warrants, and as were formed on both sides in our own Revolution, any right to attempt to reconquer and recolonize South America."

While, therefore, the "Monroe Doctrine" with regard to "forcible intervention" was still a living question, it failed to meet the sanction of Congress, in whose judgment it seemed at least prudent to delay the adoption of any measures corroborative of the President's suggestions, until such intervention had actually taken place. The declaration of the President did not commit the policy of the country to any specific action in the premises. It rested with Congress to give it life and activity, and this Congress declined to do. Upon the wisdom of this decision we do not undertake to pronounce; we merely state the facts, for the purpose of drawing the conclusion that this branch of the "Monroe Doctrine" is not a living and substantive principle of our governmental policy. In case, however, of any emergency similar to that which prompted the declaration of Mr. Monroe, it would be competent for Congress to resuscitate and enforce the principle he announced, not because it was the "doctrine" of *Mr. Monroe*, but because it might be deemed wise and expedient *at the time*. Let the dead past bury its dead. To act in the living present, is as sound a maxim in public affairs as in private life.

We now proceed to an examination into the origin and intention of the other declaration of the President in his Annual Message of 1823, that upon which the advocates of the "Monroe Doctrine," as now popularly taught among us, place their chief reliance in vindicating its claim to be considered "a great and eternal principle of American policy." We allude to the "principle" that "the American continents ..... are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power." As, in order to explain the origin and purpose of the declaration already considered, we recurred to the facts of contemporaneous history, so in our analysis of that which still remains for discussion we shall rely entirely upon the documentary evidence contained in the annals of Congress. We shall undertake to show that this declaration, though made in a different manner, and in connection with a different matter, (that is, as an incident of our controversy with Russia concerning the territories respectively claimed by the two governments in the Northwest,) yet grew out of the same state of things as that which justified in Mr. Monroe's estimation his declaration with regard to forcible intervention. We shall also endeavor to prove that this doctrine of non-colonization has been greatly misconceived, and therefore perverted from its original meaning, and, lastly, that even in its authentic form it has been, not only tacitly rejected, but expressly repudiated by the action of Congress.

First, as to the origin of this declaration, it is a well-known fact in our political history, that its paternity is to be ascribed to John Quincy Adams. The truth of this rests upon something stronger than oral testimony or common belief; the principle is found clearly enunciated in the state papers of that eminent man, several months before it was given to the world in the Message of Mr. Monroe. This will obviously appear from the following reference to our diplomatic history while Mr. Adams was Secretary of State under that President. We can afford to give only a rapid *aperçu* of the topics necessary to substantiate the statement that the declaration against colonization originated in the liberation of the Spanish American states; but the fact will be none the less clearly demonstrated.

As already intimated, a controversy was pending between

the United States and Russia in 1823, concerning their respective possessions in the northwestern part of America. By a ukase of the Emperor Alexander, dated 4th (16th) September, 1821, an exclusive territorial right on the Northwest Coast was asserted as belonging to Russia. Its alleged extent was from the northern extremity of the continent to latitude 51°. And by the third article of a convention between the United States and Great Britain, it had been agreed that the question of proprietary right in "any country that may be claimed by either party on the Northwest Coast of America, westward of the Stony Mountains," should be left in abeyance for the term of ten years from the date of the signature of said convention, "it being well understood," as the instrument adds, "that this agreement is not to be construed to the prejudice of any claim which either of the two high contracting parties may have to any part of the said country." The rights of the United States in this quarter, now known as Oregon Territory, were based on discovery, exploration, and also on the "treaty of amity, settlement, and limits" between the United States and Spain, of 22d February, 1819, by which we acquired all the rights of Spain north of the forty-second parallel of latitude; and our government contended that "Spain was the only European power who, prior to the discovery of the Columbia River [by Captain Gray] had *any* pretensions to territorial rights on the Northwest Coast of America." Thus trebly fortified in their claims, the United States regarded their rights in that region as superior to those of Great Britain, while both governments alike united in resisting the pretensions advanced by the imperial ukase of 1821. It was in this complicated state of the controversy that Mr. Adams, the Secretary of State, under date of July 2, 1823, four months before the publication of President Monroe's Message, wrote as follows to Mr. Rush, the Ambassador of the United States, as before stated, at the Court of London: —

"The discussion of the Russian pretensions in the negotiations now proposed, necessarily involves the interests of the three powers, and renders it manifestly proper that the United States and Great Britain should come to a mutual understanding with respect to *their* respective pretensions, as well as upon their joint views with reference to those of

Russia. Copies of the instructions to Mr. Middleton [Ambassador of the United States at the Russian Court] are, therefore, herewith transmitted to you; and the President wishes you to confer freely with the British government on the subject.

"The principles settled by the Nootka Sound Convention [between Spain and Great Britain] of 28th October, 1790, were:—

"1st. That the rights of fishing in the South Seas, of trading with the natives of the Northwest Coast of America, and of making settlements on the coast itself, for the purpose of that trade, north of the *actual* settlements of Spain, were common to all the European nations, and, of course, to the United States.

"2d. That, so far as the actual settlements of Spain had extended, she possessed the exclusive right, territorial, and of navigation and fishery; extending to the distance of ten miles from the coasts so *actually* occupied.

"3d. That on the coasts of *South America*, and the adjacent islands, *south* of the parts already occupied by Spain, no settlement shall thereafter be made either by British or Spanish subjects; but on both sides should be retained the liberty of landing and of erecting temporary buildings for the purposes of the fishery. These rights were, also, of course, enjoyed by the people of the United States.

"The exclusive rights of Spain to any portion of the American continents have ceased. That portion of the convention [the Nootka Sound Convention], therefore, which recognizes the exclusive colonial rights of Spain on these continents, though confirmed, as between Great Britain and Spain, by the first additional article to the treaty of the 5th of July, 1814, has been extinguished by the fact of the independence of the South American nations and of Mexico. These independent nations will possess the rights incident to that condition, and their territories will of course be subject to no *exclusive* right of navigation in their vicinity, or of access to them by any foreign nation. *A necessary consequence* OF THIS STATE OF THINGS *will be, that the American continents henceforth will no longer be subject to* COLONIZATION. *Occupied by civilized nations, they will be accessible to Europeans and each other on that footing alone;* and the Pacific Ocean, in every part of it, will remain open to the navigation of all nations, in like manner with the Atlantic.

"Incidental to the condition of national independence and sovereignty, the rights of interior navigation of their rivers will belong to each of the American nations within its own territories.

"The application of colonial principles of exclusion, therefore, cannot be admitted by the United States as lawful, upon any part of the

Northwest Coast of America, or as belonging to any European nation."

This extract from the despatch of Mr. Adams contains, as will be seen, not only the germ of Mr. Monroe's declaration on this point, but the rationale of the argument by which that declaration was to be sustained. It was asserted that Spain had been ousted from all her possessions in the continents of the New World; — in North America, by her treaty with the United States, and by successful revolution in Mexico; in South America, by the liberation of her late colonies from the yoke of the mother country. And as by Spain's express renunciation of all her rights, of whatever kind, above the forty-second degree of north latitude, (according to the terms of the treaty of 22d February, 1819,) the United States succeeded to all her possessions north of that parallel, so would the new Spanish American states, in the language of Mr. Rush, as dictated by Mr. Adams and urged upon the attention of the British negotiators by the American Minister, "now possess the rights incident to their condition of political independence, and would henceforth necessarily preclude other nations from forming colonial establishments upon any part of the American continents."

The reader, on comparing the declaration of Mr. Monroe with the principle asserted by Mr. Adams in his correspondence with Mr. Rush, will find that they are closely similar in meaning, and expressed in nearly identical terms. And he will further observe, that this declaration also has its origin in the "same state of things" which justified the protest against foreign intervention, to wit, the successful revolution of the Spanish American states, or, as Mr. Monroe phrases it, "the free and independent condition which they [the American continents] have assumed and maintained," by which he can be understood to allude only to the enfranchisement from colonial vassalage of the late Spanish dependencies.

As early as September 18, 1823, and therefore before the promulgation of the President's declaration, Mr. Rush, in a conference with Mr. Canning on Spanish American affairs with primary reference to the threatened intervention of the Holy Alliance, had thrown out, as he informs us, the pregnant

hint suggested by Mr. Adams's despatch, "that it would soon be seen by Britain that the United States, in their proposals for adjusting with Russia, and with Britain, the respective pretensions of the three powers on the coast of the Pacific, were forced to take for granted the independence of all the late colonies of Spain on that continent, as the inevitable basis of all just and practical negotiation. Their independence was, in fine, the new political element of modern times, and must henceforth pervade the political arrangements of both worlds." The annual Message of Mr. Monroe, in 1823, published to the world the principle thus enunciated and defended by Mr. Adams in his correspondence with Mr. Rush, and, as is to be presumed, with the American Minister at St. Petersburg, Mr. Middleton. The declaration, as Mr. Rush informs us, was not "expected" in England, nor was it "acquiesced in" by the British government, as we shall have occasion to remark in the sequel.

Having thus traced the origin of this declaration, we proceed to inquire into its actual meaning and application. The truth on these points, fortunately for our purpose, does not lie at the bottom of a well; it is found at our feet, though, from a strange mystification, the result either of a *crassa negligentia* or a *crassa ignorantia* still more remarkable, the authentic interpretation of this declaration, as subsequently given by its real author, Mr. Adams himself, has been almost universally overlooked or ignored by American statesmen in their harangues on the "Monroe Doctrine." In the celebrated debate which arose in both houses of Congress on the "Panama Mission," both branches of the "Monroe Doctrine" were passed in review, and that which we are now more particularly considering was officially expounded by Mr. Adams, who then filled the presidential chair, and was called upon to explain and enforce, as President, a principle which he had only three years before conceived as Secretary of State. His authority to speak *ex cathedra* on this point cannot, therefore, be disputed. It may first, however, be necessary for us to show distinctly how the "doctrine" came to be a subject of executive consideration, as well as of discussion by both houses of Congress, in the spring of 1826, less than three years after its promulgation by Mr. Monroe.

The "Panama Congress" of Spanish American republics, as is well known, had for its principal object the formation of a sort of compact or league, "by which the several states therein represented might more successfully defend themselves as well against Spain as against any other European power who should assist Spain in her hostile designs upon the welfare of the new states." All measures subsidiary to this general object would naturally be taken into consideration by such a council. The United States were invited to participate in the proceedings of this Congress, and among the "subsidiary measures" specifically adduced by the Spanish American republics, as falling within the scope of its deliberations, the following was announced in the official gazette of Colombia: "To take into consideration the means of making effectual the declaration of the President of the United States respecting any ulterior design of a foreign power to colonize any portion of this continent, and also the means of resisting all interference from abroad with the domestic concerns of the American governments." The accredited representatives at Washington of Mexico, Central America, and Colombia, in their official notes to Mr. Clay, then Secretary of State, in inviting the United States to participate in the proposed Congress at Panama, announced the same subjects as "points of great interest" which would naturally present themselves for discussion by said Congress. This question of non-colonization was therefore expressly brought to the notice of our government, and since the administration favored the proposition that the United States should be represented by ministers at Panama, it became necessary for Mr. Adams, in his recommendations to that effect, to explain to Congress the specific nature and extent of the principle embodied in this doctrine of non-colonization. Accordingly, in his special Message to the Senate, under date of December 26, 1825, advising the appointment "of Envoys Extraordinary and Ministers Plenipotentiary to the Assembly of American nations at Panama," Mr. Adams took occasion to explain the principle enunciated by the late President, in the following explicit and unmistakable terms. We quote from the Message:—

"*An agreement between all the parties represented at the meeting,* THAT EACH WILL GUARD, BY ITS OWN MEANS, *against the establishment of any future European colony within its borders, may be found advisable.* THIS WAS, MORE THAN TWO YEARS SINCE, ANNOUNCED BY MY PREDECESSOR TO THE WORLD *as a principle resulting from the emancipation of both the American continents. It may be so developed to the new Southern nations that they will all feel it as an essential appendage to their independence.*"

Such is the Monroe Doctrine with regard to colonization, as expounded and defined by him who was its originator. This extent it has, and nothing more, — that the American nations should "each guard, by its own means, against the establishment of any future European colony within its borders." If this seem a lame and impotent conclusion of the whole matter, the fault resides not in the doctrine as conceived by Mr. Adams, and promulged by Mr. Monroe, but in the unwarranted assumptions of those who have since engrafted upon its stock purposes and objects wholly alien to its original nature. As with regard to the first declaration examined in this paper, so in our present review we purpose to confine ourselves to a narrative of facts; and if these do not coincide with the preconceived views of any reader, it will be, perhaps, because the facts themselves do not accord with his political philosophy, in which case, however, he can still take to himself the consolation of the witty French historian, and say, "So much the worse for the facts!"

We might well be satisfied to leave the exposition of this branch of the "Monroe Doctrine" to be determined by the single official statement of Mr. Adams. There is, however, cumulative evidence to the same effect which we may be pardoned in adducing. In his Message to the House of Representatives (dated March 26, 1826), in compliance with a resolution of inquiry as to "the correspondence between the government of the United States and the new states of America, or their ministers, respecting the proposed Congress or meeting of diplomatic agents at Panama," the President unfolded his views on this principle of non-colonization at still greater length. He wrote as follows: —

"The late President of the United States, in his Message to Con-

gress of the 2d of December, 1823, while announcing the negotiation then pending with Russia, relating to the Northwest Coast of this continent, observed, that the occasion of the discussions to which that incident had given rise had been taken for asserting, as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States were involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they had assumed and maintained, were thenceforward not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power. The principle had first been assumed in that negotiation with Russia. It rested upon a course of reasoning equally simple and conclusive. With the exception of the existing European colonies, which it was in no wise intended to disturb, the two continents consisted of several sovereign and independent nations, whose territories covered their whole surface. By this, their independent condition, the United States enjoyed the right of commercial intercourse with every part of their possessions. To attempt the establishment of a colony in those possessions, would be to usurp, to the exclusion of others, a commercial intercourse which was the common possession of all. It could not be done without encroaching upon existing rights of the United States. The government of Russia has never disputed these positions, nor manifested the slightest dissatisfaction at their having been taken. Most of the new American republics have declared their entire assent to them, and they now propose, among the subjects of consultation at Panama, to take into consideration the means of making effectual the assertion of that principle, as well as the means of resisting interference from abroad with the domestic concerns of the American governments.

"In alluding to these means, it would obviously be premature at this time to anticipate that which is offered merely as matter for consultation, or to pronounce upon those measures which have been or may be suggested. The purpose of this government is to concur in none which would import hostility to Europe, or justly excite resentment in any of her states. Should it be deemed advisable to contract any conventional engagement on this topic, *our views would extend no farther than to a mutual pledge of the parties to the compact, each to maintain the principle in application to its own territory, and to permit no colonial lodgement or establishment of European jurisdiction upon its own soil;* and with respect to obtrusive interference from abroad, if its future character may be inferred from that which has been, and perhaps still is, exercised in more than one of the new states, a joint declaration of its character, and exposure of it to the world, may be probably all that the occasion would require. Whether the United States should or

should not be parties to such a declaration, may justly form a part of the deliberation."

To the same purport, and as more distinctly specifying the grounds on which it was asserted, that the commercial interests of the United States were implicated in this doctrine of anti-colonization, we may quote the following excerpt from Mr. Webster's speech on the "Panama Mission": —

"We have a general interest, that, through all the vast territories rescued from the dominion of Spain, our commerce may find its way, protected by treaties *with governments existing on the spot.* These views, and others of a similar character, render it highly desirable to us that these new states *should settle it as a part of their policy not to allow colonization within their respective territories. True, indeed, we did not need their aid to assist us in maintaining such a course for ourselves; but we had an interest in their assertion and support of the principle as applicable to their own territories.*"

To these we may also add the following official exposition of the "Monroe Doctrine" by Henry Clay, while he was Secretary of State under Mr. Adams, as being important for the light it sheds upon the character of the colonization against which the United States protested by the declaration in question. We quote from his despatch, dated March 25, 1825, to Mr. Poinsett, our Minister to Mexico.

"You will bring to the notice of the Mexican government the Message of the late President of the United States to their Congress, on the 2d of December, 1823, asserting certain important principles of intercontinental law in the relations of Europe and America. The first principle asserted in that Message is, that the American continents are not henceforth to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power. In the maintenance of that principle all the independent governments of America have an interest, *but that of the United States has probably the least.* Whatever foundation may have existed three centuries ago, or even at a later period, when all this continent was under European subjection, for the establishment of a rule, founded on priority of discovery and occupation, for apportioning among the powers of Europe parts of this continent, none can be now admitted as applicable to its present condition. There is no disposition to disturb the colonial possessions, as they may now exist, of any of the European powers; but it is against the establishment of new European

colonies upon this continent that the principle is directed. The countries in which any such new establishments might be attempted are now open to the enterprise and commerce of all Americans. And the justice or propriety cannot be recognized of arbitrarily limiting and circumscribing that enterprise and commerce by the act of voluntarily planting a new colony, without the consent of America, under the auspices of foreign powers belonging to another and a distant continent. Europe would be indignant at any attempt to plant a colony on any part of her shores, and her justice must perceive in the rule contended for only perfect reciprocity."

From this reasoning of the distinguished Secretary, it will be seen that the inhibition of future colonization on the American continents was intended to apply only to the establishment of colonies "founded on priority of discovery and occupation," in accordance with the custom which had obtained among European powers, while as yet the New World was an unclaimed wilderness, and when the whole continent was under European subjection. This state of things, it is argued, no longer exists. European domination has been extinguished in America, except with respect to existing colonies and dependencies, and the independent states now possess a right of eminent domain over the unoccupied soil of their territories, which estops any other nation from voluntarily planting a colony within their limits, as though the continent was still without metes and boundaries, and not covered by national jurisdictions. To colonization by purchase, treaty, or lawful conquest, the Monroe declaration was not intended to apply, however it may have come to be considered in these latter days.* That the nature of the

* While we are quoting from this state paper of Mr. Clay's, it may not be inappropriate to append his official explanation of the declaration which engaged our attention in the earlier part of this inquiry. We extract from the same despatch as follows: — "The other principle asserted in the Message [of Mr. Monroe] is, that, whilst we do not desire to interfere in Europe with the political system of the Allied Powers, we should regard as dangerous to our peace and safety any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere. The political systems of the two continents are essentially different. Each has an exclusive right to judge for itself what is best suited to its own condition, and most likely to promote its happiness; *but neither has a right to enforce upon the other the establishment of its peculiar system.* THIS PRINCIPLE was declared, in the face of

colonization interdicted was such as we have described, is still further proved by the negotiations carried on by Mr. Rush in pursuance of the policy indicated in the despatch of Mr. Adams (before quoted), as well as of President Monroe's declaration. He informs us that the British plenipotentiaries, in "totally denying" the principle thus propounded by the government of the United States, took occasion to say "that Great Britain considered the whole of the unoccupied parts of America as being open to her future settlements *in like manner as heretofore*"; that is, by "priority of discovery and occupation."

We have thus presented an array of evidence in elucidation of this declaration, sufficient, we trust, to convince the most sceptical, that its original object was not that which is now assigned to it in political parlance and popular acceptation. To suppose that this declaration was intended as a promise, pledge, or engagement, that the United States would guard from European encroachment the territory of the "whole boundless continent," is greatly to misconceive the purpose of its promulgator, and to misconstrue the explicit interpretation published to the world by its author. Yet if this interpretation had been couched in the most ambiguous terms, it could hardly have been more misunderstood than it would seem to be at the present day; or if it had been delivered in the cuneiform characters of unearthed Nineveh, it could hardly have remained more generally unknown, we will not say among the "reading public," but even, if we may judge from the tenor of Congressional speeches on this topic, among American statesmen of high position and long experience in public affairs. In therefore exhuming these documents from the dust which neglect has suffered to

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the world, at a moment when there was reason to apprehend that the Allied Powers were entertaining designs inimical to the freedom, if not independence, of the new governments. There is ground for believing that the declaration of it had considerable effect in preventing the maturity, if not in producing the abandonment, of all such designs. Both principles were laid down after much and anxious deliberation on the part of the late administration. The PRESIDENT, *who then formed a part of it, continues entirely to coincide in both.* And you will urge upon the government of Mexico the utility and expediency of asserting the same principle on all proper occasions."

settle upon them, we may venture to claim, in the phrase of the day, to have "vindicated the truth of history."

The politicians of the present time who construe the Monroe Doctrine into a pledge, on the part of the United States, to prevent any future colonization by European powers on the American continent, fall into precisely the same error as did the South American republics in 1826. They saw, or fancied they saw, in the declarations of President Monroe at once the club of Hercules and the shield of Telamon, — the former to ward off the armed intervention of the Holy Alliance, and the latter to protect their territory from colonial encroachment. It was on purpose to disabuse their minds of any such misconceptions, that Mr. Adams so distinctly explained the character and application of the principle declared by Mr. Monroe. That these republics were disappointed in their hopes can be readily imagined. And hence we find Mr. Everett, in his speech on the "Panama Congress," expressing himself as follows: —

"The Southern republics have not invited us, in general terms, to contract an offensive and defensive alliance with them. It is true, that on two particular points, of which the original suggestion was understood by them to be made by this government, in the Message of December, 1823, the Colombian Minister has named an alliance as a subject of discussion. On neither side of these points, nor on any points, — as is stated in terms in the present Message to the Senate, — is it the intention of the Executive to propose an alliance. On one of these points, *the resistance to colonization, when the Southern republics shall become fully informed of the position of the United States in reference to that question, most assuredly they will withdraw the wish, if they now entertain it, to enter into an alliance with us.*"

Having shown, as we trust, to the satisfaction of all candid readers whose patience has carried them thus far in this discussion, that it was by no means the intention of Mr. Monroe to entail on the United States the responsibilities of a universal protectorate over the American continents, but that his declaration, when officially interpreted for the benefit as well of our own legislators as of the Spanish American republics, read as follows: "Take care of your possessions, as the United States will take care of theirs," — we

might be content at this point to waive the further consideration of the subject; for this latter view of the doctrine appears to us so just and reasonable, and, at the same time, so harmless as a measure of intra-continental policy, that we cannot bring ourselves to believe that it will be seriously contested by any, except, perhaps, by such amiable persons as believe it harmful to defend from foreign aggression the soil of their own country.

In order, however, to examine this declaration in all its bearings, it seems incumbent on us to consider it in the two separate aspects under which it may be contemplated, to wit, as a measure for our own adoption, and as a maxim to be recommended to the other states of the American continents. Let us ask, then, whether in either of these respects the Monroe declaration with regard to future colonization in America has been ratified and approved by the Congress of the United States, — the only way in which, according to our Constitution, "a fundamental policy of the government" can be established. The Statutes at Large, we imagine, will be searched in vain for any such enactment; for it would seem to be a work of supererogation for Congress to declare that the territory of the United States is not subject to colonization by any European power, and to declare this with regard to all the states of the continent would be to assume a jurisdiction over them, which those states have not conceded to us, and which, when they proposed to confer with us on the subject, we declined in any way to exercise. Our legislative enactments in the matter of the "Panama Congress" fully substantiate the truth of this latter assertion.

When the resolution "to appropriate the funds necessary to enable the President of the United States to send ministers to the Congress of Panama" was under discussion in the House of Representatives, it was expressly voted, that such ministers should in no way make any compact or engagement with the Spanish American states, in regard either to any threatened intervention or any future colonization by the European powers on the American continents. Resolutions to this effect were introduced by Mr. McLane of Delaware and Mr. Rives of Virginia, who afterwards, however, agreed

to accept a "modification" presented by Mr. Buchanan of Pennsylvania, embodying the substance of both their resolutions. This modification, after reciting and approving the neutral policy of the United States, declares: —

"It is therefore the opinion of this House, that the government of the United States ought not to be represented at the Congress of Panama except in a diplomatic character, nor ought they to form any alliance, offensive or defensive, or negotiate respecting such an alliance, with all or any of the South American republics; *nor ought they to become parties with them, or either of them, to any joint declaration for the purpose of preventing the interference of any of the European powers with their independence or form of government, or to any compact for the purpose of preventing colonization upon the continents of America; but that the people of the United States should be left free to act, in any crisis, in such a manner as their feelings of friendship towards these republics and as their own honor and policy may at the time dictate.*"

This resolution was passed in the House by a vote of 99 yeas to 95 nays; and thus was the declaration with respect to colonization left in abeyance, or rather expressly repudiated, by this branch of Congress, with reference to the Spanish American states.

We have said that the Congressional enactment of the Monroe declaration on this topic, as afterwards explained by Mr. Adams, would appear to be a work of supererogation so far as it relates to our own country. To declare that our own territory is not subject to colonization by any European power, would seem idle and nugatory. In truth it would be so at the present day, when our limits are clearly defined, and when there can no longer be any pretence for colonial settlements within our borders, or any probability that such settlements will ever be attempted. But this was not the condition of our territory at the period when the Monroe Doctrine was first promulgated. The declaration of the President in his Message of 1823, with regard to future colonization, was made, it will be remembered, as an incident of the discussion respecting our northwestern territory. In fact, the principle was introduced by Mr. Adams in his correspondence with Mr. Rush, for the special purpose of protesting

in its name against certain colonial schemes in that quarter, supposed to be contemplated both by Great Britain and by Russia, which, if carried into operation, might lead to an occupancy of our own territory, and an infringement on our rights of eminent domain in the Northwest, as claimed by discovery, exploration, and treaty stipulations with Spain. Great Britain, we have already seen, refused to admit the principle as presented by Mr. Rush in compliance with Mr. Adams's instructions. Was the principle insisted on by the American negotiator? To this question the answer is furnished by Mr. Rush himself. We quote from his "Memoranda of a Residence at the Court of London."

"January 6. In a despatch to the Secretary of State of this date, I mention Mr. Canning's desire that the negotiation at St. Petersburg on the Russian ukase of September, 1821, respecting the Northwest Coast, to which the United States and England had equally objected, should proceed separately, and not conjointly, by the three nations, as proposed by the United States, and my acquiescence in this course. It being a departure from the course my government had contemplated, I give the following reasons for it.

"1. That whatever force of argument I might be able to give to the principle of non-colonization as laid down in the President's Message, which had arrived in England since my instructions for the negotiation, my opinion was, that it would still remain a subject of contest between the United States and England; and that, as, by all I could learn since the Message arrived, Russia also dissented from the principle, a negotiation at St. Petersburg relative to the Northwest Coast, to which the three nations were parties, might place Russia on the side of England and against the United States. This I thought had better be avoided.

"2. That a preliminary and detached discussion of so great a principle, against which England protested *in limine*, brought on by me when her Foreign Secretary was content to waive the discussion at present, and preferred doing so, might have an unpropitious influence on other parts of the negotiation of more immediate and practical interest.

"3. That by abstaining from discussing it at present, nothing was given up. The principle, as promulgated in the President's Message, would remain undiminished, as notice to other nations, and a guide to me in the general negotiation with England when that came on."

The principle thus prudently postponed by Mr. Rush was unequivocally disallowed by the British plenipotentiaries when the "general negotiation" came on. Was it then insisted on by our government? If it was, we know not on what page of our diplomatic history or Congressional annals there is any evidence of the fact. But we do know that the administration of Mr. Polk, which was most strenuous in the assertion, if not in the maintenance, of the "Monroe Doctrine," and of which the supporters, or a majority of them at least, defended the claim of the United States in the northwest territory to be good and valid up to 54° 40′, was afterwards brought to accept a proposition of the British government, by which all the territory north of the forty-ninth parallel of latitude, claimed by our government from the time of Mr. Monroe to the day of Mr. Polk, was not only rendered "subject to future colonization by a European power," but was actually yielded to the government of Great Britain. We have no complaint to make against this adjustment of our difficulty with England in the Oregon controversy. It seemed to us at the time to be a wise and honorable arrangement, nor have we changed our opinion of it at the present day. But that it was in direct and palpable contravention of the "Monroe Doctrine," as held by that administration, and as applied to the defence of what was claimed to be our own territory, can be doubted by none. Are we not, therefore, justified in saying that this doctrine, even with regard to our own territorial claims, has not been uniformly observed and enforced by the action of our government?

The British government in its persistent denial of this principle was mainly influenced by the colonial settlements already planted and still projected by England on the Northwest Coast, or Oregon Territory; for it was as an estoppel of such pretensions and schemes on her part in that quarter that Mr. Adams installed the new doctrine in our diplomacy. That she did not protest against it with respect to the territories of the Spanish American states is evident from the despatch of Mr. Canning before alluded to, in which he had said, "That England could not see the transfer of any portion of them [the Spanish republics] to any other power with in-

difference." Our government, by its principle of non-colonization on the American continent, held the same language with respect to them, but its position differed from that of England in point of comprehension and generality. The scope of the maxim, as we applied it, extruded Great Britain from the Territory of Oregon to an extent greater than she was ready to concede. Hence the conflict between the two governments on this topic.

And here we may, in conclusion, be permitted to pay a tribute to the sagacity of Mr. Rives of Virginia, who, in the discussion on the Panama Mission, made particular allusion to this controversy between the United States and England in the matter of their respective possessions in Oregon. After a careful perusal of the whole debate on that subject, we venture to say, that, of all who opposed the recommendation of Mr. Adams with regard to the representation of the United States in that "Amphictyonic Council," this accomplished statesman was the only one who fairly met and contested the doctrine of non-colonization as expounded by the President. Some of the members in opposition to the administration satisfied themselves by scouting it as nugatory and absurd, while others professed to see in it a measure ostensibly innocuous, but really masking designs injurious to the traditional neutral policy of the country since the days of Washington. Mr. Rives, however, opposed the proposition because, as he feared, the deliberations at Panama might result in committing the policy of the United States to the forcible assertion of our extreme pretensions in Oregon. On this point he said: —

"So far as our *territorial claims* [in Oregon] are made the foundation of the principle advanced by our government, in relation to future colonization on this continent, we have seen that these *claims* are not only controverted by others, but the subject of serious doubt even among ourselves; and our minister in London [Mr. Rush] seemed to recognize the weight of the objections urged against them, when he told the British Plenipotentiaries that 'he had not before been aware of the character and extent of all these objections.' If the principle be attempted to be supported, upon any other ground [i. e. than the justice of our claims in Oregon], it is, in my opinion, *wholly unsustainable*, and is to be classed among those *inventions* of modern diplomacy, which are

to be defended, not by the *sword*, but by the *pen*. But, sir, if we were most thoroughly satisfied of the justice of this principle, why should we commit ourselves to its *support*, by any *compact* with our South American neighbors? We do not want *their aid* in defending our rights, and if we did, we should not obtain it by the compact proposed, as each party is to be pledged to maintain the principle *separately*, in application to its own territory. I trust, sir, I have shown to the satisfaction of the committee the danger and inexpediency of adopting the measure suggested by the President, upon the subject of colonization, and that they will not sanction the mission to Panama with reference to any such object." *

This argument of Mr. Rives, it will be seen, is intended to evince the impolicy of any declaration by way of pledge or compact that might bind the United States to enforce the principle of non-colonization throughout the whole region claimed by our government in the Territory of Oregon. If, he said, we assert that our title is good up to the fifty-first parallel of latitude, or even higher, and if at the same time we enter into agreements with the Spanish American states represented at Panama to maintain this principle of President Monroe, even as defined by Mr. Adams, we shall needlessly place ourselves under obligations to defend claims which the country, if left to pursue an uncommitted course, might deem it better to waive than to enforce with the sword. How well these positions were taken, we need not represent. The subsequent political and diplomatic history of the United States with reference to Oregon Territory fully justifies the caution which Mr. Rives then advocated in the assertion of our territorial claims upon this principle of opposition to future colonization; for the administration of Mr. Polk, though declaring our title to the "whole of Oregon" to be "clear and unquestionable," found it wise and expedient, in a spirit of compromise, and in a preference for the arts of peace which did it honor, to adjust our controversy with the English government by abating somewhat of the extreme pretensions with which we had entered into the negotiation.

Here, then, we dismiss the subject of our paper. Into the wisdom of the "Monroe Doctrine," as now popularly taught

* The *italics* of this excerpt are the speaker's.

and advocated in the high places of the land, it has formed no part of our present purpose to inquire. We have simply sought to show, that what is thus designated is not the doctrine of Mr. Monroe's Message of 1823, and that the principles now advocated in its name are wholly unhistorical, and without foundation in any legitimate interpretation of his guarded language. It therefore becomes unjust to the memory of that distinguished man to associate his honored name with principles which he never approved, and from which his cautious nature would have been among the first to shrink.

ART. X. — 1. *Prize Essay on the Use and Abuse of Alcoholic Liquors, in Health and Disease.* By WM. B. CARPENTER, M.D., F.R.S. Philadelphia: Blanchard and Lea. 1853. 12mo. pp. 178.

2. *The Physiological Errors of Teetotalism.* Westminster Review, July, 1855.

WHETHER the doctrine of total abstinence from alcoholic drinks for persons in health is based upon the established facts and principles of physiology, is a question whose scientific interest is second only to its moral importance. It was decided in the affirmative by Dr. Carpenter; and no physiologist appeared to raise any essential objection to his conclusions. A writer in the Westminster Review has, however, recently attempted to reverse his decision; and thus the question is opened anew. Many also profess to agree with the reviewer; and we therefore propose to examine his arguments,—this being the first and the sole professedly scientific and logical defence of the habitual use of alcohol, on physiological grounds, which has attracted our attention.

To use the words applied by the reviewer himself to Dr. Carpenter, "If we confine our polemics to statements advanced by him, we limit the sweep of argument, shorten the demand on the reader's patience, and avoid the necessity for the pitiable exposure of nonsense advanced by champions less

able." "Let us find the vulnerable points in his argument, and we need not waste blows on those who fight under his banner."

It is unnecessary for our present purpose to give more than a rapid glance at Dr. Carpenter's conclusions. As a warrant for the high scientific reliability of his essay, it need only be said that he is one of the most distinguished of living physiologists; that "he has never allied himself with any Temperance Society, so called"; that he has treated the subject as one of "purely *scientific* inquiry; and has avoided mixing up any other considerations with those which presented themselves to him as a physiologist and a physician."

It was the condition imposed by the donor of the prize, that the Essay should answer the following questions: —

"1. What are the effects, corporeal and mental, of alcoholic liquors on the healthy human system?

"2. Does physiology or experience teach us that alcoholic liquors should form part of the ordinary sustenance of man, particularly under circumstances of exposure to severe labor, or to extremes of temperature? Or, on the other hand, is there reason for believing that such use of them is not sanctioned by the principles of science or the results of practical observation?

"3. Are there any special modifications of the bodily or mental condition of man, short of actual disease, in which the occasional or habitual use of alcoholic liquors may be necessary or beneficial?

"4. Is the employment of alcoholic liquors necessary in the practice of medicine? If so, in what diseases, or in what forms and stages of disease, is the use of them necessary or beneficial?"

In reply to the first question, Dr. Carpenter shows that alcohol irritates and corrugates the healthy tissues, impedes the solidification of fibrine, produces changes in the red corpuscles of the blood, and causes a temporary exaltation of the nervous power. He also gives the phenomena and the pathology of alcoholic intoxication, and specifies the diseases produced by the excessive use of alcohol in the nervous system, the alimentary canal, and special organs, besides general disorders of nutrition, diminished power of sustaining injuries from disease or accident, liability to various epidemic diseases, gout and rheumatism, and morbid affections of the heart and arteries. He also states, that "no life-insurance office will accept

an insurance on an individual whose habits are known to be intemperate," experience having shown that such habits greatly shorten life, as, for instance, in the admitted fact that nearly three times as much sickness occurs among those soldiers serving in India who are not, as among those who are, members of temperance societies. From all these facts, Dr. Carpenter concludes that alcohol has an injurious effect upon the healthy human system.

In answer to the second question, the author shows that the power of enduring bodily and mental fatigue is diminished by alcoholic liquors; and that the power of enduring cold and heat, and of resisting morbific influences, is not increased by them, as is often asserted. They produce a temporary elevation of temperature, if taken into the stomach while fasting; but wholesome food containing some proportion of oleaginous elements generates still greater and far more permanent calorific effects. Dr. Carpenter concludes that "the habitual use of alcoholic liquors, in moderate, or even in small quantities, is not merely unnecessary for the maintenance of bodily and mental vigor, but is even unfavorable to the permanent enjoyment of health, though it may for a time *appear to contribute to it*."

Dr. Carpenter admits, in reply to the third question, that in some emergencies, and where a single great effort is to be made, alcohol may prove a stimulus capable of aiding in securing the result. That its use, however, is not the best method even in such cases, is shown to be the general fact; for the secondary injurious effects are experienced in these, as well as in other circumstances. It is admitted by Dr. Carpenter, that in certain exceptional cases of debility of the stomach, and in certain infirmities of old age, some benefit may be permanently derived from alcoholic drinks in small quantities; but it is impossible to decide *a priori* in favor of such a practice in any given case, and its adoption is a dangerous experiment. We remark, however, that he who, whether old or young, has a permanent debility of the stomach, cannot be regarded as possessing a "healthy human system."

The fourth question Dr. Carpenter answers in the affirmative; and specifies the morbid conditions in which alcoholic

drinks may be administered *medicinally*. But as our present concern is with the use of alcohol in health, we here suspend our sketch of the Essay.

We now come to the article in the Westminster Review, which claims entirely to demolish Dr. Carpenter's Essay, and to prove that the habitual moderate use of alcohol is beneficial to the healthy human organism.

In a boastful exordium, the writer would at once prepare his readers to expect the speedy defeat of his antagonist. "We must," says he, "call in the aid of Logic, for we have to combat a fallacy; we must call in the aid of Science, for we have to combat a scientific error." "We have to show that the fears of the moderate are idle." He also bespeaks goodwill by the assurance that Dr. Carpenter's argument "staggered" him, "and for a time coerced his assent, until a more exact scrutiny revealed the *fons et origo* of Dr. Carpenter's error." Professing also to sympathize with the moral aspects of the temperance movement, he says: "Considered as a moral movement, it is difficult to speak of it in terms too laudatory." "We rescue a scientific question, we do not oppose the moral principles of the movement." Indeed, he virtually admits that even total abstinence is very well for the masses. "Neverthless," he continues, "we shall restrict ourselves to the question of the use of alcohol by moderate and sensible persons. The readers of this Review [the Westminster] are obviously not of the poorer classes. Very few of them are likely to be among the intemperate; to them the teetotal arguments are impertinent."

We propose to institute a somewhat exact scrutiny of the reviewer's arguments, and to show that they are entirely fallacious. We shall endeavor to use only the weapons he has himself put into our hands; since, as he asserts of Dr. Carpenter, "it is with his own weapons he can be overthrown." But whoever makes such pretensions to science and logic prescribes to himself a most rigid adherence to facts and right reasoning; and, if found deficient in these cardinal points, he must expect precisely such treatment as science and logic may award to him.

The main object of the article under consideration is to

prove the two propositions, — first, that alcohol is food; and secondly, that use is not abuse. All the other points raised are merely collateral to these; for if alcohol be food, the inference seems legitimate that its moderate use is beneficial to the healthy human organism, and that therefore abstinence from it is a "physiological error"; and if use is not abuse, and does not necessarily lead to it, the reviewer infers that the effects of an excessive, constitute no valid objection to a moderate, use.

Before proceeding to establish the propositions just stated, however, the writer specifies the "two vulnerable points" of Dr. Carpenter; namely, "first, the confused conception he entertains of what, strictly speaking, must be called *food;* and secondly, the fallacy of arguing from abuse to use."

The position of Dr. Carpenter to which the reviewer first objects is, that "alcohol is essentially poisonous." He admits that large doses of it will kill; but this does not prove it to be essentially poisonous, since oxygen is not so, and yet an over-dose of oxygen will kill. He does not, however, inform us in what the essentiality of a poison consists; and since his argument applies no less to arsenic and strychnine than to alcohol, — since these two substances also kill only when taken in an over-dose, — the inquiry need not at all detain us. In this connection he also sneers at the idea that the word *intoxication*, used to express the effects of alcohol, has been adduced to support its claim to be considered a poison; and remarks that "Philosophy shrugs its shoulders at such proof." We merely remark, that Dr. Carpenter does not adduce this fact as proof, but merely as affording a presumption in favor of the idea that alcohol is a poison, — a presumption which no philologist will fail to appreciate.

Since our writer argues in favor of the "moderate" use alone of alcohol, it is quite important that our readers should know, at the outset, what his "moderate man" is. "The moderate man," says he, "drinks beer, or wine, at dinner, is not accustomed to anything approaching to intoxication, although he may occasionally take 'more than is good for him,' — which excess he sleeps off that night, — or pays for by a headache next morning, and hears no more of it." And he

adds, "If positive science and daily experience warrant any decisive conclusions on this subject, they warrant the conclusion that to such a man alcohol is beneficial."

Now it strikes us as very singular that a writer, *professedly* scientific, should have inserted in a definition two so indefinite terms as "occasionally" and "accustomed." The former may mean once a year, or once or twice a week, according to the various interpretations of different readers; and surely the "benefit" derived from alcohol by the drinker, when "more than is good for him" is taken, must vary widely with the greater or less frequency of the indulgence. Moreover, we are not informed how often a man must experience "anything approaching intoxication," to be "accustomed" to it. "Strictly reasoning," the whole argument is vitiated by this looseness of expression. Waiving this radical defect, however, we find that the position to be proved, when divested of all non-essentials, is this: Positive science and daily experience warrant the conclusion, that if a man drinks beer or wine at dinner, (it being understood, we suppose, that he gets a dinner every day,) yet is not accustomed to anything like intoxication, though he *occasionally* takes "more than is good for him," but sleeps off the effects that night, or merely feels them in the form of a headache next morning, — to him, though in perfect health, the use of alcohol in this way, and to this extent only, is *beneficial*. For, (1.) Alcohol is food; and, (2.) Use (such as this) is not abuse, and does not necessarily lead to abuse.

The proposition that alcohol is beneficial where the drinker takes "more than is good" for him, we need not very seriously discuss. Just so often as that amount is taken, alcohol, we suppose, is not beneficial. The general proposition therefore, that "to such a man alcohol is beneficial," is marred in the very making.

We omit the reviewer's comparison of the effect of alcohol on the constitution to that of a weight upon a spring, which at once rebounds when the weight is removed, — and to the effects of heat, and oxygen, and even of "mutton chops," upon the tissues, — as a mere fallacy; since no real analogy exists in the things compared. Indeed, the reviewer him-

self "begs the reader not to lay too much stress on these illustrations, or to suppose the writer offers them as arguments." They, in fact, subserve no other purpose than to throw dust into the reader's eyes at the outset.

The following sentences are also adapted to give the reader a false impression. "Whatever air of paradox may hover round the assertion that alcohol is food, arises from the popular ideas of food, which are extremely vague and confused. To the popular mind it would be equally paradoxical to say, iron is food, salt is food, chalk is food; the popular idea of food being limited to substances which eaten by themselves 'nourish' and allay hunger. — *Nous avons changé tout cela.*" "No one would think of nourishing a pigeon on chalk, yet the celebrated experiments of M. Chossat prove that pigeons deprived of chalk die of inanition, first suffering from a complete softening of the bones."

Thus the idea is suggested that alcohol, like iron, salt, and chalk, is essential for the nourishment of the tissues. But iron is indispensable, because it is always naturally present in the blood and some of the tissues; salt normally enters into the composition of all the fluids and tissues of the body; and chalk (carbonate of lime) is necessary to the development and nourishment of bone. Alcohol, on the other hand, is not essential to the development of any part of the body; and, still more, not a particle of alcohol can by any means be converted into any tissue whatever. There is, therefore, no physiological analogy in the things compared, and the illustration can only mislead the reader. On the contrary, if iron, salt, and chalk are food because they enter as elements into the normal composition of different tissues, then alcohol is not food, as it enters not thus into a single tissue.

But we now proceed to examine the reviewer's arguments in support of his principal proposition, that "alcohol is food." It occurs to us as a striking fact, that in their whole course he does not quote a single physiologist in opposition to Dr. Carpenter, except in the use of two or three unimportant extracts from Moleschott's work, but relies on the testimony of chemists alone. Liebig is the authority almost exclusively cited. The accuracy of his opinions on the phys-

iological bearings of this subject will be tested as we proceed.

The reader will the more clearly perceive how inconsequent and fallacious are our reviewer's conclusions, if it be remembered that he attempts to show, first, that "food is force," secondly, that "alcohol is force," and therefore, thirdly, that "alcohol must necessarily be food." We shall examine his arguments in proof of each of these propositions.

"Science teaches us that food has to be considered under three aspects: — 1. It repairs the waste of tissue consequent on the wear and tear of life; 2. It furnishes fuel for respiration, the main source of animal heat; 3. Under both these heads it is the generator of force."

Now, though the first two of these assertions just quoted are physiologically correct, the three together do not include all the physiological relations of food, and the last is untrue. Certain elements of our food repair the waste of the tissues, and are hence termed nutritious or plastic elements. These are albumen, caseine, fibrine, etc., and these alone are properly called *nourishment*. Other elements do not at all repair the tissues, but being acted upon, after they are digested and absorbed into the blood, by the oxygen derived from respiration, they are literally burned up, and thus, producing heat, aid in maintaining the normal temperature of the body. Hence they have been termed "fuel for respiration," "respiratory material," and, better still, "the calorific elements of our food." They are starch, sugar, gum, and dextrine. The fat in our food, too, is in great part merely calorific; though it is also nourishment so far as it contributes to the development or the repair of the adipose tissue. But the author has entirely overlooked and ignored the residual elements of our food, which traverse the alimentary canal without undergoing any change whatever.

As a specimen of our reviewer's scientific accuracy in the use of terms, we call attention to the fact, that in the passage just quoted he states that both the plastic and the calorific elements of food *generate* force; a little farther on he says, "all food is ultimately *translated* into force"; and still farther, that alcohol, which he asserts is food, *evolves* force; and again, that Dr. Carpenter knows that alcohol "*gives* force." Now

these four terms are very far from being identical in meaning; and no two of them are so. Which, then, expresses the writer's actual meaning? But we need not lose time in attempting to settle this question, since it will appear that neither of the words used is at all consistent with the facts. Moreover, in regard to the kind of force, he says at first, "into *motive* force all food is ultimately translated." Afterwards he says, alcohol (being food) "is translated into *nerve* force"; and again, "into nerve force or some *substitute* for nerve force." Are nerve force and motive force, then, identical? and is there any such thing as a substitute for nerve force? Our scientific champion evidently entertains conceptions somewhat "confused" of what, "strictly speaking, must be called" nerve and motive force.

But next let us adduce the facts which decide whether any, and if so which, of the elements of our food are generators of force. And, first, the *residual* elements, overlooked by the reviewer, are surely not generators of, nor translated into, force of any description; though they constitute a considerable and an indispensable part of the food of all the higher animals. To this class belong woody fibre, resinous matters, the envelopes of fruits, and the husks of seeds (as the bran of wheat, &c.); all of which pass unchanged though the alimentary canal. The precise uses of the residual elements of food are explained in every extended treatise on physiology, and need not detain us here. Nor, secondly, are the *calorific* elements of food translated into force. They are converted into carbonic-acid gas and water by the action of oxygen, as already explained; and this union of oxygen with their elements, being chemically a true combustion, produces heat, precisely as does the union of the oxygen of the atmosphere with the carbon and hydrogen of coal when it is burned in a grate. And this is all. The calorific elements of food are finally "translated into" carbonic acid and water, and thus produce heat. But heat is not motive force, nor nerve force, nor a substitute for the latter. It is merely a physical agent, while both the forces just named are vital forces. The idea that mere heat can be converted into any phase of vital force is preposterous; and the reviewer neither attempts to prove, nor

even insinuates, anything of the kind. Nor, thirdly, can it be said with accuracy that the *plastic* elements of food are translated into force; though if they are so, the fact is of no consequence to the reviewer, since he admits that alcohol does not belong to this class of elements. The simple fact is, that the plastic or nutritive elements of food are converted into the various tissues, and that each of the tissues manifests its own peculiar phase of vital force, — the muscles, contractile or motive force; the nervous centres, nervous force, &c. The tissues are excited to the manifestation of vital force, each by its appropriate stimulus; but the tissues themselves are in no case "translated into" force. They merely constitute the organization, the peculiar mechanism, by means of which vital force is manifested, as does the engine the mechanism by which physical force is manifested; and in the former, as well as in the latter case, the wear and tear are proportioned to the amount of activity, or of force developed. We perceive, then, that precisely the reverse of our reviewer's cardinal proposition is rigidly true; namely, that no part of our food is translated into force. It follows, therefore, that, if alcohol is translated into vital force, it cannot be food; and that, if it actually is respiratory food, it cannot be translated into vital force, but can only produce heat by its combustion in the blood.

The reviewer, supposing the reader to be satisfied that all food is force, next announces that "Alcohol is Force." He, however, merely asserts in support of this proposition, that "Dr. Carpenter knows better than most people that alcohol gives force." We wait, however, for the admission from Dr. Carpenter himself. Every one knows that alcohol, taken in a sufficient quantity, *excites* force; but this is a very different thing from *giving* it. The spur on the rider's heel excites force, but does not give it. Hay and grain, moreover, do not excite the force of the horse in this way; and none would contend that the spur is a part of the animal's food.

But we now come to the most remarkable portion of the article under consideration, — at least so far as its logic is concerned: "The reader has already outrun our conclusion, that, if food is force, and alcohol is force, alcohol must necessarily be food." Since the high character of the Westminster Re-

view precludes the idea that this syllogism was intended as a transparent joke, we will crave the reader's patience while we illustrate its singular capabilities. "Food is force; and alcohol is force; therefore alcohol must be food." By this logical formula we may prove that any two things possessing a single property in common must be the same generically and specifically. Thus: "Man is an animal, and a horse is an animal; therefore a horse is a man." And again: "Chalk is white, and snow is white; therefore snow is chalk." But we are mainly interested in the number and variety of its applications to the subject under consideration. Indeed, it proves so much as entirely to demolish our logician's favorite conclusion. First we have, "*Alcohol is food*," according to the original formula. But, 2. "Alcohol is force, and food is force; therefore *food is alcohol*." 3. "Food is force, and arsenic is force;* therefore *arsenic is food*." 4. "Alcohol is force, and arsenic is force; therefore *arsenic is alcohol*." But enough of such "calling in the aid of logic to combat a fallacy." Logic "shrugs her shoulders" at such reasoning as this; and we proceed to examine the curious structure of the "links of the chain of demonstration" of the proposition that "alcohol is food."

The reviewer first cites a passage from Dr. Carpenter's treatise on Physiology, which, he says, is "addressed to men of science," and asserts that it contradicts his Essay on the effects of alcohol, thus placing Dr. Carpenter, as he assumes, in the very ungracious position of "himself maintaining that alcohol is food, not poison; unless Dr. Carpenter retracts his own language, unless he withholds the name of food from all substances not forming tissue."

We hold the insinuation that Dr. Carpenter has spoken the truth, when obliged to do so, in a work addressed to men of science, while he intentionally suppresses or perverts it in a more popular essay, to be simply contemptible. Our reviewer "knows better than most people," that Dr. Carpenter's scientific reputation is as much concerned in his work on the

* The reviewer states that arsenic "gives to both horses and men increased vigor, increased beauty, and an enviable rejuvenescence, when taken regularly in minute doses."

physiological effects of alcohol, as it is in his work on physiology in general. He is also doubtless aware, that, if there is an apparent contradiction in these two works, candor requires that he should regard the Essay on this special subject as embodying Dr. Carpenter's more mature views of the effects of alcohol, and those which he is prepared to defend. But a fair interpretation does not suggest to the reader even an apparent contradiction. On the page containing the passage quoted by the reviewer, Dr. Carpenter classifies "the organic compounds *usually employed as food* by man," under four heads, — the Saccharine, Oleaginous, Albuminous, and Gelatinous; and, speaking of the Saccharine, has the passage alluded to: "To this group belong starch, gum, woody fibre, and the cellulose of plants, which closely resemble each other in the proportion of their elements, and which may be converted into sugar by chemical processes of a simple kind, whilst *alcohol*, which is derived from sugar by the process of fermentation, has a *composition* which rather connects it with the next group."* But Dr. Carpenter is not here deciding the question what is food, physiologically considered. He is merely classifying the "compounds *usually employed* as food by man"; and after specifying starch, gum, woody fibre, and cellulose as food, he adds that alcohol is unlike these compounds both in its origin and its chemical composition, and in the latter respect is more nearly allied to the Oleaginous group. He does not intend to say here that alcohol is food, or is not food, physiologically considered. It is often taken with food by man; and he means to say of it precisely what he does say, and nothing more, — though certainly his remark suggests the inference that it cannot be properly classed with the elements of our food. In his other work, however, he discusses that question at length; and decides that, physiologically speaking, alcohol is not food. This "link of the chain of demonstration" therefore fails entirely.

The reviewer next quotes Liebig: "The amount of nourishment required by an animal for its support must be in a direct ratio with the quantity of oxygen taken into the sys-

* Principles of Human Physiology, Fifth American Edition, p. 376.

tem"; and adds, "But under the term nourishment our readers have learned to include alcohol, which nourishes as fuel." Liebig is also quoted and commented upon as follows:—

"'Of all respiratory [calorific] matters, alcohol acts most rapidly,' [i. e. is most rapidly consumed,] says Liebig; and in this rapidity there is great virtue, for starch, very good food in itself, requires some hours before it becomes soluble in the alimentary canal of the bread-eater, so as to enter the blood, and there serve the purposes of respiration. Both starch and alcohol are burned, and in burning throw out force; but when the demand for force is urgent, the food which most rapidly creates it is the most valuable."

It is here proper to inform the reader, that alcohol is capable of producing three entirely different effects, in proportion to the amount taken into the stomach. If a very small quantity, well diluted, be taken when the stomach is nearly empty, (one drachm, perhaps, in the case of most persons,) it is very rapidly burned up by combination in the blood with oxygen, and thus produces heat, it being converted into carbonic-acid gas and water. Only under these circumstances is Liebig's assertion true. If a larger dose be taken, so as to be felt at all in the head, it has a stimulant, and not a calorific effect. In this case it *excites* force; in the other, it *produces* heat merely. In a still larger dose, alcohol becomes a narcotic, and produces the stupor characteristic of the narcotic poisons. In this case, it paralyzes force, and at the same time, instead of proving calorific, perceptibly diminishes the heat of the body. It is therefore only when alcohol ceases to be alcohol, or is burned up, that it is calorific; so long as it remains in the blood unchanged into carbonic acid and water, and manifests its real character, it is either stimulant or narcotic, according to the quantity taken.

These facts are ignored by the reviewer; and from Liebig's unqualified assertion that alcohol is rapidly burned, he deduces the inconsequent conclusion that it is better food than starch and sugar, after repeating the groundless assertion that starch and sugar in being burned throw out force. To make the last sentence quoted from Liebig even theoretically true, we must read it thus: "Both starch and alcohol are burned, and in burning throw out heat; but when the demand for heat is

urgent, alcohol, as creating it the most rapidly, is the most valuable." Of course, in all other circumstances, starch is the most valuable. Practically, however, the sentence, even as altered, is not true. For, in order to prove merely calorific, alcohol must be taken in very small quantities; and it is so rapidly burned up, that the small doses must be almost incessantly repeated. Even thus, if we may credit our reviewer, we cannot long keep up the supply; for he says, "Alcohol is not, and cannot be, continually present in the blood"; and adds, that, if this were possible, it would produce a fatal effect. Not very reliable, valuable, or safe food this, we think! Starch and sugar are far better; since they may always be kept on hand in the blood, and never produce any dangerous effects. If it require "some hours" for the last-mentioned elements to enter the blood of the bread-eater, he has only to take another meal the same number of hours (as we all do) before the proceeds of the preceding one are consumed, and he will always have a sufficient amount of fuel on hand. Alcohol, therefore, if it is food at all, is so because, like starch and sugar, it is a producer of heat, and not because it is force, or an exciter of force. So far as it affects force, it is a stimulant or a narcotic, and in no possible sense food.

But the reader may ask, What is the physiological objection to recognizing alcohol as food, since, like the amylaceous and saccharine elements of food, it is, in the circumstances mentioned, a producer of heat? We answer, that the *characteristic* physiological effects of alcohol are its stimulant and narcotic powers; it is calorific only incidentally, and when taken in doses not sufficient to manifest its essential character. In its calorific capacity, we have seen, too, it is utterly incapable of sustaining that equable temperature of the organism required for the highest development of the vital force. We have also seen that, even were it a valuable calorific element, this fact does not really concern us in our present argument, since "the moderate man" uses alcohol in stimulant doses at least, as the reviewer admits, and thus the idea of its being food, like starch and sugar, is entirely precluded. Moreover, if the reviewer adopts the proposition that everything is food that is calorific, it is one altogether too pregnant

for his purpose. If alcohol is food merely because it is calorific in certain circumstances, so are ether, and many of the essential oils; and the reviewer, if consistent, must also add these to his bill of fare. Physiologically considered, then, alcohol is a stimulant and a narcotic, and is not food.

Having previously asserted without the least warrant, as we have seen, that alcohol is nourishment, the reviewer next gathers strength to make the extraordinary statement, that "the *digestibility* of alcohol (so to speak) surpasses that of any other aliment; it requires less elaboration to fit it for its ultimate purpose, namely, its translation into nervous food." Hitherto we have been told that all food (and of course alcohol) is converted into motive force. But this discrepancy has already been alluded to; and whether the reviewer is ignorant of the difference between motive force and nerve force, or is here unfairly substituting the latter term for the former, the reader may decide. But what is "digestibility (so to speak)"? This is a somewhat ambiguous expression for a scientific writer. Digestibility has reference to the ease and rapidity with which food is digested; but alcohol is not digested at all. It is absorbed into the blood from the stomach and the lower portions of the alimentary canal, without undergoing any previous change. We therefore make no further comments on the preceding quotation.

The third link of the chain of demonstration is thus constructed: "'Alcohol stands high as a respiratory material. Its use enables us to dispense with starch and sugar in our food.' (Liebig.) Is more wanted," demands the reviewer, "to show that alcohol is food?" Besides, the reviewer informs us, that the members of the Peace Congress at Frankfort ate an enormous amount of pudding, because they drank no wine. For "wine replaces pudding," and "pudding replaces wine"; but "poisons have not the property of replacing wholesome food." Therefore alcohol (wine* rather) is food. "Wine replaces pudding," which is doubtless food; and "therefore wine is food." But pudding also replaces wine, which is

* Wine contains only from nine to about twenty-six per cent of alcohol; the remainder being water, sugar, acids, &c.

doubtless a stimulant; and therefore, by the same reasoning, pudding is a stimulant!

But let us examine these propositions in detail. And, first, has Liebig or any one else known an alcohol-drinker entirely to dispense with the amylaceous and saccharine elements in his food? It would certainly require more than a "moderate use" of alcohol to replace all of these elements. But the reviewer also says, in another connection, that alcohol "cannot be continually present in the blood." What would then ensue, if starch and sugar were dispensed with, when the alcohol failed? Death, we suppose, from the entire loss of animal heat. How then can the reviewer say, from Liebig, that alcohol "stands high" as a respiratory material? According to his own statement, it is superior to starch and sugar only in the fact of burning more rapidly; a quality which has been shown to render it unfit for calorific purposes, in an organism where a steady and uniform temperature is demanded. We should add, however, that we have quoted the reviewer's assertion that "alcohol cannot be constantly present in the blood," only in order to allow him to refute himself; the fact being, that it can be kept constantly present in the blood during an indefinite period, if the doses be often enough repeated. So long as a person exhales the odor of alcohol in his breath, he is exhaling alcohol from the blood as it circulates through the lungs, and so long it is of course present in the blood; and every one knows that some persons exhale alcohol in every expiration for weeks at a time. Our writer, however, asserts that, if the blood could be kept constantly charged with alcohol, it would produce fatal effects; and this assertion with some qualification is true. But, again to reverse his argument, "it is not the property" of wholesome food to produce fatal effects merely from being constantly present in the blood; therefore alcohol cannot be food. Besides, if alcohol is food because it "replaces" food, in some sense arsenic is also food; for, as the author asserts, a given amount of food with "regular doses" of arsenic added confers both on horses and men increased fulness of form and vigor, while the food alone would not have this effect. The reader must not, however, be surprised at this conclusion; since we have previously

shown that arsenic is food by another formula which the reviewer has afforded us.

Our reviewer continues his reasoning as follows: —

"If we reflect that alcohol is respiratory food, and that the organism needs five times as much respiratory food as plastic food, we may be able to explain the notorious fact of hard drinkers scarcely taking any 'food' (except their drink), and yet, in spite of this absence of 'food,' they manage to live on through many years, performing all their functions, not very vigorously it may be, not as highly reputable citizens, but nevertheless *living*, and upon a quantity of 'food' so small that life could not be sustained a month on such a quantity, did they not call in the aid of a poison. This paradox it was incumbent on Dr. Carpenter to clear up."

Then the writer quotes Dr. Carpenter's assertion, that mere alcohol does not contribute to the renovation of muscular tissue, and his reasons also for believing that it cannot be converted into nerve tissue. In respect to these points, however, he accuses Dr. Carpenter of "confusion," and objects that he "limits" nutrition to the tissue-forming process. So, we reply, does every other physiologist; though he says, "no one knows better than Dr. Carpenter the error of such a limitation." Having thus a second time groundlessly alleged a perversion of the facts, his audacity culminates in the assertion, that Dr. Carpenter "shifts a question of force to one of tissue." We will only assert, on the contrary, that the reviewer himself has shifted a question of *tissue* to one of *force*. "The point in debate is not," he says, "whether alcohol can be converted into nervous *tissue* (which may or may not be the case), but whether it can be converted into nervous *force*." Who raises such a question as this? Its palpable absurdity does not admit of its being entertained by a physiologist for a moment. Surely, if such a question can be raised, it was incumbent on the reviewer to answer it in the affirmative, if possible, earlier in the progress of his article. He has, however, so often asserted that alcohol is "force," is "motive force," &c., that he now seems to think the reader will accept the implication on his part that alcohol may be "converted into nervous force," as a proof that it is really thus converted. But the intelligent reader, who has become accustomed to our writer's style of

logic, requires no caution in this respect; and we need only to notice the statement in regard to hard drinkers living for years upon nourishment insufficient to sustain them a month without their drink.

If this be asserted of hard drinkers of alcohol merely (with water), it is unqualifiedly untrue. If it were true, however, it would be logically so much the worse for our writer; since, if alcohol is "food" and "better than starch and sugar," is a "nourisher of force," and is "converted into nerve force," surely hard drinkers, who consume so much more than others of this multipotent substance, ought to live "vigorously," and as the most "reputable citizens." If alcohol is converted into nerve force, such people ought surely to develop the highest functions of the nervous system, — the intellectual and the moral faculties, — in a superior degree; which is generally thought not to be the case with hard drinkers. "This paradox it was incumbent on" our reviewer "to clear up." If what he has already affirmed of alcohol were true, it would be an unpardonable sin to restrict a man who can pay for large potations to a "moderate" use of it. On the contrary, every one, by keeping his blood charged with it to the utmost extent, might elevate his moral and his intellectual nature to that angelic height, "a little lower" than which he was at first created. And for a man to be addicted to such slow food as starch and sugar, — in a word, to eat "pudding," — would, on the other hand, be the seal of abject and perpetual barbarism. But the reviewer proceeds to say also, that alcohol offers itself to oxygen and is burned, and thus produces nerve force; while it at the same time saves nerve tissue. Does not the reviewer know that the mere burning of alcohol in the blood produces heat alone, just as does the combustion of starch and sugar? and that nerve force is developed by nerve tissue alone, and at the expense (wear and tear) of the latter? If not, we tender our regrets. But his enthusiasm comes to its climax farther on, in the assertion that alcohol is also "the equivalent of blood." On this pinnacle of absurdity we leave him, with our best wishes for a safe descent.

Now in regard to hard drinkers, there are those who are constantly stupefied with alcohol, and who therefore wear out

their tissues very slowly, and require but little nourishment to repair the waste. This class is formed of beer and porter drinkers more especially; such persons requiring less food because malt-liquors contain a small amount of nourishment, in the form of albuminous matter. Liebig, however, says that "as much flour or meal as can lie on the point of a table-knife is *more* nutritious than five measures (about eight or ten quarts) of the best Bavarian beer." Our reviewer remarks upon this quotation, that the proposition is "absurd," that "a pinch of meal has greater *sustaining* power than a *quart* of beer." Liebig, however, says, "We can prove the above statement with mathematical certainty." The reviewer also asserts, that "it is no answer to say that the force is temporary. All force is temporary." Indeed! and so is all life. He afterwards tells us, in like manner, "All excitement is temporary"; but subsequently claims in favor of alcohol that, in small doses, it is "*only a temporary* stimulus." By what term might we appropriately designate this style of subterfuge?

But there is another class of excessive drinkers who are constantly stimulated, instead of being stupefied, by the alcohol they consume; and who are therefore still active, developing motive force and nerve force at the expense of their muscular and nervous tissues. Such persons need nourishment in proportion to the waste; and in many cases the quantity is decidedly increased, instead of being diminished, by their drinking. This explanation is virtually admitted by the reviewer himself, while discussing another topic, where he says, in a style uncommonly subdued: "We think that, although the result of the stimulus *may* be a greater consumption of tissue in a given time than would have taken place without it, yet it is demonstrable that real increase of strength *is* given; that alcohol is positive nutriment, or else it could not replace nutriment, nor could it enable drunkards to subsist." Dr. Carpenter thinks precisely the reverse, and gives his reasons; and until the reviewer can offer some valid ground for his opinion, we shall adhere to Dr. Carpenter's opinion (and our own) on this subject.

Here end our comments upon the "links of the chain of demonstration"; and we believe the reader will now agree

with us, that the "chain" is merely a "rope of sand," and that Physiology "shrugs her shoulders" in general, and in particular, at the "conception" that "alcohol is food." On the other hand, Dr. Carpenter has given solid reasons for regarding alcohol as essentially poisonous in its physiological effects; and with him we may very safely leave this question, till a more doughty champion enters the lists against him.

Our reviewer, however, coolly assuming to have proved that "alcohol is food," next proceeds to show "how and why it is food." It is scarcely necessary to follow him through his argument on this topic; and yet some of his illustrations are too characteristic to be omitted. "If in drinking a glass of brandy," says he, "you save an ounce of beef, it is because the same amount of force can be evolved from the brandy as from the beef." But the reader now knows that the glass of brandy, if it evolves force (as the beef is assumed to do), does not save the beef; since it thus wastes the tissue, and the beef is just so much the more required to repair the tissue. His idea that the alcohol offers itself to oxygen and is consumed, and thus saves tissue, though it nevertheless develops force, next follows; but it has been refuted on a preceding page. The great defect here, as elsewhere, is, that the reviewer makes no distinction between the calorific and the stimulant or exciting effects of alcohol; but persists in implying that the mere burning of it in the blood produces force, instead of heat merely. The reader now knows, that, whenever alcohol does offer itself to oxygen, it is merely calorific; and that when, remaining unconsumed in the blood, it excites force, it produces a corresponding waste of tissue.

As if cherishing some misgivings, after all, in regard to his demonstration that alcohol is food, and not poison, the writer dismisses the last-mentioned topic with some very striking remarks on poisons in general; from which we may infer that, on the whole, it is of no consequence if alcohol is a poison. He says that the human organism possesses a marvellous "aptitude in resisting and making light of poisons," and discourses thus: —

"We are all in a private way descendants of Mithridates. The water we drink, the tea we drink, the medicines we take, and the

pickles — especially the pickles! — we eat, are all so many poisons. Death itself is but the consummation of a system of slow poisoning. There is tea, even when unadulterated, notoriously a slow poison; coffee, a slow poison; tobacco, a slow poison; carbonic acid in the air of churches, theatres, and assemblies, a slow poison; beer, slow poison; wine, accelerated poison; brandy, rapid poison."

A sufficient reply to the above is afforded by the reviewer's previous assertion, that, if alcohol were continually in the circulating current, the effect would be fatal. But he says, incorrectly, "Alcohol is not, and cannot be, constantly present in the blood"; and, "Its temporary presence is only a temporary disturbance, and this disturbance is a stimulus." We reply, with his own logic, "All disturbance is temporary," and there is no substance whose presence in the blood is not "temporary." But we have seen that alcohol, if often taken, may be kept present in the blood for a long time; and in numerous instances it has been found after death in the ventricles of the brain, and has burned with its characteristic blue flame. It has also frequently been extracted from the substance of the brain, when it could not be found in the ventricles or in any other part of the body. But this is a mere "temporary" presence!

We have, however, in the preceding quotation, arrived at the first distinct admission that alcohol is a stimulant ("stimulus"); which is in fact the only property of alcohol which makes its habitual use intensely dangerous, and upon which the whole doctrine of total abstinence rests. It is not necessary to show that alcohol is a poison; it is enough to show that it is a *peculiar stimulant*, and then to indicate in what its peculiarities consist. So long as it is merely calorific, nobody is concerned for its effects. The reviewer himself asserts, that since "life is only possible under incessant stimulus," there is no objection to alcohol unless "there is something peculiar in the alcoholic stimulus, which demarcates it from all others"; but he also admits that alcohol is a peculiar stimulus, and thus nullifies all that he has said of the other stimuli as essential. He says also, that this peculiarity of alcohol "justifies, in some degree, its bad reputation," and is one "upon which all the mischief of intoxication depends, one which causes all the

miseries so feelingly laid to its door." (All this is affirmed, by implication, of *food!*) "And what," he continues, "is this peculiarity? Nothing less than the fascination of its virtue, the potency of its effect! Were it less alluring, it would not lure to excess; were it less potent, it would not leap up into such flames of fiery exaltation. In its virtue lies its crime." Observe, "virtue" here means "potency of effect." He next suggests that alcohol should be used as is a razor; and says, that "while we frighten Tommy with a rehearsal of the terrible consequences which may ensue if he venture to touch the razor, we cease the precaution when our juvenile friend emerges from jackets to the dignity of shaving," and "the razor is then placed in his hands with full reliance that he will not cut himself — often." Or, to state the idea more distinctly: We should frighten children and people of the "poorer classes" from using alcohol at all, even in a "beneficial," "moderate" way; but we should put it into the hands of "sensible persons" (the "readers of the Westminster Review") for their habitual use, "once or twice a day," with full reliance that they will not become intoxicated by it — often!

It would have been pertinent had the reviewer explained why alcohol is a peculiar stimulant. It is so because it has a peculiar attraction for the substance of the brain, and therefore commits its ravages first of all upon this organ, and consequently upon the intellectual and moral faculties. This fact is confirmed by the examination of animals killed by alcohol. Indeed, the reviewer himself admits (though for a very different purpose) "the great affinity and the *selective eagerness* with which it acts on the nervous tissue."

Professor Johnston, another chemist, is next quoted to prove that the stimulus of alcohol is not in itself injurious, but beneficial, though the reviewer adds, "Too much of it we know to be injurious." It would have been at least kind, had he, after portraying the dangers from its use, informed the reader how much is just enough. What would we think of a professedly scientific medical writer, who should urge the use, in some disease, of a drug he admitted to be dangerous in excess, without giving us any idea of the dose in which it should be administered?

The reviewer also quotes from Professor Johnston the absurd idea, first propounded, we think, by Liebig, that alcohol, coffee, tea, &c. "diminish the waste of tissue," though an equal amount of force is developed. It is high time this absurdity were given up, even by chemists. Physiology, except as manufactured for us in the laboratory, entirely repudiates such a chimera. Our writer also adopts the saying of the "poets," that wine is "the milk of the old," and then quotes Liebig to the same effect. While we cherish the profoundest respect for Liebig as an analytical chemist, we must admit that there is a certain propriety in associating so imaginative a writer on this subject with the poets. We however by no means deny that wine is often beneficial to the aged, or to any whose weak digestive powers require its stimulating effects. We do not ourselves hesitate to prescribe alcoholic drinks when we think them needful. But we have nothing here to do with alcohol as a medicine; and therefore the authorities just referred to have no bearing on the question before us. We find, however, an admission on a subsequent page, which seems singular as coming from a writer who maintains that the use of alcohol "once or twice a day" is "positively beneficial" to a man in health. If, says he, we are "living under perfectly healthy conditions, with hereditary strength of organism, with abundance of excellent food, with stomachs equipped for efficient exercise, — in such a case alcohol is certainly of *no use*." We are happy to find the reviewer at last strictly correct, on this one point. But he adds: "In such a case alcohol in moderation can do no injury, — because of the elasticity of the organism, — and while it does no injury, it produces pleasure." The "potency" and the "fascination" of alcohol have been portrayed in dithyrambic style; we have just been told that in perfect health it is not beneficial (is of "no use"); but it is added, that so powerful an agent in such a case is also not injurious. That is, to one in health it is neither injurious nor beneficial, though so powerful. Yet we know that it is often beneficial in disease; and we should expect that it would, like other remedies, produce some effect at any rate, and probably an injurious one, in health. Dr. Carpenter has shown that this is the fact. But

alcohol "produces pleasure." We should say "excitement," instead of pleasure; but it is very true that some make pleasure to consist in excitement. Yet we have seen that in the fact that alcohol is a *peculiar stimulant* lies all the danger. Is it, however, pleasure to be excited to-day, and "sleep it off" to-night, or only "pay for it by a headache to-morrow"? Let the reader say for himself.

The closing pages of the article under consideration are devoted to the reviewer's second proposition, — "Use is not abuse"; or, "There is no *necessary* physiological connection between moderation and excess." Of course there is no physiological necessity or reason why a healthy person should take alcohol for the first time; there is equally none for taking it the second time, or the ten-thousandth. But our writer "knows better than most people" that it is the physiological fact that moderation tends to excess, — that use tends to abuse; for he admits that "He who drinks will drink again, and moderation, we know, oils the hinges of the gate leading to excess. No one doubts the danger. The only absolute preventive against taking too much is to take none." "Is anything more wanted" to show that, if excess does not necessarily follow moderation, there is great danger that it will? And this danger, the reviewer himself admits, can be avoided only by abstinence. We must therefore regard the reviewer as "himself maintaining" that total abstinence rests on a physiological basis, "unless he retracts his own language." He however adds: "Stimulus [i. e. alcohol] is daily taken by thousands and thousands who do not increase the amount as they advance in life"; to which we reply, that there are millions who do increase the quantity as they advance in life. The reason is simply, that, as the organism becomes accustomed to the stimulus, a larger quantity is required to produce a given stimulating effect.

Finally, the reviewer, in taking a retrospect of his labors, states five propositions which must be proved to establish Total Abstinence as a scientific theory; but which, he says, he has entirely disproved. These we need not repeat, since with his method of proof the reader is already familiar. On the other hand, we assert that Total Abstinence may be defend-

ed upon the basis of the two following propositions alone:— 1. Alcohol does not exert a beneficial effect upon the healthy human organism; and, 2. Use tends to abuse. Both these propositions have, moreover, been established by Dr. Carpenter; and the reviewer himself, as we have seen, has virtually admitted them. We may therefore retort upon him his remark respecting Dr. Carpenter: "We have only to disentangle the confusion" of his article, "and we find him an ally."

In taking our leave of the reviewer, we merely add, that we have found that his "vulnerable points" constitute the rule, and not the exception; we have "called in the aid of logic to combat fallacies," and of "science to combat scientific errors"; and have made it apparent that he has very "confused conceptions of what, strictly speaking, must be called food." We have also exposed the absurdity of divers propositions, at which logic, physiology, and fact have "shrugged their shoulders" in turn. Finally, we have "rescued a scientific question"; and have shown, we think, that he has utterly failed to demonstrate the "Physiological Errors of Teetotalism." We have detained the reader much longer than we would have desired. But it was necessary that our wily opponent should be closely followed through the windings of his errant logic, lest he might adroitly skulk for shelter behind an inconsequent conclusion. We must, however, in justice, admit that he has laid the manufacturers and venders of alcoholic drinks under no slight obligation; and if it should be deemed expedient to publish his article in a separate form, we suggest that it be entitled, "An Essay on the Effects of Alcohol; for Distribution by Brewers and Distillers."

Before finally dismissing this subject, we would enter our protest against the carelessness of remark — if it deserve no severer epithet — in which some medical men are accustomed to indulge in regard to the physiological effects of the habitual use of alcohol. No writer but a thorough physiologist can do justice to this subject. Yet we often hear announced, in a magisterial style, opinions on this subject which are utterly opposed to facts and to physiology. When a physician sets the example of the daily use of alcoholic drinks, and assigns as the reason, that he, though in health, requires the beneficial

physiological effects of alcohol, it really becomes a matter of charity, if we suppose him sincere, to instruct him that no *valid* physiological reason has been or can be given for the notion that the habitual use of alcohol is beneficial to a person in health. We have no quarrel with him who drinks habitually; that is not our affair. But let him not impress Physiology to screen him in the practice. She abhors such service. Let him not "drink on pretexts"; but frankly admit that he drinks merely for the excitement alcohol produces; that he incurs a risk in so doing, hoping to avoid the so frequent consequences; but that he would not advise another to do the same, lest he might yield to the temptation. This is fair and honorable; and this is the only ground that medical men who habitually drink alcoholic liquors can take, without impeaching either their knowledge or their candor. We confess ourselves indignant, when we see Physiology distorted and mutilated till her most intimate disciples can scarcely recognize her, and then debased to do battle against a cause emphatically her own; and we have no excuse for those who, whether prompted by ignorance or by their own interests, thus lay unholy hands upon her. In her behalf would we address to all such the blended supplication and command of the Sibyl, —

"Procul, O, procul este, profani!"

ART. XI. — *The Principles of Political Economy applied to the Condition, the Resources, and the Institutions of the American People.* By FRANCIS BOWEN, Alford Professor of Moral Philosophy and Civil Polity in Harvard College. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 546.

The *Statics* of the body politic considered as a wealth-producing body constitute Political Economy; its *Dynamics* are all comprehended in the one maxim, *Laissez-faire*, — "Let alone." The physical science of Statics treats of equilibrium, its conditions and its hinderances, — of friction, the stiffness

of ropes, and whatever else must be counteracted or allowed for in order to make dynamical theories applicable in practice. In like manner, Political Economy treats of the equilibrium or the normal condition of the community or nation, — of what must be done or undone, supplied, presupposed, or allowed for, in order to made the *laissez-faire* principle as safe in practice as it is sound in theory. This statement legitimates the title of the work now under review; for as the selfsame statical laws require separate enunciations and different formulæ for the lever, the pulley, and the screw, so may the selfsame economical laws vary in the details of form and expression with the variable elements of climate, soil, race, culture, and historical antecedents. Nay, more, Political Economy, in whatever guise it may appear in set treatises, is wholly an inductive science, and must have been elaborated solely by the collation and generalization of observed facts and phenomena. Its detailed application, therefore, furnishes the only possible test of its alleged principles; and it can best be kept from growing visionary by the perpetual recurrence of that test. If Mr. Bowen's fundamental maxims are in accordance with truth, his American version of them authenticates them; otherwise, that version is a simple *reductio ad absurdum*.

We have spoken of the normal condition of the community. The normal man is he whose powers are developed to the full extent of his means and opportunities, and to the full measure of his surroundings and his needs. The normal nation is that which has so far developed its industrial capacities as to have reaped the revenue of its past, at least of its recent past, to avail itself of its present resources, and to command its future. Thus Political Economy has close affinities on the one hand with ethics, and on the other with the science of government. It applies itself to questions of duty, not as they lie under the cognizance of conscience and the law of God, but as they affect the quantity and quality of labor, the security of its rewards, and the equitable distribution of its products. It concerns itself with government, not in its names and forms, but in its mode and measure of taxation, its more or less stringent control over individual free-

dom, its regulations appertaining to monopolies, currency, finance, and commerce, and the footing on which its international arrangements place its own citizens and those of other nations respectively, as producers and consumers. The *laissez-faire* principle is in theory that which we apply to every individual man; but only to the normal man, not to the child or the idiot, the spendthrift or the sot, the wanton wrong-doer or the powerless wrong-sufferer. No more is it applicable to the nation sunk in ignorance or in vice, grasping and oppressive in the occupancy of its vantage-ground over weaker nations, or too feeble to cope on equal terms with encroaching and overbearing rivals. In all these cases there are deficiencies to be supplied, wrongs to be righted, or strength to be developed, before protective, restrictive, or reformatory maxims can be thrown aside, industry be left to mark out its own course, and the currents of production, distribution, and consumption to find their own channels, level, and issues.

But in the normal nation, and under the freest policy, there still remain subjects of which Political Economy has the rightful cognizance. The charges of government must be in some way a burden upon industry. How can they be reduced to the lowest point of safety and honor? How can they be so adjusted as to detract the least from productive energy and enterprise? How can they be collected with the minimum of cost, whether in money, or in the number of agents whom this service withdraws from the industrial force of the community? There must also be, for the purposes of exchange, a common measure of values, and, if a common measure, it must be created and sustained under the auspices of the state, and on principles that shall insure its adequate supply, its uniformity of standard, and its continuous or gradually progressive or declining value. What then shall be the material of money? Where does the charge of coinage belong? Shall one of the precious metals be made the sole standard of value, and the legal tender for obligations, and the other be suffered, whether coined or uncoined, to find its market worth as merchandise? Or shall both the precious metals be legal standards, and their variation in relative value

be adjusted from time to time by an altered coinage, while, in the intervals, that which has risen above its worth at the mint shall find its way from the mint to the crucible, and disappear from circulation as bullion? Shall representatives of value be legalized as currency? If so, in sums how small? Under what security? In what proportion to the means in hand for their liquidation? These are all concerns, which cannot be abandoned to take care of themselves. They belong to the statics, without whose adjustment the dynamic forces of production cannot work freely. They cannot, in their very nature, be left to individuals; for their adjustment is an antecedent to hopeful industry and knowingly directed enterprise. They cannot be wholly determined by a nation within itself; for, settled on a false basis, they place the nation at a disadvantage with foreign competitors. The questions relating to them are such as admit of being answered on principles of intrinsic expediency and right; and it is the province of Political Economy to give to them such answers as shall command the approximate, and ultimately the entire, assent of the civilized world.

Another department of prime importance, to which the "let-alone" principle is utterly inapplicable, and which imperatively demands scientific investigation and settlement, is the descent or disposal of the property of deceased persons. The doctrine of posthumous rights is wholly exploded. No one now doubts that the nation is the true heir to every estate that passes from its owner by his death. On this ground alone can the legislative authority limit the freedom of bequest, or make arbitrary rules as to the division of intestate property. If the fee does not virtually lapse to the nation, its law-makers have no right to assign to the widow a larger dower than is given her by her husband's will, or to determine whether the estate of a childless intestate shall go to his parents or to his collateral kindred. The question then is, How may the state so dispose of the property daily falling into its possession as most effectually to encourage industry? Here two principles may be regarded as fixed beyond dispute. First, the liberty of posthumous disposal, though not a natural right, vindicates itself by its utility in an economical aspect, inas-

much as the power of regulating the disposition of one's property after death must needs be, to very many, one of the strongest incentives to industry and enterprise. Secondly, as a father's property is in a large portion of instances, perhaps in the majority, a means of support, a source of capital, or a ground of reliance in contingencies, to his children, sudden embarrassment, bankruptcy, and pauperism, to the serious detriment of the public weal, would be the very frequent result of any system which deprived children of the inheritance of their parents. The industrial interests of the state then legitimate testamentary bequests, and at the same time establish the general principle of hereditary descent. But these two principles may be in conflict. If so, which shall yield? Shall the disposing power of the testator be unrestricted, or shall his natural heirs be in some measure defended against his caprice? And, as to intestate property, the mode of partition has a most momentous bearing on the whole subject of capital and industry. Is the state best served by the concentration of wealth in few hands, or by its wider distribution and more minute subdivision? Especially are large or small landed estates the most productive? As these questions are answered, the prestige of primogeniture will be respected or disallowed, and entail will be facilitated or discouraged. Nor has Political Economy, within its entire range, a subject which admits of wider variance of opinion, demands more careful consideration, or exercises a more decisive influence on the industrial statics of the community.

We might enumerate other topics that properly fall within the scope of the science which treats of the production and distribution of wealth; but not a few of them are safely enough left to sciences with which they have a still closer affinity, and were Political Economy to claim the right of "eminent domain" over all the territory to which it could show a fair title, no single treatise could present a compend of its doctrines, nor would any lifetime be long enough for the initiation of its students. When, therefore, we speak in terms of high praise of the thoroughness and completeness of Mr. Bowen's work, we thus speak with reference to the con-

ventional limits, not to the almost boundless circuit, of the science.

We notice in the treatise before us but one omission which we can regret, and that is, the failure to discuss as a separate subject the theory of taxation. Mr. Bowen, in advocating a protective revenue-system, of course takes for granted the expediency of indirect taxation. He is undoubtedly justified in this assumption by the present necessity of the case. The abolition of import-duties by any one of the family of civilized nations would unquestionably produce a dangerous paralysis of its home industry, and would expose it to an exhausting and desolating invasion of foreign commerce. Yet the intrinsic advantages of direct taxation are undeniable. Direct taxes are collected much more economically than indirect, both as regards the percentage of cost and the number of agents made useless for other purposes. While a single treasurer with his one deputy or messenger may collect and disburse the taxes of a city of twenty thousand inhabitants at a charge not exceeding two per cent, if that city is also a revenue district, the collection of duties not exceeding in amount the municipal taxes will furnish places, many of them almost sinecures, for twenty officials, who will consume more than half the revenue they collect. In large ports the discrepancy is indeed less, yet still great. Nor is the moral effect of a revenue-system like ours a matter of insignificance, whether we regard the large number of persons who, having once borne office in that department, are ever after mere drones and mischief-makers, or the disturbing and baneful influence exerted on the elections by office-holders and office-seekers, and on the government by the temptations incident to so extensive and lucrative a patronage. Public charges also would be reduced to their minimum by direct taxation; for the citizens, hardly aware of the taxes which they neither pay nor see paid, would demand something approaching a *quid pro quo* did they fill the public exchequer from their own pockets. It may be doubted whether, on this system, a standing army would be possible, or whether a government would have it in its power to sustain any larger naval or military force or apparatus than was needed for defence

against actual and acknowledged danger. This last necessity also would be reduced to its very lowest point, were the supposed system universal; for the very attempt to conduct a war by direct taxation would cripple and dishearten the aggressive power before the first blow could take effect upon a rival state.

Except so far as taxes on commerce may be regarded as incidental to and inseparable from its needed regulation and surveillance, their chief advantage consists in their equalization. They are a charge upon consumption; they enter into the price of commodities, and every purchaser thus pays his equitable proportion. No actual system of direct taxation is free from great practical injustice. The burden rests upon such property as cannot be concealed; while distant investments, unacknowledged loans, paper securities which form no part of the assessor's schedule, and fraudulent inventories, frequently exempt the richest members of the community from a very large proportion of their rightful charge. The least objectionable mode of direct taxation would be that which should lay the entire assessment on real estate, according to its estimated value for the time being. Such a tax, like the customs, would distribute itself. It would form an element in rent, in wages, in salaries, and in prices of every description, and would thus be paid by all the citizens in proportion to their respective means and measures of expenditure.

We are well aware that we are speaking of what is possible only in the remote future, and we should hardly have deemed it needful to enter upon this discussion, did not every statement of an unrecognized truth help to hasten its realization. But at present the governments of Europe and America depend on the customs for a large portion of their revenue; and the question of immediate urgency is, Shall the duties on imports be indiscriminate, or discriminating? and if the latter, on what principle? Mr. Bowen contends that they should be so adjusted as to overcome the obstacles which foreign competition opposes to the natural development and course of home industry. The following extract involves the principles on which he defends a protective revenue-system.

"Independent communities are not always at war with each other;

but they are always rivals and competitors in the great market of the world. This feeling of rivalry is whetted by the different circumstances under which they are placed, by the peculiarities in the condition of each, and by the opposition of interests which often grows out of these peculiarities. The legislation of each State is primarily directed, of course, to the protection and promotion of the interests of its own subjects; and thus it often injuriously affects the interests of other nations. There is, therefore, a good deal of retaliatory legislation on the part of different governments. There is often, on both sides, a keen measure of wits in devising commercial regulations which shall affect, or render nugatory, measures adopted by the rival nation, not exactly with a hostile intent, but with an exclusive view to its own interests, and therefore frequently with an injurious effect upon the interests of others. Reciprocity treaties, as they are called, are sometimes formed, to obviate the evil effects upon both parties of this keen spirit of competition, when pushed too far. Now, such retaliatory legislation, so far as it operates upon the members of the very community from which it emanates, so far as it limits or restrains the action of all or a portion of them, is not an infringement, but an application, of the *laissez-faire* principle. It is designed to procure for them a larger liberty than they would otherwise enjoy; if it is effectual, if it answers its purpose, it removes an impediment created by a foreign state far more serious and extensive than the obstruction which it imposes. It may, indirectly and incidentally, turn industry from one channel to another, and make some changes in the investments of capital. But this change is effected only by opening one channel, which would otherwise, under the effects of foreign competition, have remained entirely closed, and by rendering it possible and profitable to turn capital to other uses than those to which it was formerly limited.

"If we suppose that the application of native industry and capital is restricted in its range, not by the legislative policy knowingly adopted by a foreign state for this very purpose, but through the superior natural advantages possessed by that state, the same principle still governs the result. By submitting to a small restraint imposed at home, we get rid of a much larger obstacle to our freedom of action, created either by the commercial regulations, finer climate, more fertile soil, more abundant capital, or larger skill and experience of a rival community. The policy of states leads them to seek independence of each other in their economical, almost as much as in their political, relations; or we might better say, that political independence — that is, the enjoyment of distinct institutions and laws, chosen and established by ourselves — makes it still more desirable and necessary than it was before, that we

should not be entirely dependent upon foreigners for the supply of great articles of consumption of prime necessity, — that we should have within our own borders, and under our own control, the means of satisfying all our natural and imperative wants. It is not even desirable that Massachusetts and Ohio should be rendered so far independent of each other, that each could obtain from its own soil, or by the labor of its own inhabitants, all that it can need; for these two States are one in most of their political relations. Members of the same great confederacy, living under the same laws, and each exercising its due share of influence in the national legislature, neither has cause to apprehend the hostile or injurious action of the other. The political ties between them are strengthened by their dependence on each other for a supply of many of the necessaries of civilized existence. But it is desirable that both should be independent, as far as may be, of the great powers of Europe, with whom they cannot be sure of continued friendly intercourse for any time beyond the present, and from whom they are always separated by a great breadth of ocean, and by dissimilarity of customs, institutions, and laws.

"True independence, in an economical point of view, does not require us to forego all commercial intercourse with other nations; this would be rather a curse than a blessing. But it does require that each nation should be able to exercise, within its own limits, all the great branches of industry designed to satisfy the wants of man. It must be able to practise all the arts which would be necessary for its own well-being, if it were the only nation on the earth. If it be restricted to agriculture alone, or to manufactures alone, a portion of the energies of its people are lost, and some of its natural advantages run to waste. To be so limited in its sphere of occupation, to be barred out from some of the natural and necessary employments of the human race, through the overwhelming competition of foreigners, is a serious evil, which it is the object of a protective policy to obviate or redress. On whatever other grounds this policy may be objected to, it is surely not open to the charge of being an infringement of the *laissez-faire* principle, or a restriction of every man's right to make such use as he pleases of his own industry and capital. Its object is not to narrow, but to widen, the field for the profitable employment of industry, and to second the working of the beneficent designs of Providence in the constitution of society, by removing all artificial and unnecessary checks to their operation." — pp. 24 – 27.

We are inclined to think that the whole subject of protection may be disposed of more summarily, and that the cases

in which it is a legitimate policy may all be resolved, as they are by Mill (as quoted by Mr. Bowen), into the same category with patent rights and copyrights. It is for the interest of every nation that the number of skilled artisans should exceed by a constantly increasing proportion that of rude laborers. The commodities produced by the latter are manifestly of less value than those created by the former. They are generally also of greater bulk, and cannot reach a distant market without a large proportional cost of transportation. This description of industry therefore tends to keep the population sparse, and, for lack of readily exchangeable values, to bring within narrow limits its enjoyment of aught beyond the necessaries of subsistence. Thus a purely agricultural nation will do little more than to sustain a scanty and stationary population in a rude way; while the establishment of manufactures will stimulate even its agriculture by multiplying home markets close at hand, and the very same soil, with diminished labor of improved quality, may feed three or six times its former inhabitants, and still leave a greater surplus than before. On this ground, every nation should comprehend within its own borders all those modes of skilled industry, the materials of which are indigenous, or as easily procurable as elsewhere, the processes of which are unobjectionable in point of health and morals, and the products of which can find a ready, adequate, and remunerative market. All kinds of industry to which this description applies can sustain themselves in the long run, and can need no permanent protection. Yet they may and often do need to be initiated, and fostered into maturity, by a protective policy. They can be established only by an expenditure of capital, which cannot at the outset yield a satisfying return to the capitalists. They must be conducted for a season tentatively and awkwardly, till the skill which grows only from practice can be acquired in their operative details, and extended to their general management. Meanwhile, left to themselves, they may be crushed in birth by foreign rivalry. That then is a sound policy which protects them with a view to their becoming independent of protection, — which shelters their infancy and nonage, that they may be brought into a condition in which they may safely be trusted to the *laissez-faire* principle.

But a moment's consideration will show us that it is inexpedient for a nation to produce commodities, the permanent cost of which, in her own markets, will exceed their cost elsewhere *plus* the charge of transportation. The price of a commodity is made up of rent, interest on capital, and labor; and, in most of the manufactures for which permanent protection is demanded, the proportion of the value of the raw material is so small as compared with that of the manufactured article, and the annual products so large compared with the capital employed, that we may, without any great error, neglect rent and interest in our calculations.* If then it costs more to make a given article in Lowell, and place it in the Boston market, than to furnish for the same market the same article imported from Liverpool, it must be because labor of a less amount and value is bestowed upon it in the latter case than in the former. But home-labor, in some form, must pay the price of the Liverpool commodity. It is then procured by a less amount of home-labor than if manufactured in Lowell. The same amount of labor, therefore, which would produce it in Lowell will procure it from Liverpool, and will leave a surplus for other purchases or to be added to the general capital. For a nation to persist in producing what she can never manufacture as cheap as she can buy in a foreign market, is economy of the same description as that of the shoemaker who should expend the labor of three days, and the wages of three more, in producing the coat which five days' wages would buy of the tailor.

But even were this argument fallacious, (which we believe it not to be,) there are special reasons why a system of perpetual protection should form no part of *American* Political Economy. In the necessary conflict of sections, parties, and interests, it is impossible that such a system can endure. The instincts of commerce will always urge the fitness, and claim the right, of buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market; and if there are home-created products, a certain amount of which will purchase in London or Liverpool a

* Were we to compute these two items, their *joint* amount would be nearly equivalent in England and the United States; the higher rent-charge in the former country being fully balanced by the higher rate of interest in the latter.

greater amount of a given commodity than it can purchase from the work of our own looms and forges, the unrestricted liberty of making the foreign purchase is only a question of time, — sooner or later the commercial interest will gain ascendency, and enforce its own demands. To be sure, the balance may turn again; depressed manufactures may make political capital from their very depression; but their renewed protection and their consequent prosperity will only invite fresh assaults and prepare the way for severer disaster. With every disturbance of the tariff, manufactures that need protection must be suspended with serious loss, or continued at perhaps still greater sacrifice, and at every such crisis, heavy bankruptcies, the sinking of invested capital, and the discharge of large bodies of operatives, constitute a mass of calamity as severe as can befall an elastic, versatile, and enterprising population, and would remain on the public mind as a caveat against similarly hazardous undertakings, did not the self-recuperative power of a young and growing people obliterate their vestiges.

Mr. Bowen combats Malthus's theory of population, yet without denying its fundamental principle, namely, the tendency of population to outstrip the means of subsistence. In theory this tendency undoubtedly exists. But, while millions of uncultivated acres all the world over leave a margin of centuries before the apprehended result can be realized, the improvement of the masses in knowledge and virtue is applying the "preventive check," which must diminish the ratio of increase, — always most rapid near the starvation point, and the slowest (except in new countries and from immigration) where the standard of self-respect and of domestic comfort is the highest. The following paragraph contains a summary of the argument.

"I have endeavored to prove, that in the most thickly populated country on earth, the number of the people is yet very far within the limit of the subsistence which the land is capable of affording, even if we look only to the capacities of their own soil, and not to the immeasurable supplies which their wealth and commerce might pour in upon them from other shores. Still further, I do not believe there is any danger that mankind, even in the lapse of future centuries, will ever

multiply up to the limit which the terraqueous globe is able to contain and nourish. To adopt the favorite metaphor of the Malthusians, the weights which are now actually keeping down the spring of population — that spring which they think is always ready to fly up with the full force of a 'geometrical progression' — are war, vice, unnecessary or curable disease, ignorance, idleness, bad habits, bad government, and inequality of wealth fostered by bad laws. Remove these, one by one, or in a mass, and there will be room for an almost indefinite expansion of the compressed force, and a consequent increase of human happiness, before the ultimate check, which may be considered as a weight hanging much higher up, can come into action through the absolute inability of the earth to contain and support more. In truth, it is demonstrable both from reason and experience, that population never can rise to the point where it will meet this last and insuperable obstacle. Among the lower weights to be first removed are ignorance, vice, bad government, and a virtual division of society into castes through unnatural yet fixed inequalities of wealth and condition. Take away these, and you remove along with them the widely spread misery which they foster, and which is the great cause why the population multiplies unduly, or under circumstances that are not fitted for it, because such hopeless misery renders men imprudent and reckless, and leads them to burden themselves with a family, though they are already starving, because they cannot be worse off, and there is no hope of improving their estate. To adopt the phraseology of Mr. Malthus, take away the 'positive check,' and the 'preventive check' will come into play of its own accord, — will come into play naturally, inevitably, and without compulsion, — not as the consequence of a theory, but as the easy, beneficent, and necessary result of the laws of nature and nature's God. Whatever tends to keep men hopelessly poor is a direct encouragement, the strongest of all incentives, to an increase of population. Take away the causes of misery, remove the insurmountable barriers which now keep the various classes of European society apart, and educate the people, and there will be no fears of an excess of numbers. Take away the lower weights which keep down the spring, and it will never rise high enough to meet the upper one. The bounty and the wisdom of Providence never fail. It is not the excess of population which causes the misery, but the misery which causes the excess of population." — pp. 151, 152.

Mr. Bowen next discusses Ricardo's theory of rent, which, however satisfactory as expounding the phenomenon of rent, is divested of its portentous significance very much in the

same way in which Malthusianism is disarmed. Undoubtedly, with a limited supply of land and a population rapidly multiplying about the same centres, the joint ratio of productiveness and ready access to a market must determine the rent of land; and as, with increasing demands, poorer and less advantageously situated land must be brought into cultivation, rent must perpetually rise, till at length every acre of good soil must pay a rent-charge which shall represent the entire difference in value between the market worth of its own annual products, and the proceeds of equal labor on the acre of bleak hill-side or arid sand-waste that lies the farthest from a market. Thus not only must population outstrip the means of subsistence, but famine prices must even precede the sure steps of actual dearth. But the period when the distressing stages of this process will supervene, lies in those dim depths of an unimaginable future, to which the exhaustion of the American coal-beds belongs. Even the most densely peopled countries of the East have large tracts of cultivable, but uncultivated land, nor in one of them has science rendered any essential aid to practical skill; yet they feed their inhabitants, and at the same time raise tea, indigo, and spices for the world. But a very small proportion of the earth's surface is as yet subdued to agricultural uses, and only here and there a market-garden in England, Holland, or Belgium furnishes a suggestion of the productive capacities of the soil; nor is it inconceivable that even these favored spots fall short of the productiveness which improved modes of culture and the application of new agencies may develop universally. However this may be, the cultivation of the worst soils, with the consequent exorbitant elevation of rent-charges for the better soils, is now a more remote contingency than it might have seemed a century ago. With the existing facilities for locomotion, and the present migratory habits of the civilized world, population must needs tend to accumulate wherever it can best be sustained. Men will no longer vex sterile fields with unprofitable labor, simply because their fathers delved in them; nor yet can mere proximity to a market afford sufficient encouragement for the cultivation of a meagre soil, now that easy conduits of internal commerce, and

maritime freights reduced to a point that seems fabulously low, are equalizing near and distant markets, and rendering the possession of salable commodities the only prerequisite to their prompt and advantageous sale.

We quote the following lucid statement from Mr. Bowen's chapter on "The Theory and Uses of Money."

"Money is merely a contrivance for diminishing the friction of exchange; and though a safe and convenient, it is also a very costly, contrivance for this end. It is absolutely unproductive except for this purpose; it is a portion of the wealth of the country, it is true; but it is a portion of our unproductive wealth, not of our capital. We are the poorer by the loss of profit or interest on all of it which we are obliged to keep on hand. Money (paradoxical as the assertion may seem) yields neither profit nor interest. It is only the goods or commodities that are transferred or exchanged by means of money, which yield profit; and this profit or interest, as we have seen, depends on the mutations or changes of form that they undergo. The very reason which Locke adduces for the high estimate put upon money in comparison with other objects of wealth, — namely, its durability, or the fact that it cannot be consumed, — is the cause why it is not productive. The specie which a merchant or a banker holds in store, to provide against daily calls or sudden emergencies, is the only unproductive portion of his capital; he is subject to a loss of interest on the whole amount thus retained. It has been already proved, that it is only through the constant transformations of capital, through its repeated consumption and reproduction, that it is made to yield a profit. And even as an article of unproductive wealth, it may be said of money that it gratifies no taste, and in its capacity as money, apart from its character as a portion of wealth, it yields no enjoyment. The coin which a man keeps in his pocket does not, like his shoes or his hat, contribute to his comfort; it is a convenience to him only as it supplies immediate means for making small purchases or satisfying small demands.

"Thus it answers a useful purpose; for, as I have said, it facilitates exchanges. In this respect, it corresponds perfectly, if I may adopt Adam Smith's illustration, to the land which is used for roads and other avenues of passage and transportation. The land thus appropriated affords no rent; it cannot be used for the purposes either of agriculture or building. We cannot do without the roads, any more than we can do without money, but the necessity of devoting much land to this use is a tax upon the community, and a tax to a serious amount; for it yields no profit, and it costs a considerable sum for keeping it in repair.

So the cost to a community of the money which it needs is a serious drain upon its resources. For money also needs to be kept in repair; the loss by abrasion, by actual rubbing down through much handling, is considerable. The deficiency in weight of the old worn coins, when they are called in to be recoined, has to be made up by the public. An operation of this kind in William and Mary's time, recoining all the specie currency of Great Britain, and issuing it again of the proper weight, cost the government about two and a half millions sterling, or twelve millions of dollars. McCulloch estimates the whole loss from abrasion, and from such accidents as shipwrecks, fires, and forgetting the places where hoards of it have been buried or otherwise concealed, at one per cent a year; estimating, as Mr. Senior does, the whole metallic currency of England at thirty millions sterling, or one hundred and fifty millions of dollars, the annual cost of maintaining this currency in repair is about a million and a half of dollars.

"This, however, is not the heaviest charge which the possession of a large amount of coined money entails upon the nation. The loss of profit or interest may be estimated by regarding the specie currency as so much unproductive wealth, which, if it were turned into active capital, would increase the national income by a large annual profit. The whole gold and silver currency of France, for instance, is estimated at four hundred millions of dollars; considering the rate of profit in that kingdom to be only six per cent, the annual expense of keeping so much money within the limits of the country is twenty-four millions; add one per cent as the cost of keeping the coin in repair, and the total expense is twenty-eight millions of dollars, or more than half the sum which would defray the whole expense of our national government in a time of peace. We cannot estimate with much precision the amount of currency here in the United States; but the returns of all the banks in the Union, made to the Secretary of the Treasury in May, 1854, indicate that the average circulation of bank-notes is now about two hundred millions of dollars, founded on specie reserves held by the banks, of sixty millions. The gold and silver in the treasury depositories of the United States at the same period amounted to twenty-five millions. If we suppose that forty millions of gold and silver coins are in the hands of individuals and other corporations than banks, an estimate certainly not too large, we have two hundred and sixty-five millions of dollars as the total of our circulation. The average rate of profit throughout the United States is at least as high as ten per cent; add one per cent for the loss by abrasion, and by shipwrecks, fires, &c., and we have over twenty-nine millions for what would be the annual cost of our currency, did it consist exclusively of specie. In fact, a large portion of it consists

of bank-notes, a cheap substitute for coin; so the actual cost is but eleven per cent on one hundred and twenty-five millions of specie, or a little less than fourteen millions a year.

"I should be unwilling to introduce these statistical computations, if they did not contribute more powerfully than other arguments to overthrow the old popular errors, that coined silver and gold alone constitute national wealth, or that they possess material advantages over every other commodity which is admitted to be wealth. There is no occasion to undervalue the real service that is rendered by money; it is just as essential in every civilized, nay, in every barbarous community, as a system of roads or other means of transportation. Our only point is, that it is a very expensive servant, and that the true policy of nations is to get along with the use of as little of it as possible. We need a certain amount of money, proportioned to our population, the extent of our territory, and the magnitude of our commercial operations; to attempt to amass a larger amount than this, would be as great a folly as to lay out a greater number of roads than is necessary, and to build more carriages than are needed to carry the freight and passengers. Because specie is costly, there have been invented of late years a great variety of cheap substitutes for it, chiefly various forms or sorts of bank-notes, some of which are very useful, and others very mischievous expedients. The great advantage that gold and silver money possesses over them all is the perfect security that it affords; the great disadvantage is its expensiveness." — pp. 281 – 284.

There is in the work under review no more valuable chapter than that on Banks. The author, in common as we believe with every political economist from Adam Smith downward, reasons conclusively against a small-bill circulation. That the patent grounds on which such a circulation should be restricted or forbidden have hardly been recognized by any of our State legislatures, might at first thought seem surprising. But interest blinds even honest men, who are strongly tempted to believe that what promises them increased revenue or business facilities can be of no detriment to the commonwealth; and there can hardly be convened a legislative assembly, a large proportion of whose members are not connected with banks as officers, stockholders, or frequent borrowers. The issue of small bills forms in fact the chief variable element in the expansibility of bank-loans, and thus of dividends. The capital of the bank is fixed by charter, and its average de-

posits are determined by the habits of the community. The only remaining basis for discounts is the excess of the circulation over the specie in hand. Large bills are soon returned to the bank, either in deposits, in the payment of loans, or through the agency of other banks. Only small bills really circulate. Their natural course is from hand to hand in petty purchases, and it is only by a contingency which may not occur to an individual bill for many months, that they find their way to the counter whence they were issued. Their circulation is often increased, and the day of redemption indefinitely postponed, by distant loans made on the express condition that the bills thus issued shall not be paid into any bank, but distributed, in wages or otherwise, in small sums. This operation is safe while general credit remains unimpaired. But the bank, which measures its reserve of specie by the ordinary demands for redemption, (and legislation can hardly compel more than this,) is unarmed against the sudden panic which from time to time fills bill-holders with alarm; and if a few really insolvent banks suspend redemption at the outset of such a panic, the danger is that those whose assets, could they be made available, would cover circulation, deposits, and capital, will be compelled to suspend specie payment, and forced into liquidation at the very time when their assets must needs command much less than their actual value.

Moreover, were the issue of small bills perfectly safe, it undoubtedly has a tendency to depreciate the currency, and thus to inflate prices beyond their just specie standard. The notes of solvent banks are indeed representatives of values actually existing; but the values which they represent are exposed neither to the loss of interest nor the abrasion which together constitute the annual cost of a specie currency. Cost and worth are correlative terms, and if the average cost of a dollar is less (as it evidently is), in a currency of which only a third part consists of the precious metals, than in a currency chiefly metallic, a dollar is worth less in the former case than in the latter. The actual depression of the value of any nominal sum in our existing currency below what it would be in a specie currency cannot be less than six per cent. In this

proportion are prices and the wages of labor enhanced. Such a result would be of no significance, were we isolated as a nation. But this expansion of prices affects us unfavorably in our competition with hard-money nations in the markets of the world. Specie is the virtual basis and measure of international exchanges; and if our manufactures cost us an additional six per cent on account of a depreciated currency, we must either allow for this extra cost by offering them in foreign ports at a lower rate of profit than accrues to a nation otherwise similarly circumstanced, but with a metallic currency, or we must contract our manufactures to the demands of our own markets. On the other hand, our expanded prices, which the foreign merchant or manufacturer virtually receives in specie, (for he will not take in exchange goods which he could buy cheaper elsewhere,) invite excessive importation, and enable other nations to undersell us in our own markets, and in the very commodities offered by our own manufacturers. It is at least worthy of inquiry, whether we are not to seek here the chief reason why the balance of trade (we use this phrase in its literal, not in its technical and exploded sense) between this country and Great Britain is so manifestly in favor of the latter. If so, the remedy is to be found, not in retrograde steps as regards free trade, but in the solidifying of our currency. The English banks issue no bills of a lower denomination than five pounds sterling. Were our banks similarly restricted, we believe that American industry would be much more surely and permanently protected than it could be by a reluctantly granted, precarious, and fluctuating protective tariff.

Mr. Bowen's closing chapter, on the laws which regulate the succession to the estates of deceased persons, is a masterly vindication, thorough in argument and affluent in illustration, of the American system of free bequest and equal distribution, as against the right of primogeniture, the system of entail, and the various legislative arrangements that favor the perpetuity of large, and the absorption of small, landed estates. We copy the following comparison between England and France as to the distribution of landed property.

"The avowed objects of the English laws which regulate the descent

of property are, the concentration of wealth in the hands of a few, and the support of an hereditary territorial aristocracy. These ends have been obtained. The inequality in the distribution of wealth in England is greater than in any other civilized nation; and her nobility and gentry are wealthier, more intelligent, more highly cultivated, more influential, and more secure in the possession of their power and property, than the corresponding classes now existing, or that ever have existed, in any country in the world. Five noblemen, the Marquis of Breadalbane, the Dukes of Argyle, Athol, Sutherland, and Buccleuch, own perhaps one fourth of all Scotland.* I have already quoted the assertion of M. de Lavergne, that 2,000 proprietors possess among them one third of the land and total revenue of the three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland. It is admitted that, up to 1848, there were not more than 5,000 Scotch, and 8,000 Irish land-owners; and good reasons have been adduced for the opinion, that there are only 46,000 who should be classed as landed proprietors in England. About 60,000 families, then, own all the territory which is occupied by over 27 millions of inhabitants.

"In France, on the other hand, under the laws requiring the equal partition of the property of persons deceased, the aristocracy have virtually ceased to exist, and out of a population of about thirty-five millions, at least five and a half millions are landholders. Considering these as heads of families, and allowing on an average four persons to a family, we find that twenty-two millions, or nearly two thirds of the whole population, are owners of the soil. Making the same allowance for the families of British landholders, we have but 240,000 individuals, or about the 112th part of the people, who share among them the total rental of the United Kingdom, which amounts to more than sixty millions sterling. In France, it is estimated that there are two and a half millions of proprietors whose estates do not exceed an average of ten acres each, and three millions of others whose properties average about thirty acres.

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* "The estate of the Duke of Sutherland comprises about 700,000 acres, or considerably more than 1,000 square miles. The domains of the Marquis of Breadalbane, says M. de Lavergne, 'extend one hundred English miles, or forty leagues, in length, and reach nearly from sea to sea.' Both of these immense estates have been cleared of their ancient inhabitants, and the Highland clans by which they were not only occupied, but *owned*, have ceased, properly speaking, to exist; they have been driven into exile, or have been exterminated by privation and hardships. A few remnants of them inhabit some miserable fishing hamlets on the sea-shore, and swell the bulk of the destitute classes in the great cities. 'By far the wealthiest proprietor in the Lowlands is the Duke of Buccleuch,' whose estates extend over several counties, and whose palace at Dalkeith is an establishment of regal magnificence."

"These results of a comparison of the two countries in respect to the distribution of landed property are very startling, and would almost exceed belief, if it were not evident that the policy of the law so strongly favors aggregation in the one case, and partition in the other, that such consequences, sooner or later, are inevitable. A race of husbandmen living on their own small properties, and constituting what was called the yeomanry of the land, were formerly the principal cultivators in England and Wales. The larger portion of the population were then engaged in tilling the ground, which then produced more than enough for the national consumption, and there were no complaints that the country was over-peopled. But the race of small proprietors is now extinct; large estates and large farms have absorbed the small ones, and the agriculturists, who were once two thirds, now form but one fifth, of the whole population. The doctrine of the dominant school of English economists is, that farming must be carried on like every other trade; that large farms, like large machine-shops, large cotton-mills, and large iron-works, can produce cheaper than small ones, and therefore, very properly, supersede and obliterate them. Whatever may be thought of the correctness of this doctrine, it has certainly been carried out in practice. According to the census of 1851, there are in Great Britain 1,132 farms containing each 1,000 acres and upwards, and 2,816 others which are over 600 acres in extent. There are but 190,573 farms of less than 100 acres each, while in France, as we have just seen, there are two and a half millions which do not exceed ten acres.

"The chief argument in favor of this 'monster-farm' system is, that it economizes labor, and admits the application of capital on a large scale, so that machinery can take the place of human beings, great operations in draining and manuring can be effected, and the most improved processes of agriculture can be carried out in their full perfection. It may be so, if by rent we understand only that portion of the produce which accrues to the exclusive benefit of the landlord. In many cases, his estate will give him a larger income if devoted to pasturage than to tillage; for in the former case, only a few herdsmen are required to perform all the labor that is needed on a thousand acres. But it does not produce so much food; it does not afford sustenance to so many people. He who turns his land into a sheep-pasture or a deer-park, acts on the same principle as the Dutch, when, having a monopoly of the trade in spices, they destroyed a portion of what they imported in order to enhance the price of the remainder. It behooves the landholders who reason in this manner to ask themselves, if they do not lose as much by the increased cost of pauperism as they may possibly gain

by the enhancement of their rents. In England alone, the amount levied for the poor rate in 1850 exceeded seven and a quarter millions sterling (about $ 36,000,000); the average number of paupers receiving relief on any one day was almost exactly one million; and the whole number of different persons relieved during some part of the year, was three millions." — pp. 522 – 524.

We regret that other engagements have prevented us from bestowing on Mr. Bowen's work the thorough analysis which it deserves and would reward. We have barely touched upon single points, without giving any adequate synopsis of its contents. The readers of this journal, however, are already conversant with the author's opinions on many of the subjects discussed in the treatise before us. The series of able and pregnant articles on Political Economy that appeared in the North American Review, while it was under his editorial charge, were, we believe, all of them from his pen, and several of them are incorporated in this volume. A thorough mastery of the science, fixed opinions ably defended, intimate conversance with the antecedent literature of this department, and a style lucid, compact, and forceful, render the work a compend of prime value to the student and of high interest to the general reader. With some of the author's doctrines we are not prepared to express our coincidence. But even on these points we must acknowledge his candor and his vigor as a disputant, and should hardly dare to measure weapons with one, whose severe study and patient thought render him a formidable antagonist, where he does not constrain our cordial assent.

Art. XII. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *Narrative of the Expedition of an American Squadron to the China Seas and Japan, performed in the Years* 1852, 1853, *and* 1854, *by Order of the Government of the United States, under the Command of* Commodore M. C. Perry, U. S. N. Compiled from the Original Notes and Journals of Commodore Perry, at his Request, and under his Supervision, by Francis L. Hawks, D. D. With numerous Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 8vo.

A threefold interest attaches to this work. It claims emphatic notice as a record of national enterprise; it forms an important chapter of our diplomatic history; and it is permanently attractive as an embodiment of scientific facts. With such a degree and kind of interest as the basis of a new contribution to the honorable archives of American exploration, we cannot but congratulate the large number of readers, who, lured by one or another of the special claims we have designated, will eagerly peruse this elegant publication, prepared as it has been with so eminent care, judgment, and skill. It would be difficult to find in the country an editor better fitted to arrange the materials and collate the essential facts of the expedition, than Dr. Hawks. His strong interest in geographical studies, his love of history, and his ethnological tastes, evidently made the task of bringing into shape, and illustrating from other sources, the results of this enterprise, a labor of love. In an elaborate yet terse introduction he describes the isolated condition of Japan, and the strong desire thus awakened in naturalists and others to explore its treasures of nature and the peculiarities of its civilization. He then gives a full and interesting account of all the previous attempts on the part of the English, Dutch, Portuguese, and Americans to establish an intercourse with this exclusive and mysterious country. The origin, name, extent, geography, past relations, government, language, and religion of the Japanese are then discussed with much skill; and in this portion of the essay, a familiarity with such inquiries, and a readiness in generalization from physical and historical facts, especially indicate the editor's adaptation to his task. This admirable introduction, at once comprehensive and succinct, clear and copious, affords us such glimpses of the latent interest involved in the region afterwards described, that we turn to the narration with renewed anticipations and peculiar zest. The "Story of the American Entrance into Japan" is told without exaggeration; but the details are so cu-

rious, the event itself so significant, and the scenes so unique, that the whole narrative, though given in a matter-of-fact and simple style, has a romantic charm parallel with its scientific and diplomatic interest. The proximate causes of the expedition and the initiative measures are stated; and then the reader is carried most agreeably along with the intelligent officers, pausing with them to note whatever is worthy of observation at Madeira, St. Helena, and the Cape, at Mauritius, Ceylon, and Malacca, at Singapore, Hong-Kong, Macao, Shanghai, and Canton, until the time arrives for seeking the forbidden land, and the noble ships drop their anchors in Lew Chew harbor. In each of the places above named, and in the intermediate waters, the phenomena of nature — of tides, vegetation, physiology, scenery, and climate — are pleasantly recorded; and excellent illustrations, from drawings on the spot, make us familiar with the men and women, the trees and temples, the scenes and ceremonies, of these interesting localities. The style is unaffected and clear; a multitude of facts are brought together of more or less importance to the naturalist, the historian, and the lover of adventure; while, through and around them, the main story preserves its continuous progress. At the appropriate points letters and documents are introduced; and reports, statistics, and notes illustrate the chronicle. Bayard Taylor's account of Lew Chew is given in full, as he prepared it for the Commodore, having been despatched with a party on a tour of exploration. A pleasing variety is imparted to the work by numerous exquisite vignettes scattered through the text, and views of the squadron or the flag-ship at the most important points of the expedition. When we consider that this enterprise had mainly in view a diplomatic result, the general reader will be agreeably surprised at the new scientific facts gathered by the intelligent officers, and the amount of fresh information regarding the life and manners, the natural productions, and the industrial processes of the Japanese. The artistic and scientific attractions of the work, although incidental, are alone sufficient to render it an important accession to the literature of travel.

Two visits to Japan are thus minutely described. A full account is given of the bay of Yeddo, the ports of Simoda and Hakodade, the mode of life, character, and occupations of the inhabitants, the currents, nature of the country, scenery, incidents of travel, the state of art, literature, and religion, and the sanitary statistics. The analogy of one of the main currents on the coast of Japan to the Gulf Stream, is among the curious scientific topics discussed.

Although unprovided with a regular scientific corps, the intelligent sagacity of the officers, and their knowledge in special departments, enabled them to glean many essential facts, which are carefully em-

bodied in the narrative. A minute general description of the Japanese islands is given, with a complete survey of their harbors, which forms an invaluable addition to nautical knowledge. In geology we have quite satisfactory data, one of the gentlemen attached to the flag-ship being well versed in this science, and an indefatigable observer. Fortunately, also, a skilful agriculturist noted the methods of culture and the kinds and order of crops. To the general reader, perhaps, no part of this fresh and suggestive history will prove more curious than the account given of the domestic economy of this singular people, — their simple housekeeping, primitive furniture, patiently wrought articles of convenience and luxury, together with their daily habits, costumes, and notions of etiquette. The "praying machines," sketches of which are inserted from original drawings, form one of the most remarkable satires upon superstitious observances we have encountered in the annals of any nation. And wide apart as at the first glance may appear the political creeds and tendencies of the Japanese and those of our own times and nation, the reader will find, in the doctrines whereby these islanders so long and rigorously excluded foreign interference, the primal and absolute idea of Know-Nothingism distinctly proclaimed and realized. The superiority of the Japanese to the Chinese in artistic development has been often asserted; and in this work we find the grounds of the assertion clearly pointed out and illustrated. Some of the specimens of art brought home by Commodore Perry seem to indicate a remarkable knowledge of perspective and foreshortening, and an inventive capacity, in which these people leave Chinese painters far behind. A little treatise on the horse, which we have examined, displays the various points and attitudes of that noble animal with a skill, grace, and precision wholly unanticipated. The details of their advancement in this regard are very intelligently described, and form a chapter that will interest the reader acquainted with or curious about the history of art.

The government edition of this work consists of a large quarto of five hundred pages. An octavo edition, of eight hundred pages, has also been issued by D. Appleton & Co. of New York. The illustrations of both are very copious and exact, being derived from sketches, daguerreotypes, and surveys taken by the artists and officers. A leading characteristic of the work is, that much of it is the result of careful investigations by officers specially detailed to make and report observations. Thus the geology, climate, agriculture, and ethnological characteristics of the island and people are separately considered, the compiler limiting himself to a direct and full narrative of events as they occurred, written in an easy style, adapted to interest the general read-

er, no less than the scientific details will attract the philosopher, and the negotiations win attention from the diplomatist.

The story is told in the third person, — Commodore Perry being the hero, and his journal forming the basis and nucleus of the whole. Every important statement is authenticated by documents. Many of the picturesque scenes are admirably illustrated from graphic and highly finished drawings, — reproduced here in the best style of lithographic art, on steel, and in wood engravings. The correspondence and treaty, the reports and special journals, are judiciously interwoven with the main narrative; and these incidental and illustrative materials, with the historical introduction, render the entire work one of the most complete and valuable publications of a national character ever issued in this country. It will take its place beside that splendid series of the records of explorations under the auspices of government, which signally exhibit the scientific and humane enterprise of modern times, and furnish the statesman and the scholar with such rare and reliable data for speculation and history.

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2. — *The Ecclesiastical History of New England; comprising not only Religious, but also Moral and other Relations.* By JOSEPH B. FELT. Vol. I. Boston: Published by the Congregational Library Association. 1856.

THERE are few men who have contributed so much to illustrate the ecclesiastical history of New England as Mr. Felt. Born and nurtured amidst the sources of our early history, and having withal a decided taste for historical and biographical research, he has made the very best of his opportunities, as is evidenced by his having given to the world several volumes of great and enduring interest. His Annals of Salem, which appeared in 1827, and his History of Ipswich, Essex, and Hamilton, published in 1834, are both highly creditable productions, and embody a large amount of local detail, which, though specially interesting to those towns, may well be considered as an important contribution to the general history of the country. The present work is on a much more extended scale, though largely partaking of the same general character. The author, instead of moulding his material into a continuous and graceful narrative, gives us the material itself in almost the very form in which he finds it in original records; and thus whatever of literary attraction he sacrifices is made up, and more, by the feeling he inspires, that we are in contact with the very minds and manners of the generation of which he treats. This first volume comes down no

farther than the year 1648; but we take for granted that it is only the beginning of a great work, which will shed much new light upon the ecclesiastical history of New England in successive generations, while it will be an enduring monument of its author's good judgment and untiring industry.

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3. — *The Theology of Inventions: or, The Manifestations of Deity in the Works of Art.* By the Rev. John Blakely, of Kirkintilloch, Scotland. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers. 1856.

Works almost innumerable have appeared, and some of them from the very highest sources, illustrative of the wisdom and goodness of God in the kingdom of nature; but it happens a little strangely, that the domain of art has hitherto scarcely ever been interrogated in respect to anything not material or earthly, — least of all as an exposition of the Divine teachings. Most of us, while we have been taught from childhood "to look through nature up to nature's God," have been accustomed to contemplate art almost exclusively in connection with human comfort and convenience, or as the handmaid of luxury and refinement. The design of this volume is to show that herein we are all wrong; and that art, as truly as nature, is a divinely constituted lecturer on the Creator's character and will. The execution is as ingenious as the conception is striking; and we cordially recommend the work, as well for its originality of thought, the singular grace and perspicuity with which it marches forward to its conclusion, as for the devout spirit which it breathes and is fitted to produce.

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4. — *Gospel Incense; or a Practical Treatise on Prayer.* By Thomas Cobbet. Boston: Congregational Board of Publication. 1856.

Thomas Cobbet was one of the more eminent of the New England fathers; but the two hundred years that have passed over his grave, have done much to dim the memory even of his name. He was the minister, first of Lynn, then of Ipswich, and died in 1685. He was an author of much more than ordinary repute in his day. The present work is regarded as among his best; and it is certainly highly creditable to both his talents and his piety. It abounds with minute divisions, and is by no means free from quaint phrases; but these, if faults, were the faults of the day, and not of the man. The theology of the work

is of course highly Calvinistic; but even those who may not adopt all the author's theological views will find much in it to quicken their better feelings, and to aid their spiritual growth.

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5. — *The Life and Works of Goethe, with Sketches of his Age and Contemporaries, from published and unpublished Sources.* By G. H. Lewes, Author of "The Biographical History of Philosophy," etc. In two volumes. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1856. 12mo. pp. 435, 478.

It is quite remarkable that the earliest complete biography of Goethe, as of Schiller, should have been undertaken by an Englishman. The first undertaken was not in this instance, however, the first accomplished. Those of Viehoff and of Schäfer have both appeared during the ten years that have elapsed since Mr. Lewes, who has thus more than satisfied the Horatian precept, announced his design. So wide an interval between inception and completion affords a fair presumption of thoroughness in any literary work to which the writer thereof is otherwise competent. This presumption is verified, we think, in these volumes of Mr. Lewes, who brings to his task the important qualifications of a more than ordinary acquaintance with the German language and literature, of philosophic candor, patient investigation, and conscientious fidelity. If with these excellences there mingles something of that national self-complacency which Englishmen are apt to manifest in discussing foreign writers, as also an occasional petulance of criticism, these defects do not impair the substantial merits of the biography.

In his Biographical History of Philosophy, the author claims a special value for that work on the somewhat questionable ground of unbelief in the subject, that is, in the possibility of philosophy. "The leading feature of this work," he says, "is one which distinguishes it from all others on the subject: the peculiarity of being a History of Philosophy by one who firmly believes that philosophy is an impossible attempt." The value of the present undertaking has a very different basis. There is no distrust of the subject. The biographer believes in his hero. He believes in his greatness, he believes in his goodness; and this faith is very essential to the right performance of such a work. No true biography can be written in any other spirit than that of hearty confidence in the subject.

Nevertheless Mr. Lewes is no blind worshipper. He does not turn biography into panegyric. Limitations and defects he clearly discerns, and freely admits. So far from idolizing his hero, he does not even

idealize him; and in some of his criticisms he has seemed to us less than just.

Goethe is distinguished from most literary heroes by the many-sidedness of his genius and the wide diversity of his achievements. Other writers have excelled in different departments. There have been poets who were also men of science, as Lucretius, Haller, and Darwin. There have been poets who were also novelists, as Voltaire and Scott. There have been lyric poets who were also dramatists, as Byron and Schiller. Goethe alone has been great in all these kinds. Science owes to him the most fruitful ideas of modern time on the subject of morphology. As a novelist, he produced at the age of twenty-five the most successful fiction of that day, and afterwards produced the most profound. As a dramatist, not to speak of Iphigenia and Tasso, and a host of minor productions, he has enriched the world with the greatest composition since Hamlet, — Faust. As a lyrist, he stands confessedly at the head of all who have ever attained to eminence in that direction.

It is evident that a critical biography of one whose genius embraced so vast a range of endeavor must require in the biographer extensive culture and uncommon critical ability. Of these Mr. Lewes has given ample evidence. His views do not always coincide with our own, but we rate his expositions of Goethe's works as among the best that have yet appeared; certainly the best from any English pen.

But what a life it is which these pages unfold! For long-continued productiveness in the highest walks of art, it has scarcely a parallel. When we consider that the youthful essay by which Goethe first became known, and by which he attained at once a European reputation, — "The Sorrows of Werther," — was published six or seven years before Dr. Johnson had completed his most celebrated work, "The Lives of the Poets," and a quarter of a century before the maiden verses of Walter Scott gave doubtful promise of the future "Wizard of the North"; and that his latest, and, as some think, his greatest production, the Second Part of Faust, was not finished till fifty years after Johnson's death, and not till Scott had completed his long and distinguished career; — when we consider this, we have a cycle of intellectual activity almost unexampled in the annals of literature, — a term of labor which spans the most momentous epoch of modern history, and embraces the greatest revolutions in human thought and human life.

A considerable portion of Goethe's poetical compositions are dramatic in form; but Mr. Lewes denies him genuine dramatic talent.

"It was a peculiarity in Goethe's mind to attach itself to *Character* and

Picture, and to remain indifferent to *Action* or *Event*. In a story he cared nothing for the circumstance; all he asked was a delineation of human nature to satisfy his intellect, and a skilful picture of objects to satisfy his artistic sense. Human nature had more of a psychological than of a passionate attraction for him, the very passions themselves being interesting to him as problems rather than as emotions. Herein lay the cause of the singular absence in him both of historic feeling and *of dramatic power*." — Vol. I. p. 158.

This criticism, so far as we are aware, is new, and it seems to us singularly just, if we use the word *dramatic* in Mr. Lewes's sense, as nearly synonymous with scenic. That Goethe's dramas are unfit for the stage is notorious. They are seldom, if ever, seen upon the boards. Even Egmont, the most available, is no favorite with actors; while Wilhelm Tell, The Maid of Orleans, and The Robbers are stock plays in all the theatres of Germany. The reason assigned by Mr. Lewes is unquestionably the principal one. But we must be careful to distinguish between a drama and a play. Considered as plays adapted to the stage, those of Goethe are inferior to those of Schiller. But while as poems they are superior, they are also so far dramatic that the different characters are not, as in a novel or an epic, incidental to one central personage, but develop themselves independently from a common ground. They are dramatic, inasmuch as that form in each of them is not an arbitrary, but a necessary treatment of the theme, a constitutive feature in the first conception of it, and could not be changed without sacrificing the essential worth of the piece. In this respect they are like Milton's Comus, which is never performed, and is wholly unfit for the stage, and yet is truly, and to the innermost core, dramatic, and could not be cast into any other mould without losing its essential beauty. The same may be said of the Book of Job.

Another reason why Goethe did not succeed in works for the stage is, that he never really wrote for the stage as it then was, or ever has been, or (as he well knew) is ever likely to be. He could never bring himself to write for effect. Herein especially he differs from Schiller, with whom stage effect was always a prime object, until the influence of his great contemporary gave his genius a more artistic direction. Whoso writes for the stage must of course have regard to stage effect. The greatest dramatists have done so, and none more than Shakespeare. But Goethe, we repeat, did not write his dramas for the stage; that is to say, the stage was not his foremost aim. He addressed himself to an imaginary audience of artists, and so failed of popular effect. Possibly, if Egmont and Tasso had been written while the author was director of the Weimar theatre, they would have exhibited more of what Mr. Lewes calls "dramatic power."

Our biographer says little of one of Goethe's most remarkable works, the Autobiography, and that little is said disparagingly. He seems to regard this delightful narrative as the unsuccessful attempt of an old man to reproduce the scenes of his youth. Where the story varies in tone, or color, or the order of events, from the testimony of contemporary witnesses, Mr. Lewes regards such variations as imperfect reminiscences, and cautions the reader against them.* No doubt, the autobiography departs occasionally, in matters of minor importance, from the true historic order. But to speak of these discrepancies as "inaccuracies," is to misapprehend the design of that work, which is not to furnish an exact record, but a lifelike picture. The literary artist so predominated in Goethe, that he could not "for the life of him" treat his own life otherwise than artistically. It is not for precise information, but for philosophic instruction and artistic enjoyment, that we are to read the book. It is not a daguerreotype, but a painting, which after all, if well done, is not only the pleasantest picture, but (what seems paradoxical) the truest portrait. The title *Dichtung und Wahrheit* might, one would think, have enlightened Mr. Lewes on this point.

We can by no means agree with the biographer in his estimate of the Second Part of Faust, which he considers a failure. We confess ourselves of the number of those "admirers" who view it as "a work of transcendent merit." At the same time, we honor the frankness with which he discusses a production so highly esteemed by native critics. We cannot but think that future readings and further experience will bring him round to be of their mind. Of the First Part he writes enthusiastically, and yet with discrimination. We commend his analysis of this wondrous poem as one of the best that have met our eye. One curious mistake, however, we must notice in passing. In that wild scene where Faust and Mephistopheles are rushing at night on their charmed steeds across the moor to the rescue of Margaret, and see a vision of goblins as they pass by the gallows, Mr. Lewes tells us that "the sound of carpenters at work on the gibbet informs them of the preparations for the execution of Margaret." Where, in all the world, did he pick up this piece of information? There is not the slightest hint of any such thing in the poem, — no carpenter heard, or seen, or dreamed of, except by Mr. Lewes.

The book has for its motto a tribute of Jung Stelling to "Goethe's heart." It aims, among other things, to place the moral nature of the poet in a clearer light. It was well to do this, and we thank the

* See Vol. I. p. 53.

author for it; but we have little hope that the false and foolish impressions concerning him, as a selfish and heartless monster, will be dissipated in this generation. Strange it is, there are no judgments which we are so unwilling to have disturbed as those which wrong our fellow-men. But the time must come when the greatest poet of his age will be judged no longer by court gossip and the misrepresentations of party spite, but by his works. And when so judged he will assuredly — even as a moral nature — be esteemed "very highly for his works' sake."

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6. — *Felicità: a Metrical Romance.* By ELIZABETH C. KINNEY. New York: James S. Dickerson. 1855. 24mo. pp. 188.

BEFORE the appearance of this poem Mrs. Kinney had secured an enviable position among the female writers of the country. Her productions had borne the impress of a vigorous intellect and superior powers of conception and expression. In Southern Italy, where she has of late resided, she became possessed of a story in some of its features so extraordinary as to approach the incredible, but serving to confirm the ancient and undeniable adage, that "truth is stranger than fiction." She has chosen to entitle the tale founded on these marvellous facts "a metrical romance"; for around the narrative she has woven a web of her own, on which she has lavished the richness of her fancy, and expended the resources for illustration which she had treasured up in her reading and her travel.

The opening scene is in a convent in Italy, and

> "Now the holy vespers cease:
> Twilight's curtain is descending, —
> Day's tumultuous rule is ending
> In the gentler reign of peace:
> To their cells the nuns repair,
> Each to sleepy tasks of prayer;
> All to count their beads; save one
> Who gives thanks that she 's alone;
> For she hath too little share
> In what makes the others' care;
> Rather would she from afar
> Hold communion with a star;
> Or, to be still more in tune,
> Worship tranquilly the moon.
> Why, O why, then, is she there?
> Who 's the mai Felicità?"

She is the daughter of an avaricious monster of a father, whose cru-

elty had early driven to the grave the gentle mother of "the maid Felicità." He had placed the motherless child in a convent to be educated, and, now that she has grown to be a maiden of lustrous beauty, the wretch conceives and executes the design of carrying her to an Oriental slave-market, and there selling her charms for gold. Her rescue from the grasp of her purchaser, her flight, her subsequent life of devotion, love, and disappointment, and her death, furnish scenes for the revelation of the very highest faculties of poetical description, and they have not been inadequately handled in these warm and well-wrought pages. But the story, and the affluence with which it is embellished, are among the least of its claims upon our interest. Felicità, in the presence of her Arab lord, appealing to his magnanimity, and in the panoply of innocence and loveliness braving his wrath, is an object of lofty admiration, and the picture vividly illustrates the power of virtue to subdue. One is made to feel "how awful goodness is," even when that goodness is in the garb and form of beauty that charms while it conquers. Into the dungeon to which her master has consigned her comes a youth, who, like herself, is a captive, and from her own land. He had seen her, and knew her fate; and now, at the risk of his life, he proffers his love and her liberty, if she will fly and share life with him when they are free. The maiden cannot promise love as the reward for rescue, and will not accept liberty under the implication of such a pledge. The youth must therefore weigh the question of risking his own life for the sake of saving her who has now warned him that he cannot have her love. He conquers himself; rises to the heroic purpose of saving her for her sake only; with gentle violence draws her from her cell, and into the streets of the city. He perishes in the flight; while she escapes to Italy, and there loves, but is not loved in return. This conflict, that wears out her life, and brings her to an early grave, is wrought up with great power, and in some passages with a pathos and melancholy beauty that cannot be read without emotion.

Mrs. Kinney is very happy in the development of the gentler passions of her heroine. Thus, when, after a series of painful vicissitudes, she at length meets one whose noble soul excites the admiration and secret love of her own,

> "Weeks passed, yet only days they seemed
> Unto Felicità, who dreamed
> For the first time the dream of love!
> Love, to whose wand enchanted move
> The hours, as if on shining wings
> They flew to angel whisperings!
> She suffered not: her spirit basked

In the first sunshine it had known;
For her lost gold she never asked,—
A queen she felt upon a throne,
And seemed a world-wide wealth to own.
In this ecstatic state, to those
Who would her fevered mind allay
With the cool balsam of repose,
She seemed as one not long to stay,—
As one who saw, by second-sight,
Opening before her heaven's pure light."

Not unfrequently Mrs. Kinney disregards the harmony of numbers, and presses into her service intractable words and phrases, which jar on the ear, and impede the current of her usually mellifluous verse. But defective rhythm cannot neutralize the varied merits of this production, which needs only to be read to be admired.

7.—BARNARD'S *American Journal of Education.* Nos. 1, 2, and 3. Hartford. 1856.

WE have here the first numbers of a periodical journal, which is destined, as we will not doubt, to be of great use in advancing the civilization of this country. While the interest universally taken in Common School instruction, and the elevation, we may almost say everywhere, of the standard of qualifications for teachers, have been the means of establishing in many States Common School Journals, Teachers' Journals, and other periodicals for like objects, conducted in many instances with great spirit,* "The American Journal of Education," as edited by Mr Barnard, is established to enter on a range of discussion and investigation much wider than that which examines simply the best methods of imparting instruction to children; and it will be the highest authority which this country will have, as to systems tested abroad, or the improvements necessary at home.

We constantly regret, in the management of our own journal, that the claims of general literature, of science, of new questions in social order, and of history, are such that we cannot devote the space which we should be glad to do to subjects relating to college education,—to the scientific advancement of the country,—to the intense necessity among us for Art-culture, musical and architectural, as well as that which relates to the arts of design,—and also to those efforts

* Mr. Barnard names a dozen of these, published in various parts of this country.

of education which would reform the destitute children of the land, and prevent that crime which all experience shows us we cannot cure. In its true range, the title of "Education" includes all such subjects, and many others which will suggest themselves to the reader, — not merely discussions on school-house ventilators, or on the parsing of an irregular sentence. We do not doubt that our readers have felt the need of some authority, from which they could collect the facts regarding these subjects. Such authority, till now, we have never had. The statistics of foreign systems of culture have been much harder to obtain than those of foreign armies, and the occasional reports of gentlemen who have travelled abroad with an eye to the best institutions of Europe, have supplied nearly all the reliable information which was accessible to most students here.

Hon. Henry Barnard, everywhere known as an energetic and practical man, who has devoted his life to the improvement of Education, — who has filled the office of Superintendent of Education in Rhode Island and in Connecticut, — now establishes the American Journal of Education to meet the wants at which we have hinted, — to furnish the information which elsewhere we cannot get, and to be the organ of discussions which otherwise we shall not have. The numbers before us give gratifying promise for the future. We cannot here repeat the tables of contents, but our readers can judge of the character and force engaged in the work, when we say that, besides papers read before the American Association for the Advancement of Education, there are articles by Professor Huntington of Cambridge, by Professor Olmsted of New Haven, by Professor F. A. P. Barnard of the University of Mississippi, by Dr. Raphall of New York, by Professor Tayler Lewis of Schenectady, by Professor Porter of New Haven, as well as by the Editor and many other gentlemen of distinguished ability in their special pursuits. Besides the different papers in which these authors express their views on a wide diversity of subjects, the department of "Educational Movements and Statistics," prepared by the Editor himself, is one of peculiar value.

Taking the March number as a specimen of the work, we find in it an abstract of the last report of the Minister of Public Instruction in Russia, — a country whose arrangements for education have been atrociously under-stated, as her enemies found to their cost when they came to measure the resources of her officers. There is also a very curious table, which will surprise most readers, analyzing the appropriations made for public education in Great Britain in the budget of the current year. Disposed as our writers are to sneer at the British Parliament for its neglect in this regard, the fact that it appropriates annually £ 816,323

to the assistance and inspection of schools, and to other measures for the advancement of science, naturally excites some surprise. Then we have the annual prospectus of the University of Leyden, which shows what a university is, and may serve as a lesson to the vanity which, with us, christens by that name any brick building that is ugly enough and inconvenient enough to meet the popular standard of a college, whether it have one, two, or three "professors."

In the limited space at our command, however, we do not intend to detail even the general subjects which Mr. Barnard's Journal has brought before the public. His own interest in movements for public education has opened his connection, so to speak, with the most distinguished men and women throughout the world, who have interested themselves in the sciences connected with the education of either the rich or the poor. In his own library, as is well known, is a very valuable collection of the works of the most distinguished modern authors on these themes; in his correspondence at home and abroad, he must daily collect curious and new material for their further illustration; and even among his personal friends, as his prospectus shows, is a body of very efficient writers ready to sustain his Journal with the pen. It remains that the large "public," which is interested in science, in art, in the classics, in social reform by better education, as well as those who are directly concerned as teachers or as pupils in our schools and colleges, shall generously welcome and support a journal which has the right to promise so much to them all.

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8. — *Sin and Redemption: a Series of Sermons. To which is added an Oration on Moral Freedom.* By D. N. SHELDON, D. D., Pastor of the Elm Street Baptist Church, in Bath, Me. New York: Sheldon, Lamport, and Blakeman. 1856. 12mo. pp. 332.

As a work in the department of polemic theology, this book cannot fittingly be noticed in a literary journal. But the author's position, as an eminent scholar and as ex-president of one of our New England colleges, claims for his recent publication such cognizance as it is within our scope to take of it. We would say, then, that it is a model work, in point of directness, explicitness, honesty, and candor; that its literary execution indicates equal strength and culture of intellect; and that the Oration, which closes the volume, and which was delivered before the Literary Societies of Waterville College at their last anniversary, is one of the most vigorous, thoughtful, and suggestive performances of its kind, that it has ever been our fortune to hear or read.

9. — *A Critical Dictionary of English Literature, and British and American Authors, living and deceased, from the earliest Accounts to the Middle of the Nineteenth Century. Containing thirty thousand Biographies and Literary Notices.* By S. Austin Allibone. Philadelphia: Childs and Peterson. 1855. [Specimen, comprising Letters A, B, and C.]

We have examined with some care the portion of this great work which has been put into our hands. Of the extent to which it has gathered in names belonging to literature, our readers may judge when we tell them, that under the first surname, Abbot, no less than eighteen writers are specified, among whom are several whose names and works had not previously come to our knowledge. The article on each author gives at least the titles and dates of all his writings, together with the leading dates and events of his life when they can be ascertained. With reference to men who have attained any degree of celebrity, the articles are expanded into detailed biographical sketches, with extracts from contemporary opinions, and criticisms upon their literary productions and merits. The work seems to us as thorough as it could be made, without becoming too voluminous for easy use. The broad, double-columned octavo page is tastefully set and arranged; and the various types employed are happily selected, well cut, and clear. The enterprise deserves, and will reward, extensive patronage, and the book will not be long in the hands of the public before it is deemed essential to every library.

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10. — *History of the Reign of Philip the Second, King of Spain.* By William H. Prescott. Vols. I. and II. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1855. 8vo. pp. 618, 610.

We wait for the completion of this work, to review it, if not as it deserves, at least as may show our grateful appreciation of it, and our sense of its worth as a contribution at once to American letters and to the historical literature of the world. The author's task was arduous in the highest degree; for during Philip's eventful reign, the fortunes of almost every civilized nation were more or less complicated with those of Spain, and the unity of the narrative is attained only by the dexterous intertwining of many separate threads of history, and the skilful construction and arrangement of numerous episodes. Suffice it to say, for the present, that the difficulty of the achievement is but the

measure of the genius and industry manifested in its successful accomplishment, and that expectations founded on the author's previous works are, if possible, more than realized in this.

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11. — *The Lives of the British Historians.* By EUGENE LAWRENCE. In two volumes. New York: C. Scribner. 1855. 24mo. pp. 395, 380.

HAD not our number for April been virtually made up before this work came to hand, we should have taken pleasure in presenting a prolonged and thorough analysis of its contents. It contains a series of biographical portraits extending from Gildas in the ninth century to Charles James Fox; and the author proposes to continue it down to the death of Arnold. Of some of the earlier historians, of course very little is known; of others belonging to a later period, little need be kept in permanent record; while, as to those of more illustrious name, it is a great gain if we are able to learn all the salient facts of their lives and features of their characters, without being compelled to make our way through the *débris* of insignificant and irrelevant details, which warn off more readers than they win. Mr. Lawrence manifests singular good judgment in the proportions of his work. His Lives of Raleigh, Hume, and Gibbon are sufficiently full for all ordinary purposes of reference and use; while of historians of whom we knew little more than the titles of their works, he has given us outline sketches, by means of which we can assign to them their due place among their contemporaries, and in the esteem of posterity. His style is pure, chaste, flexible, transparent, and unambitious. He evidently has studied his subjects thoroughly, and by the best lights at his command; and in the high praise which we cannot but bestow on these volumes, we only express our own sincere sense of obligation to him for what we have read, certainly with great pleasure, and we trust not without profit.

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12. — *Letters to Young Communicants, on the Christian Walk.* By MRS. E. L. NORTHROP. Boston: Massachusetts Sabbath School Society. 1855. 12mo. pp. 216.

THIS little book deserves high commendation for the simplicity, directness, discrimination, and close practical bearing of the counsels it offers. It covers with suggestions of mature Christian wisdom the life-path through which young persons must make their way to the cares

and trusts of maturer years. It presents piety, free from asceticism, as the moderator of recreation no less than as the guide in duty, — as the arbiter of social intercourse no less than as the presiding spirit in the hours given ostensibly to contemplation and to God. The Society which issues and circulates such books, if under the auspices of a single denomination, is yet doing good service to the whole Church.

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13. — *Selections from Modern Greek Writers, in Prose and Poetry. With Notes.* By C. C. Felton, LL. D., Eliot Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard University. Cambridge: John Bartlett. 1856. 12mo. pp. 215.

The first observation that suggests itself, in looking over these extracts, is, either that we have been mistaken as to the degree of corruption which the Ancient Greek has undergone during these modern centuries, or that the scholars of the present day have been marvellously successful in the endeavor to restore their language to the classical standard. We find few sentences that are not at once intelligible, and not a few in which we should hardly be aware that we were not reading an ancient author. We doubt whether any one of the languages of Modern Europe has sustained fewer changes in construction within the last five centuries, than the Greek has since the Periclean age, while none has preserved its orthography intact to a similar degree. We find it easier to read Tricoupēs than Chaucer. We can have no stronger evidence of the perfectness of the Greek as the vehicle of thought and feeling, than its virtual persistence in a dismembered nationality, and through a series of convulsions, inroads, and oppressions which would have reduced any language that could have been replaced by its equivalent to a mongrel *patois*. Professor Felton, we need not say, has given us only such selections as merit the preference accorded to them; and his notes, while they render indispensable aid in the exposition of the text, contain also several interesting *morceaux* of biography and history.

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14. — *Mexico and its Religion; with Incidents of Travel in that Country during Parts of the Years* 1851, '52, '53, '54, *and Historical Notices of Events connected with Places visited.* By Robert A. Wilson. With Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1855. 24mo. pp. 406.

This is the work of a man of careful observation, keen insight, and

vigorous reasoning powers. As a sketch of the Mexico of the present day it is unsurpassed, and, so far as we know, unapproached. As an exponent of the political, social, and religious horoscope of the Mexican people, the writer commands our assured confidence. As an historical critic he is bold and searching, and in the collation of testimonies with one another and with circumstantial evidences, he reminds us of the scientific scepticism of Niebuhr. He certainly demonstrates Cortez to have been as much of a braggart as a ruffian, and, by adroit cross-examination, convicts Bernal Diaz of gross mendacity. He shows little favor to Romanism, and is by no means slow in ascribing the depressed condition and retrograde tendencies of Mexican affairs to the agency of this baptized polytheism. We cannot here accuse him of prejudice. His conclusions have their more than ample basis of observed and unquestionable fact. In the Spanish American states, as nowhere else upon earth, can we study the intrinsic character and inevitable influence of the Romish doctrine and hierarchy. Here alone Protestantism has no latent hold and unacknowledged power. Here alone can the priesthood shut the floodgates so close, that the tide of advancing culture can find no sluice-way for admission. We admire our author's unscrupulous honesty in assigning to effects their only legitimate causes, and deem it immeasurably more the Christian part to lay bare, than to cloak under softened phrases, the outrages systematically perpetrated in the name of Christianity on its substance and its spirit.

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15. — *Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands.* By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Third Edition. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1856. 16mo. pp. 395.

It is a good sign, literary and moral, that a third edition of this book is called for. It is more than we should have expected for a work which has absolutely nothing in it that is intense, or odd, or paradoxical, nay, which has no salient points whatever. *No salient points*, we say, and in so saying we describe what is not necessarily a merit or a fault; for the prominences thus designated may be either outcroppings of genius or forthputtings of pretentious mediocrity, while the absence of them may denote either the extreme of emptiness and platitude, or that of fulness, grace, and artistical beauty. In Mrs. Sigourney it denotes the latter. Of the numerous poems in verse and poems in prose that make up this volume, we should not know how to select one or a few for special praise, nor is there one with which we should be willing to part. The pieces taken collectively are a poet's journal of a tour in Great

Britain and France, with the memorabilia of the outward and homeward passage. The successive centres of peculiar interest furnish the titles, and a portion of the material, for the successive sketches and reveries. Easy narrative, graphic description, vivid yet chastened fancy, and devotion equally mild and fervent, blend and alternate throughout, constituting a cluster of gems, each with its own individual lustre, and all of them possessing, not a superficial glitter, but a brilliancy which, like that of pure crystal, shines through the entire substance. The work is enhanced in value from its being manifestly the genuine record of heart-experiences, and that so completely that we can conceive of its being written, all of it, with no expectation of its ever leaving the writer's desk. But we are thankful that it was not left there; for her thoughts suggest reflections and kindle emotions that can hardly fail to make her readers wiser and better.

One closing word as to the title of this book. Mrs. Stowe chose for her admirable record of travel almost the same title. We cannot for a moment impute to her the paltry plagiarism, of which no one could stand less in need. But Mrs. Sigourney's work was first before the public, and the felicity of the title is hers by prior right.

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16. — *Glances and Glimpses; or Fifty Years' Social, including Twenty Years' Professional Life.* By HARRIOT K. HUNT, M. D. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 418.

IF for nothing else, for its domestic sketches this book deserves to be generally read. There were types of home life, now obsolete, but as yet unimpaired in the childhood and youth of persons of Miss Hunt's age, which deserve to be studied now, and passed down to posterity, for their picturesqueness and their moral beauty. Fifty years ago, each family preserved its own individuality intact. The household hearth not only *was*, (would that it had never been superseded!) but was all that is implied in its Latin synonyme, *focus*, the centre of interest and affection, the radiating point of all sympathies and all charities. Miss Hunt was born in Boston, — a *North-Ender* of the fourth generation. Her father was first a substantial ship-joiner; in after years his little patrimony, increased by a wise, not niggardly frugality, was invested in navigation. Her early home was one of those spacious frame-houses, with flower-plats in front and gardens in the rear, which till of late gave an air of comfort and of quaint respectability to that section of the city, but which have now almost all yielded place to brick structures of normal narrowness, or linger dilapidated wrecks of their former selves.

Her parents were both persons of strong mind, sound sense, and superior culture for their position and times, — her father universally respected for his sturdy integrity and genuine manliness, her mother equally marked by the gentle virtues that adorned and blessed her household and her sphere of duty. A more charming picture of independence, modest refinement, hospitality, genial enjoyment, and mutual helpfulness than Miss Hunt has given us, we have seldom seen. As a subsidy for the slightly impaired fortune and declining energies of her father, our author in early womanhood opened a private school in one of the apartments of the family mansion. Her attention was first drawn to the science of medicine during a protracted illness of her only sister, which baffled the skill of the best medical advisers. Circumstances not of her own seeking led her by degrees to adopt the profession, of which she is now the chief representative of her sex in this city. All that she tells us of her modes of practice and her success as a practitioner impresses us with the conviction that she is doing good service in her calling; and while our strong preference is for the regular school in medicine, and quackery under whatever name seems to us an unmitigated evil and curse, we cannot but think that there is a portion of the physician's functions which may fittingly be delegated to women properly trained for the office. Miss Hunt has identified herself with various reform movements, and in these, if in a few details we might question her judgment, we admire her honesty and zeal, her kindly temper and gentle spirit. A Universalist by education and early belief, she is now a disciple of Swedenborg, and over a portion of her volume hangs something of the rich, mystic haze that wraps whatever appertains to the New Church. As a whole, the book has been to us both pleasant and suggestive; and while the earlier chapters of the author's autobiography will commend themselves to the delighted interest of every reader, we would bespeak for the later, and what she no doubt deems the more important portion, a candor like that which she seems ever ready to exercise.

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17. — 1. *The Lances of Lynwood.* By the Author of "The Little Duke," "Heartsease," "Heir of Redclyffe," &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 24mo. pp. 277.
2. *Rachel Gray: a Tale founded on Fact.* By JULIA KAVANAGH. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 24mo. pp. 308.
3. *Lanmere.* By MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR. New York: Mason Brothers. 1856. 24mo. pp. 447.

WE select these from among the novels received since our last issue,

not because we know that they are the best, but because we have read them. With regard to all the rest, we are in the condition so happily free from prejudice, which, according to Sydney Smith, would qualify us to review them.

Had "The Lances of Lynwood" been the first of Miss Yonge's novels, it would have seemed to us a work of singular talent, skill, and promise. But it falls below the expectations which she herself has authorized. The reason probably is, that the glow of composition was somewhat chilled, and the free expression of sentiment checked, by the incessant endeavor to shun anachronisms. The plot is laid in the days, and to a considerable extent in the camp, of the Black Prince. The story, though bristling with arms, glorifies the gentler virtues that redeem, rather than the passions that govern, epochs of violence and scenes of carnage; and Eustace Lynwood, the chief personage, the most valiant knight in his prince's retinue, in all meek Christian graces, in the lesser amenities and charities of daily intercourse, and in what men, to their shame, are wont to designate as *womanly* tenderness, yields not even to Violet in Heartsease. Yet we cannot help feeling that the rude and stern exteriors of life in those unsettled times have constrained and cramped the writer's genius, as must his first suit of armor the limbs of the studious and clerkly youth, her hero.

"Rachel Gray" reminds us of Pleyel's Hymn, which produces the most exquisite melody by the simplest arrangement of a very few notes on the minor key. Rachel is an obscure, illiterate, unattractive needlewoman, dull of comprehension and awkward in speech, living in one of the dingy and decaying suburbs of London; and the story is the record of the struggles and trials of her uneventful life, and of like straitnesses and sorrows in the little circle around her, in which hers is the one queenly spirit, always firm, brave, and helpful, because her conscious feebleness is supplemented by the might of religious faith and the unfailing efficacy of prayer. From these slender materials is constructed a tale of engrossing interest, and, yet more, a series of graceful and unobtrusive lessons in the science of holy living. Is not the power of Christianity so to transfigure and glorify the lowliest personages and the paltriest incidents one of the most luculent tokens of its divinity? There must be greatness of station, circumstance, achievement, wisdom, or culture to constitute the hero or heroine of Pagan or non-religious fiction, while the Christian literary artist needs but to wave his wand over the very dust-heaps of humanity to turn the clods into diamonds.

"Lanmere" is a New England story, remarkable for the naturalness of its conversations and the verisimilitude of its female characters.

Its interest hangs mainly on the contrast between two sisters, — the elder unparalleled but by her mother in prudery and hypocrisy; the younger a creature of genial impulses, "a domesticated sunbeam," diffusing light and gladness everywhere except in her own home, and failing there only because the darkness is that which cannot be penetrated. Of living American novelists, we can hardly think of one who excels Mrs. Dorr in what is equally a desideratum in fiction and in history, — the capacity of managing a sufficient number of side-scenes, under-plots, and episodes to sustain dramatic interest, without violating dramatic unity.

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18. — *Mimic Life: or, Before and Behind the Curtain. A Series of Narratives.* By ANNA CORA RITCHIE (formerly Mrs. Mowatt). Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1856. 12mo. pp. 408.

"THE Lights and Shadows of the Stage" would have been a not inappropriate *alias* for this title. Mrs. Ritchie vindicates the capacity of her late profession, not only to preserve uncontaminated, but to nurture and cherish, glorious types of moral beauty no less than of genius; and at the same time lets us into the source and process of the debasing and corrupting influences to which many of its members have yielded. The stories are all tragedies, unless we except the last, in which the heroine is made happy by the suicide of her accepted, but unloved lover, who adopts this ultra-heroic mode of abdicating in favor of his successful rival. The interest of each of the tales is even painfully intense; and they are all characterized by pure and lofty sentiment, and wrought out in a style of exquisite grace and beauty.

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19. — *Illustrations of Scripture; suggested by a Tour through the Holy Land.* By HORATIO B. HACKETT, Professor in the Newton Theological Seminary. Boston: Heath and Graves. 1855. 12mo. pp. 340.

PROFESSOR HACKETT, instead of following the beaten track of authorship, and publishing a journal of his Eastern tour, has thrown into a series of chapters such of his observations as promised aid in verifying the authenticity and expounding the text of Scripture. Each of his chapters contains a distinct department of illustration; one being devoted to modes of travelling, another to agriculture, and so on. We were previously aware of his critical acumen; he here shows himself

no less careful as an observer than acute as a critic. Where he adduces facts well known before, he often places them in a new light, or employs them for a new purpose; and there is more in the volume of strictly original matter than would antecedently have seemed attainable by a gleaner in a field already so faithfully harvested. The value of the book is enhanced by a full alphabetical index; and, as the work is one which ought to live and last, we would suggest that in a second edition its utility may be still further increased by an index of the texts illustrated.

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20. — *A History of Philosophy in Epitome.* By Dr. Albert Schwegler. Translated from the original German, by Julius H. Seelye. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 24mo. pp. 365.

The title and dimensions of this work are well adapted to awaken inquiry. If an actual history of speculative philosophy can be compressed within so narrow a space, the author has performed a rare service for students in his own country and ours. So far as we have been able to examine his work, we are more than satisfied with its execution. Shunning all discussion and self-display, adhering rigidly to method, confining himself to the enumeration of facts and opinions, and grouping his narrative around the representative minds of successive ages, he has given us a perfectly coherent and continuous history of philosophy, from its beginnings in Greece down to Hegel, of whose school he is a disciple. Compendious treatises on great subjects are apt to excite contempt for their leanness; this, on the other hand, awakens admiration for its fulness and explicitness.

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21. — *Di Publio Virgilio Marone.* Saggio per Storia Patria di Giuseppe Resti Ferrari, Presidente Emerito D' g. R. Tribunale di Prima Cognizione, Socio della Mantovana Accademia di Scienze, Lettere, ed Arti. Mantova: Coi Tipi Virgiliani di L. Caranenti. 1853. 4to. pp. 128.

Nowhere in Italy is the decay of ancient grandeur more painfully marked than in the strong city which is the southern outpost of the Austrian empire. In the days of Charles V., when the Gonzagas were at the height of their power, the boast of Mantua was prouder than the boast of Florence or Genoa. No court could be more splendid, no luxury more profuse, no palaces more magnificent, than those of

"Mantova la Gloriosa." In works both of practical and ornamental art it owned no superior. Raphael's famous and favorite pupil wrought upon the walls and ceilings those frescos which still remain marvels of quaint design and rich color, and built those arches in the churches which still strikingly show the transition period of Italian architecture. Julio Romano is to Mantua what Titian is to Venice, Giotto to Padua, Correggio to Parma, and Michel Angelo to Florence. Here is the home, here are the principal products, of his brilliant school, and every visitor will seek out that curious house, with the figure of Mercury beckoning above the door-way, which the painter chose as the symbol of his genius and the ornament to his dwelling. All Mantua is eloquent concerning Julio Romano.

The works of the great painter remain to justify abundantly the boast which they make of him. But, like Padua, Mantua has an earlier hero, who gave to it a fame more peculiar and lasting. The greatest of Latin poets still lives in the gratitude of his early home. The most beautiful and spacious square of the city bears his name, and the "Eclogues" are recited still in the theatre within it. In another square stands his statue, surrounded by trees and flower-beds, and in front of it are ranged the busts of thirteen other illustrious Mantuans. After nearly twenty centuries, the name of Virgil continues to hold a fame which all its generals, lords, artists, and engineers have failed to eclipse. It is the pious and delightful task of magistrates, poets, and scholars to do honor to this great name, and thus to find relief from the contemplation of their sad decline.

The volume before us is the most recent and elaborate offering which Mantuan scholarship has brought to the memory of Virgil. It is dedicated to the Marchese Cavriani, the noble descendant of the old ducal family, the hospitality of whose princely house more than one American has reason gratefully to remember. It is published for the laudable object of aiding the funds of the new asylum for the deaf and dumb, which, under the patronage of the Marchese, has been founded by the noble Signora Paolina Rosa. Its aim is to gather into a compact and readable form all that is known about Virgil, and the best things that have been written about him. In this, as it seems to us, Signor Ferrari has been only moderately successful. His work proves that Italian scholarship is not adequate to the investigation of such a topic, and that Leipsic is a better place than Mantua to write the Life of Virgil. No new facts are added, and some things before known are omitted. The list of editions of the poet's works is by no means complete, and the criticisms upon them are extremely defective. But with all these drawbacks, the volume is very curious and entertaining, graceful and

dignified in style, affluent in illustration, and admirably precise in the disposition of its subjects and parts. Each chapter is a monograph, and all the chapters are short. Only the first quarter of the book is devoted to the proper life and writings of the poet, while the large remainder is occupied with the general questions which have arisen in modern times concerning him, the panegyrics, the imitations, the false charges, the splendid festivals, and the great associations, which have been joined to his name. If Signor Ferrari labors somewhat vainly to absolve Mantua from early ingratitude to her most distinguished son, he proves most fully that in later ages she has obeyed the voice of Dante, and "honored her crowning poet," — that Mantuan study and genius have never neglected him whose flowing verse celebrated the beauty of her plains and the soft gliding of her river. In the eighteenth chapter is given an interesting account of the grand illumination on the last night of the Carnival in 1838, when the "Apotheosis of Virgil" was magnificently represented with three thousand torches and garlands of fire.

The most original portions of the volume are those which give sketches of the seven illustrious Mantuans, whose busts stand in the hall around that of Virgil, and of the thirteen whose busts adorn the garden in front of the Cavriani palace. To the notice of each of these last is appended a "sonnet," which might be omitted without serious loss. Italian sonnets have not improved since the age of Petrarch. The discussion, in the closing chapter, of the authenticity of the facts in the Æneid, the coming of Æneas into Italy, and the episode of Dido, is also in some respects original. All the chapters are enriched by notes and references.

On the whole, though we cannot say that Signor Ferrari's work is very valuable as a biography or a criticism, we may say that it does credit to his heart and to his head, to his industry and to his patriotism. We must admire his warm closing appeal: — "Be proud, O Mantua! of this your noble son, from whom in ages past you have been named, as you shall be in ages to come, the Virgilian city, the Virgilian people. None shall dispute with you the immortal crown which *your* Virgil, the singer of flocks and fields and heroes, has set upon your brow. Honor, ye scholars in all the world, honor the lofty poet! honor the fortunate country exalted by him to so great a glory!"

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Pennsylvania Journal of Prison Discipline and Philanthropy for January, 1856. First Number of a new series. Philadelphia: Edward C. & John Riddle.

A Northern Presbyter's Second Letter to Ministers of the Gospel of all Denominations on Slavery. By Nathan Lord, President of Dartmouth College. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1855.

A Biographical Sketch of T. Romeyn Beck, M.D., LL.D. By E. H. Van Deusen, M.D., Assistant Physician, New York State Asylum. New York. 1856.

Report of the Faculty of Waterville College, on the Condition and Wants of the Institution, with the Action of the Trustees on the same at a Special Meeting of the Board, December 18, 1855. Waterville. 1856.

Zaidee: A Romance. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1856.

Slavery, and the Remedy; or, Principles and Suggestions for a Remedial Code. By Samuel Nott. Boston: Crocker & Brewster. 1856.

Reports of the Trustees and Superintendent of the Butler Hospital for the Insane, presented to the Corporation at their Annual Meeting, January 24, 1856. Providence. 1856.

The Christian Mother. An Address, delivered in the First Church, Brighton, February 14, 1855, at the Funeral of Mrs. Susanna [Park] Champney, who died February 10, in her 95th Year. With an Appendix, containing a Genealogical Notice of the Champney and Park Families. By Frederic Augustus Whitney. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1856.

Catalogue of the Officers and Students of the Meadville Theological School for the Years 1844–55, and for the Academical Year 1855–56. Meadville. 1856.

Annual Report of the School Committee, together with the Annual Report of the Superintendent of Public Schools, 1855. Boston. 1855.

Inauguration of the Spartanburg Female College, on the 22d August, 1855, with the Address on that Occasion. By W. Gilmore Simms, Esq. To which are added an Account of the Institution, its Faculty, Course of Study, and Terms of Instruction. By S. Bobo, Esq., President of the Board of Trustees. Spartanburg. 1855.

Science and the Bible: a Review of "The Six Days of Creation" of Professor Tayler Lewis. By James D. Dana, Silliman Professor of Natural History, Yale College. Andover: Warren F. Draper. 1856.

Address and Correspondence, delivered December 30, 1855, in the "Christian Church," Nashville, Tennessee, by J. B. Ferguson. Nashville. 1856.

Eleventh Annual Report of the Minister at Large in Lowell. Lowell. 1855.

The Progress of Educational Development. A Discourse delivered before the Literary Societies of the University of Michigan, on Monday evening, June 25, 1855. By Henry P. Tappan, D.D., LL.D., Chancellor of the University. Ann Arbor. 1855.

A Catalogue of the Law School of the University at Cambridge, for the Academical Year 1855–56. First Term. Cambridge: John Bartlett. 1855.

Annual Report to the Executive Committee of the Salem Provident Association, rendered December, 1855. By John Ball, City Missionary. Salem. 1856.

Letters on the Sound-Dues Question. New York. 1855.

Act of Incorporation, Constitution, and By-Laws of the Essex Institute, incorporated February, 1848. With a Catalogue of the Officers and Members. Salem. 1855.

Catalogue of the Groton Public Library. Groton. 1855.

Laws of Reproduction considered with Reference to the Intermarriage of near Blood-Relations; delivered before "The American Association for the Advancement of Science," at Providence, R. I., August 20th, 1855. By Charles Brooks. Cambridge. 1856.

Oration, by William H. Seward, at Plymouth, December 21, 1855. Washington. 1856.

The Slave Oligarchy and its Usurpations. Speech of Hon. Charles Sumner, November 2, 1855, in Faneuil Hall, Boston. Washington. 1856.

The One Path: or, The Duties of the North and South. A Discourse delivered in the Unitarian Church, Washington, D. C., January 26, 1856. By Moncure D. Conway. Washington. 1856.

"No man cared for my Soul." A Discourse preached in the Unitarian Church in Detroit, in March, 1855. By T. J. Mumford. Detroit: S. D. Elwood & Co. 1855.

Kit Bam's Adventures; or, The Yarns of an Old Mariner. By Mary Cowden Clarke. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856. 16mo. pp. 360.

Jack the Giant-Killer. Illuminated with ten Pictures. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 16mo. pp. 30.

Sabbath Talks with the Little Children about Jesus. By the Author of "The Mothers of the Bible." Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1856. 16mo. pp. 139.

The Magician's Show-Box, and other Stories. By the Author of "Rainbows for Children." With Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856. 16mo. pp. 295.

The History of England from the Accession of James II. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. 4 vols. in 1. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co. 1856.

The Same. Vols. III. and IV. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1856.

Diary and Correspondence of Amos Lawrence. Duodecimo Edition. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1856.

Report of the Select Committee of the Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Indians and Others in North America. Presented at the Sixty-seventh Annual Meeting, May 31, 1855. Boston. 1856. 8vo. pp. 135.

Life of George Washington. By Washington Irving. Vol. II. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1855. pp. 518.

The Attaché in Madrid: or, Sketches of the Court of Isabella II. Translated from the German. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 24mo. pp. 368.

Tragic Scenes in the History of Maryland and the Old French War. With an Account of various Interesting Contemporaneous Events, which occurred in the Early Settlement of America. By Joseph Banvard, A. M. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1856. 24mo. pp. 239.

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